




ANNALS OF DECEASED PREACHERS

W.C. SMITH

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SACRED MEMORIES;

OR,

ANNALS OF DECEASED PREACHERS

OF THE

New York and New York East Conferences.

WITH

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE RE-UNION SERVICES HELD IN
ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1863,
TOGETHER WITH THE ADDRESSES
THEN DELIVERED.

BY W. C. SMITH,

OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY BISHOP JANES.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS volume contains interesting sketches of the one hundred and thirteen ministers connected with the New York and New York East Conferences, who died during the two decades that intervened between the division of the former, in 1848, and the Re-union Services of the two bodies in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in 1868, together with the order of exercises and addresses delivered on that memorable occasion.*

When it is considered that this book contains the annals of men who represent all grades of talent and adaptation, such as itinerants, presiding elders, and missionaries; historians, authors, and publishers; editors of books and periodicals; presidents of seminaries and colleges; delegates to the General Conference; orators, controversialists, and divines, it cannot fail to interest the general reader. Especially is its adaptation apparent when we add that

* The assembly of ministers on the occasion of the Re-union was probably the largest ever known in the history of Methodism on this continent.

hundreds are living to whom these men were related by the ties of kindred, while *thousands* more are still living who became strongly attached to them, as they mingled with them in scenes of affliction, social gatherings, and holy communings. And we may still add, tens of thousands more who were awakened, led to Christ, and brought into the Church by their instrumentality, and received the ordinances at their hands.

This work is intended as a humble tribute of respect to the memory of those noble and self-sacrificing men whose travels and labors extended over a large portion of these United States and the Canadas, and through a period of more than half a century. But they now "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Grateful to that Providence which, we trust, led to and supervised the preparation of this volume, we now commend it to the Methodist public, trusting it will not be an unwelcome visitor to any, but acceptable to all.*

W. C. SMITH.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1870.

. The materials for this volume have been gathered from personal knowledge of the men, interviews and correspondence with their relatives and friends, and the Journals and General Minutes of the Conferences.

INTRODUCTION.

“THE righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.” Of but few dead men can it be more truly said, “They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them,” than of the noble men and devoted ministers whose characters and lives are briefly, but comprehensively given in this volume. To those who knew them personally, their memory is as fragrant as the spices in the garden of the Lord. To those who were converted through their ministry, their names are as ointment poured forth. To those who were edified and encouraged by them in their struggles for goodness and for glory, the remembrance of them is very precious. All these classes of persons will thank the author for these memoirs. The book also furnishes very useful instruction to the general reader. These brief biographies illustrate the radical character of Christian conversions, the fullness of Gospel salvation, the sufficiency of divine grace, not only to sanctify and keep pure, but also to sustain and comfort believers through all the vicissitudes of life and death.

They also show what Christians can do and suffer to save souls when constrained by the love of Christ; how they can endure labor, suffer privation, and poverty, and reproach, and peril, and premature death, and say with Paul, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." They were all burning and shining lights, and some of them glowed with a special luster. Taken together, they form a galaxy in the firmament of the Church upon which we look with much admiration and pleasure.

The reunion services of the two Conferences, an account of which is given in this book, were highly interesting and profitable. The large concourse of people present, as well as the ministers, felt it good to be there. The addresses furnished in this book, and the statement it contains of the other services, will enable many who were not favored to be present to share the enjoyments and benefits of the occasion. But what a record of mortality is here given! How soon we pass away! Let it not be said, "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." But let us be admonished to be up and doing while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man can work. E. S. JANES.

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NOTE.

The New York Conference, at its first session after the Reunion Services in 1868, adopted the following:

RESOLVED, That the Rev. W. C. Smith be added to the Committee on the Re-union Services of the New York and New York East Conferences; and that a report of the proceedings, prepared by Brother Smith for publication, be recommended to the favorable consideration of the Committee,

SACRED MEMORIES;

OR,

ANNALS OF DECEASED PREACHERS.



NEW YORK CONFERENCE.



JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

JOHN B. MATTHIAS was born January 1, 1767, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, a post of the British troops, and the field of one of the battles of the Revolution. Thus in his youth was he accustomed to the scenes of our revolutionary struggle, from which his spirit imbibed a most ardent patriotism, and which furnished him with the many stirring incidents with which he used to charm and instruct the social circle, and impress his audience with the value of our political privileges. His father was a German immigrant; a firm adherent to the cause of the Revolution; a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and a good man. He died aged eighty-one years and seven months. His son was educated in the German language. At the age of

eighteen he became a member of the Church, although ignorant of experimental religion. He learned the trade of a ship-joiner in Philadelphia. On the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to New York. Here he was attracted to John-street Methodist Episcopal Church. John Dickens was then stationed there, "who," he states, "was a plain dressed man, and preached with all his might." A change of preachers was soon made, and, to use his own words, "they took away my thundering John Dickens, and gave us Robert Cloud and Thomas Morrell." He now became a constant attendant at the Methodist Church.

On one occasion, when Robert Cloud was preaching, there was a great stir among the people, and many cried aloud for mercy. He, too, was seized with trembling, and partook of the general alarm. At first he attempted to laugh off these feelings, but could not. At length he resolved not to go among the Methodists any more; but an influence drew him thither that he could not overcome. At the opening of a new church in the Bowery, (the site of the present Forsyth-street Church,) by Rev. Thomas Morrell, he became truly awakened, and resolved on a new life. He thought that should he cry earnestly to God he would find forgiveness; accordingly he prayed all one night and the following day. In the evening

he attended John-street Church: for the first time he kneeled in the congregation. Here he received some light and comfort, but not the witness of pardon which he desired. He spent all that night in prayer. The next day, in the afternoon, as he was descending the stairs to go out, these words were spoken to his soul: "Thy sins are all blotted out of the book of God's remembrance." He exclaimed, "Glory to God!" All doubt of his acceptance was now dissipated, and his heart was filled with love to God and man. The year following he married Miss Sarah Jarvis, a member of John-street Church.

From his conversion his mind was impressed with the conviction that it would be his duty to preach. Permission was given him to hold meetings for this purpose, and he often went to Fort Lee and to Brooklyn. In this latter place he says, "Many a happy time have I had with that small society." In 1793 he received license to preach. Soon after, he removed to Peekskill. Here he was the instrument of a gracious revival of religion. In 1796 he removed to Tarrytown, where he lived twelve years—laboring at his trade during the week, and generally preaching three times on the Sabbath. For five years he labored without any perceptible fruit, but fainted not. At length, at an appointment about a mile from Tarrytown, at the house of Glade Requa, the father of a large family,

both himself and wife, two sons, and a few of the neighbors, were converted to God, and formed into a class. Soon after, some of the most respectable inhabitants of the village were added to the Church. About this time, in 1797, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Asbury. Being employed for a short time at Haverstraw, he preached there, and formed a class of nine persons. On visiting them in the spring, he found a gracious work had been in progress. The Presiding Elder, Rev. E. Woolsey, desired him to form a circuit. Soon a two weeks' circuit was formed, and forty persons added to the Church. Afterward he enlarged it to a four weeks' circuit, which was called Bergen. Aaron Hunt, in consequence of the sickness and death of his wife, was obliged to leave his circuit, and the subject of this memoir was called to take his place, where he successfully labored for five months. In 1810 he was recommended to the Annual Conference; but his Presiding Elder, having young single men sufficient for the work, did not present his application. This disappointment well nigh overwhelmed him.

In the fall of this year of sorrow, one day, while at his work, he was accosted by a Methodist preacher, Jonathan Lyon, with a letter from Rev. Aaron Hunt, Presiding Elder of Rhinebeck District, calling him to take the place of Smith Arnold, who had been forced to

leave on account of illness. He hastened to the circuit, and was present at the quarterly meeting. "When I met the preachers," he says, "I could have shouted aloud." The Hon. Mr. Tillotson, of Rhinebeck, gave him a horse, and he went immediately upon his long-wished-for employment, being wholly given to the work of the ministry. In 1811 he was recommended to the Annual Conference, was received, and appointed to Chatham Circuit; here he remained two years. In 1813 he traveled Schenectady Circuit, and was ordained Elder by Bishop M'Kendree. In 1814-15, Albany Circuit; 1816, Rhinebeck Circuit; 1817-18, Duchess Circuit; 1819-20, Croton Circuit; 1821-22, Stamford Circuit; 1822-24, Cortlandt Circuit. In the fourth quarter of this second year he was sent a missionary to the Highlands on the Hudson, and remained two years. In 1827-28 he traveled Redhook Mission; 1829, he was a supernumerary on Claremont Circuit; 1830, he traveled Albany Circuit; 1831-32, Cortlandt Circuit; 1833-34, Duchess Circuit; 1835-36, Huntington Circuit; 1837-38, Huntington South Circuit; 1839-40, Rockaway Circuit; in 1841 he became superannuated, and continued in this relation until his death.

During the second year he traveled Rockaway Circuit his eye-sight became gradually impaired by a growing cataract; till at length he became

unable to guide his horse, and his wife had to accompany him to his appointments for that purpose. At the close of his term on this circuit he received a superannuated relation, and resided at Hempstead, Long Island. Soon after, his eye-sight was almost entirely gone. He submitted to a surgical operation, but obtained no permanent relief. Although the windows had become darkened, and the light of day and the faces of friends had been shut out, yet this grievous affliction never took from him his natural buoyancy of spirit. Throughout the long seven years of his blindness he never murmured or repined, nor was rendered unhappy on account of it. Often he would say to his eldest son, "John, my thoughts are in heaven. I have sweet intercourse with God continually." He never doubted but that he would go direct to heaven when God should call him.

About a week before his death he was attacked with a paralysis of the left side. It neither was severe, nor appeared to affect his mind. He called to his wife and said to her, "I shall soon leave you; but we shall not be long separated."

The few remaining days that he lived his mind was kept in perfect peace; he would often say, "I shall soon be at rest"—"most home." Prayers were offered by friends who came to see him, to which he would respond, "Amen,"

“Glory! Glory!” He occasionally asked if the letter had gone by the wires to Pittsburgh, to his son, who was attending the General Conference in that city; and when told that an answer had been received by the same conveyance—that he would be at home on Friday—he said, “He will find me dying.” His son returned but a few hours before he expired.

To his family his growing meetness for heaven was apparent. His life at last seemed all praise and prayer. He died at the residence of his son, in Hempstead, Long Island, on the 27th of May, aged eighty-one years and five months.

NOAH LEVINGS.

Noah Levings was born in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, September 29, 1796. His parents having removed to Troy, he was, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to a blacksmith in that city. Soon after this, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Laban Clark, he was happily converted to God. He was licensed to preach December 20, 1817, and in the following May was admitted a probationer in the New York Annual Conference. His successive appointments were as follows: 1818, Leyden Circuit; 1819, Pownal Circuit; 1820, Montgomery Circuit; 1821, Saratoga Circuit; 1822, Middle-

bury ; 1823-4, Burlington ; 1825-6, Charlotte ; 1827-8, New York city ; 1829-30, Brooklyn ; 1831-2, New Haven ; 1833, Albany ; 1834-5, Troy ; 1836-7, Schenectady ; 1838, Troy District ; 1839-40, North Second-street, Troy ; 1841, Division-street, Albany ; 1842, State-street, Troy ; 1843, Vestry-street, New York city ; and in 1844 he was elected Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society, the duties of which office he continued to fill till his death. The early advantages of Brother Levings were quite limited ; but when he felt himself called to the work of the ministry, he also felt the importance of studious effort to prepare himself to sustain the responsibilities of his great work. By means of these efforts, co-working with the grace of God in his heart, he became an able preacher of the New Testament, a workman that needed not to be ashamed. In his ministerial work he was eminently popular and successful. The gentleness of his spirit, and the affability of his manner, greatly endeared him to all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

He was a most successful platform speaker ; and as Secretary of the American Bible Society, traveled extensively through the country, pleading, with uniform success, the Bible cause before popular assemblies, Annual and General Conferences, and other ecclesiastical bodies. It was while on one of these extensive tours to the

southwest that he was arrested in his career of usefulness, and stricken down by the hand of death, after traveling nearly four thousand miles during the months of October, November, and December, visiting the Tennessee, Memphis, and Mississippi Conferences. Toward the last of December, on reaching Natchez, he found himself too much enfeebled to prosecute further his mission. The hand of death arrested him on his homeward course on the ninth day of January, 1849, in the city of Cincinnati. His end was peaceful and triumphant.

Dr. Levings sustained the ministerial office about thirty-one years. During that time he officiated in eighteen different appointments, preached nearly four thousand sermons, dedicated thirty-eight churches, delivered sixty-five miscellaneous addresses, and finally, traveled thirty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine miles, and delivered two hundred and seventy-five addresses in behalf of the American Bible Society.

He died, as the Christian minister might wish to die, mature in the graces of the Spirit, fresh from the battle-fields of the cross. Those who had been blessed by his ministry accompanied him, with prayers and tears, down to the brink of Jordan; those who had gone before joyfully welcomed him over. Thus, in the maturity of his strength, and in the height of his usefulness,

a brother has been called away—a standard-bearer in Israel has fallen.

CYRUS FOSS.

Cyrus Foss was born in Barrington, New Hampshire, in the year 1799. Before he was of age he came to Dover, in Dutchess County, New York, and while teaching school in Beekman, an adjoining town, was converted to God under the ministry of the Rev. Arnold Scofield. Soon after he received a Local Preacher's license, and during the following year was employed, under the direction of the Presiding Elder, on the Goshen Circuit.

In 1825 he was received on trial in the New York Annual Conference, and in 1827 admitted into full connection, and ordained Deacon. In 1829 he was ordained Elder, and during that year he was united in marriage to Miss Jane Campbell, of Pawlings, New York. He labored faithfully and successfully in various places until 1842, when his health became so poor that he was returned supernumerary. His strength continuing to fail, he was subsequently placed on the superannuated list, where he continued until the Master of the vineyard called him to his reward.

In the beginning of the winter of 1848 his

health began to decline very rapidly, and it soon became apparent, both to himself and his friends, that his end was approaching. He now found that the Gospel of Christ was the solace of his spirit. Here, on the merit of his Saviour, whose wondrous love in the redemption of man was so frequently the theme of his discourses, his faith firmly rested; and here it triumphed, affording him a tranquillity of soul that was truly astonishing to himself, as well as highly instructive to his Christian friends.

One of his last requests was, that he might be affectionately remembered to all his brethren. "Tell them," said he to a brother in the ministry, "that my belief in the great doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church has not suffered the least abatement, but is, if possible, stronger than ever."

Three or four days before his death the weak state of his body brought on an abstraction of mind, from which he did not recover so as to be able again to converse respecting his trust in Christ. Previous to this, however, when he believed the hour of his departure at hand, he exclaimed to a relative, "This is the happiest day of all my life!" He died at Carmel, New York, on the 29th of February, aged fifty years.

• JOHN BANGS.

John Bangs was born in Stratford, Connecticut, in 1781, but removed soon after to Delaware County, New York. In early life he was much addicted to profanity and vain amusements; but in these he found no rest to a spirit often troubled on account of sin. He and his wife saw the danger before them; they fled to God and found mercy. On one memorable Sabbath morning, while engaged for the first time in family devotion, his soul was set at perfect liberty. Soon after his wife found peace, and they retained the sacred treasure unto the end. Brother Bangs, soon after conversion, felt such an ardent desire for the salvation of souls, that he visited from house to house in his neighborhood, and exhorted sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He probably received license to preach in 1806. His labors were arduous and unremitting. After toiling in his shop during the week he rode from five to twenty miles on the morning of the Sabbath, preached twice, attended the class-meetings, and then returned in season to resume his toils on the following Monday morning. While thus doing good to the souls of men God blessed the labors of his hands, and gave him an increase of temporal things. But he earnestly desired to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry; and when satisfied

that his call was from God, he abandoned the flattering prospects of this world that he might win souls to Christ.

In 1819 he was received on trial in the New York Conference. While a Local Preacher he was abundant in labors; but now that saving souls had become his appropriate and only work, his zeal was without measure, and his efforts worthy of highest praise. He had many seals to his ministry. During the time he traveled as an effective preacher about three thousand souls were received into the Church by him and his associates in the vineyard of the Lord. For sixteen years he was incessant in his efforts to do good—preaching holiness to others, and enjoying its exalted felicity himself. He freely sacrificed ease and earthly interests that he might bring honor to God in the salvation of men. He presented himself, and all that he had, as a sacrifice to the Lord.

In 1835 he became supernumerary, and sustained this relation during the remainder of life. But while partially worn down by his arduous labors, he was not idle. For several years after he was principally employed for the benefit of children—gathering them together, obtaining signatures to a pledge against intoxicating drinks, distributing books and papers for their benefit, and exhorting and praying for them. Many of the rising generation have thus been

preserved from vice, and early converted to God. To this work of love Brother Bangs fell a martyr. In June, 1848, his health failed, but he continued to labor until disabled and prostrated. He lingered for a few months—feeble in body, but strong in an unwavering Christian confidence. He was patient and submissive amid his sufferings, and joyful in hope of heaven. On Sunday, February 4, 1849, he gently fell asleep in Jesus, and the blood-washed spirit entered into rest.

Brother Bangs was a man of strong views and feelings, of undaunted courage, of pure intentions, and of a tender, warm, and friendly heart. His works follow him, and his record is in heaven. His age was sixty-eight years.

DAVID WEBSTER.

David Webster was born in the State of New York in 1804. He professed religion in 1831, and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was licensed to preach, recommended to the New York Conference in 1833, and received his appointment for that and the following year on New Paltz Circuit. In 1835 he was appointed to Saugerties Circuit; 1837–8, Montgomery Circuit; 1839–40, Sullivan Circuit; 1841–2, Marbletown Circuit;

1843-4, Saugerties Circuit; 1845, Milton and Marlborough; and in 1846-7, to North Newburgh. At the Conference of 1848, his health having failed, he received a superannuated relation.

Brother Webster was a man of sterling integrity, of a meek and amiable disposition, and was much beloved by his brethren in the ministry and his numerous friends. He labored with great acceptability, and was successful in saving souls. Many stars will undoubtedly deck his crown in the day of his rejoicing. He closed his earthly career in Oakland County, Michigan, January 6, 1849, aged forty-five. He died very happy, after having called his family together, and exhorted them to be faithful to God, and meet him in heaven. He has left a wife and five children to mourn their loss.

THOMAS BURCH.

Thomas Burch was born in Tyrone County, Ireland, August 30, 1778, and was the eldest son of Thomas and Eleanor Burch. His parents were members of the Established Church of England, and were much respected by their neighbors. His father, who was a man of superior talents, died when Thomas was quite young, and left behind him many who greatly lamented his death.

In the year 1801 Brother Burch was awakened to a sense of his lost condition under the searching appeals of that eminent servant of God Gideon Ouseley, the successful Irish missionary, who frequently preached on horseback in the market-places. He immediately gave his heart to God, and was justified by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon after his mother, sister, and brother were made partakers of the same blessing, and they formed a nucleus around which hundreds of others were soon clustered. They all became members of the Methodist Society.

On the 5th of June, 1803, he arrived in the United States, and about a year after was licensed to preach, and, in 1805, was admitted on trial in the Philadelphia Conference. He regularly graduated to the offices of Deacon and Elder, preaching, in the meanwhile, with great acceptance and success.

Such was the confidence reposed in him by his brethren, that he was elected a member of the first delegated General Conference of 1812, which was held in the city of New York. Soon after its adjournment he was stationed in Montreal, Lower Canada, and continued there, occasionally visiting Quebec, during the war between this country and Great Britain. At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and was soon after married to Miss Mary Smith, a

pious young lady, of an excellent character and respectable parentage.

From this time he continued in the itinerant ranks, filling some of the most important appointments, until disease disabled him from laboring efficiently, when, in 1835, he took a supernumerary relation in the New York Conference.

In this relation he continued for about six years, when he resumed his efficient service, but was able to continue in it only four years, when he was again returned supernumerary. After the death of his beloved wife, who departed in peace in 1844, he resided on his place at Yonkers, Westchester County, New York, and continued there until about nine months previous to his death, when he removed to his son's in the city of Brooklyn. During this time he occasionally preached, as his strength would allow, for he always delighted to appear in the pulpit, proclaiming redemption in the blood of the Lord Jesus. His last sermon was delivered about ten days previous to his death. His text was, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." A fit subject for one in his situation! It is stated that he preached with great freedom and energy. Near the close of the sermon, the manner and fluency of his speech producing a

visible effect upon the audience, while speaking of the "glory which shall be revealed in us," he remarked that he felt his strength failing, but his heart was full of the love of God.

His death was sudden, his disease being an affection of the heart. On that day he complained of a pain in the breast, and through the persuasion of his son he lay down in the bed, with a view to obtain sleep. In this state his son left him alone for a short time, when, after an absence of about fifteen minutes, he found the spirit had taken its departure from the body.

Thus died the Rev. Thomas Burch, aged seventy-one years wanting eight days, having devoted forty-four years to the work of the ministry.

Much might be said in praise of our departed brother. It was manifest to all who heard him preach that he spoke with great earnestness of manner. His shrill, sweet voice, the intonations of which fell on the ear with charming delight, the words coming from a heart overflowing with love to God and man, made an impression highly favorable to the preacher's piety, and produced a conviction that you were listening to a commissioned messenger of God.

But he has gone to his reward; for though he left no immediate dying testimony, a life of about forty-nine years of piety, forty-four of which were spent in the ministry of reconcilia-

tion, bear witness to the integrity of his heart, the righteousness of his life, and his preparedness to "enter into the joy of his Lord."

NOAH BIGELOW.

Noah Bigelow was born in the town of Conway, Massachusetts, March 4, 1783, but removed in his childhood with his parents to the State of Vermont. At the age of about twenty years, through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching, he was led to Christ, and experienced a change of heart by faith in his name. Feeling it to be his duty to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was called to experience a severe trial in the opposition he met from his friends. He, however, counted the cost, and after due deliberation, gave in his name to live and die in communion with the people of his choice. Soon after this he felt that God called him to the responsible work of the Christian ministry; and though in this he had to encounter stronger opposition than when he joined the Church, he followed his convictions of duty, and received license to exhort in 1808, and the following year was licensed to preach. In 1810 he was admitted into the New York Conference, and appointed to Ontario Circuit. The western part of the Conference was that year formed

into the Genesee Conference, into the bounds of which Brother Bigelow, by this appointment, fell. His father was so displeased that his son should become a traveling Methodist Preacher, that he refused to give him any aid, and he was obliged to run in debt for his horse and outfit. In 1811 he traveled Wyoming Circuit, and in 1812 was admitted to full membership in the Conference, and ordained Deacon by Bishop Asbury. Such, however, was the state of his health, that it was thought impracticable for him to attempt to do effective service, and before the Conference closed he located. After rest for one year, in 1813 he was readmitted in the New England Conference, and appointed to Harwich; in 1814 he traveled Bernard Circuit; in 1815 he was ordained Elder, and appointed to Norway Plains; and in 1816 to Pembroke; in 1817 he was stationed at Portland, Maine; but as Elijah Hedding, the Presiding Elder of Portland District, was so disabled by rheumatism as to be unable to perform the duties of that office, a change was made by Bishop M'Kendree, and Brother Bigelow traveled the district; in 1818 his health again failed, and he located; in 1823 he was readmitted into the New York Conference, and stationed at Troy, where he was brought near the grave by a severe fit of sickness; but his work was not finished, and God raised him up from the gates of death. In 1824 he traveled Bloomingburg

Circuit; in 1825 New Windsor; and in 1826 Duchess; in 1827, during the session of the Conference, he was obliged to submit to a painful surgical operation, and to take a superannuated relation; in 1828 and 1829 he traveled Salisbury Circuit; in 1830 Pittsfield; in 1831 Dalton; in 1832 Hempstead and Huntington; and in 1833 Hempstead alone; in 1834 and 1835 he was stationed on the East Circuit, in the city of New York. Here his health finally failed, and in 1836 he was returned superannuated. From that time, such was the state of his health that he no more appeared in the effective ranks, but labored as his strength would admit, in preaching, attending funerals, etc.

The last few months of his life his sufferings were extreme at times, but he was enabled by grace to rejoice in Christ Jesus. "My only hope," said he, "is in the atonement. On that I rely alone. Through that I expect to be saved." When he became too weak to speak, his wife took him by the hand and asked him if he felt the Saviour to be precious, when he nodded his head, and pressed her hand in token of victory. Several times after this, however, when spoken to he raised his hand and looked upward, in token that all was well.

In this happy frame of mind, on the morning of the 2d of August, his triumphant spirit was released, and took its departure for its long-

desired home. Thus died this servant of God, in the sixty-seventh year of his age and the fortieth of his ministry, leaving a wife and one son to mourn their loss. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

JAMES YOUNG.

James Young was born in the city of New York in 1785. When young he enjoyed the advantages of education, but before he had completed his college course he was compelled, in consequence of ill health, to abandon his literary pursuits.

At an early age he was seriously inclined, though it was not till the age of twenty-four that he experienced religion, and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after his conversion he began to exercise his gifts in public, and in 1811 was licensed to preach. In 1815 he was admitted a probationer in the New York Annual Conference, of which he remained a member until he was called away to his eternal reward. He was successively appointed to Schenectady Circuit, Albany, Delaware Circuit, Middlebury, Charlotte, Rhinebeck, Poughkeepsie, New York city, Albany, New Haven, Reading, Hartford, Bridgeport, New York city, Mount Pleasant, Peekskill, Eight-

eenth-street, New York, Centenary Church, Brooklyn, and Sing Sing. In 1846, his health failing, he took a superannuated relation, and moved to Peekskill, where he resided until his decease, which occurred April 28, 1850.

Brother Young was an agreeable companion, a uniform Christian, a faithful Pastor, and a devoted minister. His preaching was marked with originality, and was eminently practical. He was a successful minister of the New Testament, being honored as an instrument in turning many to righteousness. When his health would no longer justify his sustaining an effective relation to the Conference, his interest in the cause of religion continued unabated, and he often preached with great acceptability where he resided. Less than one week before his decease he delivered a funeral discourse with unusual power and fervor.

During the brief illness which terminated his earthly existence his mind was wandering, but his uniform Christian life is his testimony that our loss is his eternal gain. Much might be said of his excellences, but he needs not the praise of men. His record is on high, and his memory is fondly cherished by those who were his fellow-laborers, and by many who, under his ministry, were brought to the kingdom of grace.

SAMUEL U. FISHER.

Samuel U. Fisher was born in White Plains, Westchester County, New York, November 30, 1795. His early religious education was in the very lap of Methodism. Not, however, until he was about twenty-four years of age did he seek successfully a saving interest in the Lord Jesus. At this period he became assured of an experimental interest in the Saviour, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he continued a faithful member, and subsequently a minister, until the day of his death.

He was received on probation in the New York Conference in 1826, was ordained Deacon in 1828, and Elder in 1830. In 1826 he was stationed on Kingsbridge Circuit; 1827-8, Stamford; 1829-30, Matteawan; 1831-2, Dutchess; 1833, Amenia, where his health failed, and in 1834 he was returned supernumerary. From 1835 to 1838, inclusive, he was superannuated. His health having improved a little, his relation was changed to supernumerary.

In 1840 he was returned effective, and appointed to New Rochelle Circuit; 1841, Harlem, where his health again failed. He was returned supernumerary in 1842, and continued so until 1845, when he was superannuated, and remained in this relation until May 9, 1850, when he was released from his toils and suf-

ferings, and peacefully passed to his reward in heaven.

Brother Fisher was twice married, and in each instance is believed to have been particularly happy in his choice. He left a wife and three children to sorrow on account of his departure.

As a man he possessed good, sound, common sense, was well acquainted with human nature, and therefore well qualified to make his way among men. Notwithstanding this, his feelings were peculiarly delicate and tender, which made him susceptible to pain from the slightest touch. This may have rendered him instinctively acute to perceive what would be likely to wound others, and his benevolent heart taught him to avoid it. There was in his heart a chord which vibrated at the touch of sorrow, whether the affliction which caused it was his own or that of his friends.

Brother Fisher was a conscientiously honest and upright man in all his dealings. He was a sincere and humble Christian, often saying, even when others could not detect a wrinkle in his Christian character, "I am a poor creature, and have no other dependence for acceptance with God than the merits and intercession of the Redeemer."

As a minister he was faithful as long as he could attend to the duties of his calling, and

instrumental in bringing souls to Christ -- sound in doctrine, taking the word of God as the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

He was well acquainted with Methodist theology, and studied to show himself approved by cultivating his mind as far as his health would permit. As a preacher he was earnest, pathetic, and forcible; and when in the pulpit, evidently felt himself charged with a commission from the Most High to dying men, and held himself and his hearers accountable to the bar of God for the manner in which that commission was delivered and received. On these occasions he showed himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed, and the congregation *felt* that he was a true minister of the Lord Jesus. His work is done! May we follow him as he followed Christ.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

John Crawford was born in White Plains, Westchester County, New York, February 21, 1761, and died at his residence in West Camp, Ulster County, March 7, 1851, aged ninety years and fourteen days.

He was converted August 17, 1787. The soundness of his conversion was attested by a radical change in his conduct, and the mani-

festation of a burning desire to do good. In a few weeks after connecting himself with the class, then just formed in his neighborhood, he was made the leader. In about seven months, without his own solicitation, the Rev. Wilman Hickson gave him an Exhorter's license. Within the first year of his Christian experience he was licensed to preach, and appointed to a circuit, by the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. He was received on trial by the New York Conference in 1789. After traveling seven years he asked and obtained a location. After seven years' location he was again received by the Conference, and continued in an effective relation, excepting one year, until 1819, when his health failed, and he was never after able to do effective service.

During the long superannuation of our venerable father he was not an idler in the vineyard of the Lord. He preached to the full extent of his ability, besides attending funerals and visiting the sick whenever called upon. His zeal in the cause of God never abated.

He is characterized by those who knew him in the days of his strength as a sound, earnest, faithful preacher, scrupulously punctual to his appointments, and apparently fully given up to his work. He was possessed of a warm, generous heart, and never felt so well pleased as

when conferring benefits. This feeling was manifested to the close of his life, and gave to his conversation a tone of benevolence, which proved very attractive. Perhaps no trait of his character was more prominent, nor in any thing did he more constantly exhibit the power of divine grace, than by a steady cheerfulness of manner which made his home eminently happy, and impressed even strangers with the purity of his character.

His death, though long expected, was finally sudden. But his end was triumphant. "Let me go, let me go," said he, as one of his children was anxiously striving to revive the dying father. He went as he wished—doubtless to heaven.

GOODRICH HORTON.

Goodrich Horton was born in White Plains, Westchester County, New York, whence he removed with his parents to North East, where, in the twenty-first year of his age, he experienced religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. After being two years a member he became a Local Preacher, and began to warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." In about one year he was employed by the Presiding Elder to travel Kortright Circuit, where he labored one year with great accepta-

bility and success. In 1836 he connected himself with the New York Annual Conference, and was successively appointed to Windham Circuit, Prattsville, Canaan, (Conn.,) Spencertown, Norfolk, Colebrook, Stockport, Egremont, and Stockbridge, from which he was called from his labor to his reward. During these fifteen years of his ministerial life he uniformly sustained an unblemished Christian and ministerial character. With strong confidence in God, uniform consistency in Christian life, and an earnestness in feeling and effort, he was useful to the Church, and secured many souls as seals to his ministry. Like the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "he counted not his life dear unto him that he might win Christ, and be found in him."

Brother Horton's health, for ten years or more, had been poor, being afflicted with throat difficulties, but he constantly labored as far as he was able, and many times beyond his strength. His brethren on the circuit, fearing his labors were too much for him, desired him to favor himself; but while much needed to be done he was willing to toil, even unto death, in the cause of his Master. He died of dysentery, after an illness of three weeks, September 17, 1850, aged thirty-nine years. His state of mind during his sickness was such as might be expected from his uniformly-consistent and laborious life. On the

morning of his death, in the act of dying, he shouted "Victory!" and with this note of triumph, his spirit winged its way to glory.

JOHN CRANVILLE TACKABERRY.

John Cranville Tackaberry was a native of Ireland, born September 8, 1799. He emigrated to America in 1817. He experienced religion in July, a few weeks after his arrival in this country, then residing at Quebec. He soon after united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1819 he received license as an Exhorter, faithfully and zealously serving the Church in that capacity until 1821, when he was licensed a Local Preacher. For a year or two subsequent he was employed under the Presiding Elder to labor within the limits of the Canada Conference. In 1826 he was ordained as a Local Deacon by Bishop Soule. The following year he was admitted on trial in the Pittsburgh Conference. At the next session of that Conference he was ordained Elder by Bishop Roberts. The appointments which for two years he received in the Pittsburgh Conference were blessed with religious prosperity.

In 1829 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and received his appointment for that year at Troy, and successively labored as a

faithful minister of Christ at Cattskill, Brooklyn, Stratford, and New York. During a part of the year 1836, by permission, he was absent on a visit to his friends in Ireland. In 1837 he was appointed to Montgomery Circuit. The two succeeding years he was appointed to the Harlem mission. His next and last appointment as an effective preacher was at Stamford. Here, his health failing, he was compelled to take a superannuated relation, which he held till 1844, from which time to the close of his life he maintained a supernumerary connection with the New York Conference. During his suspension from active service none felt so keenly the affliction of being obliged to report to the annual sessions of his Conference no favorable improvement in his health.

He occasionally preached, but never without jeopardy to his physical strength, for such was the nature of his complaints that even the effort of one sermon was liable to induce a relapse, from which days would scarcely restore him. The derangement of his nervous system, together with a predisposing tendency to congestion of the brain, would safely allow but little mental or physical excitement. No efforts were so liable to affect the one and threaten a relapse of the other as the labors of the pulpit. He longed for active service in the ministry, but God had ordered otherwise.

As a preacher, in his vigorous days he was characterized for fervency in his ministerial labors, for pungency in his appeals, and at times rising to commanding power and pathos. He was eminent as a textualist, so that with propriety it might be said of him he was "mighty in the Scriptures." This gave him force and facility, especially in doctrinal discourses.

He died in the city of New York May 9, 1852. He had secured the position of chaplain and physician upon one of the steamers plying between New York and Nicaragua. He had made one trip, returning, as he apprehended, with health much improved; but the fever incident to that southern port in a day or two after his return was developed, and he survived the attack only about one week.

During this time there were but a few brief intervals of consciousness; in these intervals he expressed a full and unshaken confidence in his Saviour. He believed his departure was at hand, but strongly affirmed that death had no terrors to him. A short time previous to his death he requested an intimate friend to read from the Bible, naming the chapter, and remarking, "In the word of God is my trust; its promises are my support." Thus closed the sufferings of our departed brother in the fifty-third year of his age, leaving an afflicted family, consisting of a wife and six small children.

LUMAN ANDRUS.

Luman Andrus was born in the town of Litchfield, State of Connecticut, July 4, 1778. He became a subject of saving grace, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he was about fourteen years of age. His father, it is said, was so much offended with his religious profession as to banish him from his home. Of the incidents of his life from the time of his thus leaving his father's house until he reached his thirty-second year we have no information.

In 1810 he was received on trial as a traveling preacher in the New York Conference. In 1812 he was received into full connection and ordained a Deacon, and in 1815 he was ordained by Bishop Asbury an Elder.

He continued his effective relation until 1821, when, his health failing, he was placed in a superannuated relation to the Conference. In 1823 he was made a supernumerary, and in 1826 he was again made effective, and continued his labors as an effective itinerant minister until the Conference of 1834, when he again received a superannuated relation, in which he continued until his death.

During his effective ministry he labored on the following circuits and stations, namely: Middletown, Litchfield, Cambridge, Granville, Long Island, New York city, Croton, New Rochelle,

Jamaica, Cortlandt, Coeymans, New Windsor, Albany, Stamford, Mount Pleasant, Westbrook, Wethersfield, Fair Haven, and Hotchkisstown. During this time he was favorably known by the older members of this Conference as a pious, zealous, useful, and devoted minister of Jesus Christ. Although he was not very systematic as a preacher, he is represented, by those who knew him in the days of his strength, to have been an Exhorter of uncommon efficiency and impressiveness. His conscience was extremely tender. His physical constitution was feeble, and mental temperament somewhat timid, yet he was always steady to his Christian and ministerial purposes, and many, no doubt, will be the stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

For some time previous to his death his physical powers were so enfeebled that he rarely performed any public service; but he continued his Christian course, faint, yet pursuing, until the latter end of June, 1851, when he was attacked by the disease which terminated his life. He finally died in the peace and hope of the Gospel on the twenty-second day of July, 1851, aged seventy-three years.

He left an aged, afflicted, and pious companion to mourn his loss.

CHRISTOPHER HENRY HOEVENER.

Christopher Henry Hoevener was a native of Germany, and came to this country about nineteen years ago. He was converted in Ohio, under the labors of Rev. E. Riemenschneider, our present missionary at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany. He was licensed to preach in 1844, and traveled one year under the Presiding Elder. In 1845 he joined the Ohio Annual Conference, where he labored on the Defiance and Delaware Missions, and nearly two hundred souls were converted under his ministry. In September, 1849, he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed at Buffalo, where from thirty to forty persons were brought to the Lord through his instrumentality. In May, 1851, he was sent to Newark, New Jersey, where his labors were attended with some success, and where he was attacked with pleurisy, a disease which terminated his life on the 24th of February, 1852, aged thirty-nine years. He preached his last sermon on Rev. xxii, 17; and while his wife tried to prevent him from preaching on account of his being ill, he thought he must preach. "If I fall," he said, "I want to fall in the arms of Jesus." A few days before his decease he remarked with heavenly sweetness, "O how glorious is this perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy

Ghost! I am ready to go home." On the day of his departure he remarked, "Tell my brethren in the ministry that I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them, also, that love his appearing." One hour before his death he remarked to the weeping company around his bed, "You think Brother Hoevener is going to die; no, he is going to live. But one thing I want to tell you, give yourselves up to the ways of the Lord, for they are wonderful, and have a glorious end. Whosoever is guided by the Lord is guided aright. O how good the Lord has led me yesterday and to-day!" An hour afterward his happy spirit had gone home. A wife and two children were left to feel their loss.

THERON OSBORN.

Theron Osborn, the subject of this memoir, was born in Amenia, N. Y., in the year 1796, and died in Marlborough, N. Y., August 12, 1852, aged fifty-six years. He informs us, in a brief sketch written by himself a short time previous to his death, that he was the subject of serious impressions when quite young. "At

the early age of seven, as nearly as I can now recollect," he says, "I was much exercised in my mind relative to the salvation of my soul; and so deep were the convictions of my extreme vileness in the sight of a holy God that I often mourned and wept before him, and prayed most earnestly to him for mercy. I had clear perceptions of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but my views of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus were not as clear. No permanent good, however, resulted from my many tears, prayers, and repentings till I arrived at the age of about eighteen, when I determined resolutely that I would seek the Lord with all my heart; and although I sought him for a considerable time, I sought him not in vain; for he heard my plaintive cry for mercy, removed the burden from my aching heart, cheered my drooping spirits, and made all within me rejoice."

I was fully aware of Brother Osborn's seriousness about this time, as we resided in the same neighborhood, and were intimate friends. Having determined to seek religion himself, and being desirous that I should also, he sought the first opportunity to call my attention to the interests of my soul. This he did one Sabbath afternoon when we were together, when he looked me in the face significantly and solemnly, and asked what I thought would become of us should we die before morning. These words

sunk deep into my heart. When separated from him I pondered the matter seriously in my mind, and this served as the commencement of a train of emotions, reflections, and efforts, that resulted in my return to God my Saviour.

It was some time after the subject of this memoir experienced religion before he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was trained in a Calvinistic school, and it took him some time, and cost him some effort, to divest himself of his early prejudices so as to comprehend in detail the peculiarities of Arminian theology, and subscribe to a new formula of doctrine. But this he did seriously and understandingly. When he graduated to full membership in the Church he preferred he received license as an Exhorter, and in due time became a Local Preacher. He remained some time in the society he first joined, and labored zealously and successfully; and his efforts to do good were rendered a blessing to many. In 1826 he was admitted on trial in the New York Annual Conference. He continued with little interruption in the regular work in the various fields assigned him, with more or less acceptance and usefulness, up to the time of his death. He was a man of rather slender constitution and somewhat delicate health during his whole life, and was not, therefore, able to perform as much

work in his Master's vineyard as many of his fellow-laborers. It was, I think, his feeble state of health that induced him occasionally to retire from effective service in the Church. He was uneasy and discontented when he had retired to a local sphere, especially when his health was so far recovered that he thought he could perform effective work. This spirit of uneasiness, which troubled him in his retirement, determined him more than once to return to the itinerant field.

Brother Osborn was remarkably diffident of his abilities as a minister of the Gospel, and very often did he enter the sacred desk with a dread, it would seem, like that of a martyr going to the stake. He was an acceptable and useful minister of the Gospel; but so lightly did he estimate his pulpit labors, that he could scarcely be persuaded to make any effort to secure the scanty pittance allowed him by the Church he served, and frequently did he fall back on his own resources to provide for himself and family the comforts of life. He was truly an affectionate husband; and if it evinces the goodness of one's heart to treat a companion kindly and tenderly, and to strive by all lawful means to render her life easy, agreeable, and happy, there was this valuable trait in his character. As a father he loved his children, and was loved by them in return. The authority he exercised over

them was not that of an unfeeling tyrant, but emphatically paternal; and the obedience rendered, as far as I know, was truly filial. Those who witnessed how bitterly his children wept, and with what convulsive agony they grieved when they learned their father was dead, could but say, "Behold, how they loved him!"

Their widowed mother informed me herself that these children would cheerfully do any thing she requested, when they were told it was what he wished when alive. As to his final hour, little of interest can be said. He sincerely desired my appointment to Marlborough Circuit, that we might be neighbors again, as in our childhood and youth. His desire was gratified. But it seemed I only came to see him die, and officiate at his funeral. In less than two months I was summoned to the dwelling of my old friend, and found him prostrated with a violent fever; and I deemed it prudent to say but little to him, hoping at the next visit to find him better.

But soon his reason was entirely dethroned, and at my subsequent visits there were no lucid intervals when we could ascertain his hopes of a better world. So, uninterruptedly, he continued till death closed the scene. The writer attended the funeral the next day, and to him it was most impressive and solemn. The

day following his remains were carried to Amenia, and interred in the Methodist Cemetery in that town. There he now sleeps by the side of his parents. There he sleeps near the church his own hands helped to erect; sleeps in the graveyard his own generosity helped to procure; sleeps among his brethren, some of whom were converted to God by his agency; and there he must sleep till the trump of God shall arouse his sleeping dust to hail his coming Lord welcoming him to his final reward.

HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS.

Humphrey Humphreys was born in Manchester, England, in 1785. His parents were Welsh, and also members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. They gave their son early religious training. In early life he removed to Liverpool, where he was converted when he was eighteen years old, and in the nineteenth year of his age he received license to preach.

In the year 1817 he was married, and followed the tide of emigration to this country. He continued to exercise his gifts as a Local Preacher until 1822, at which time he was admitted into the New York Conference. He continued his active labors among us until the Conference of 1852, when he was compelled to take a super-

annuated relation, after an itinerant ministry of thirty years.

He was first appointed to Suffolk Circuit, Long Island; the next year he was missionary on the east end of the island, and at its close he was ordained Elder. After this his successive appointments were Bridgeport, Reading, New Paltz, New Windsor, Montgomery, Rossville, Hudson, Derby, Reading, Jamaica and Rockaway, Huntington, New Utrecht, Yonkers and West Farms, Huntington, Egremont, Pleasant Valley, Montgomery, Sugar Loaf, and Monroe: this was his last appointment. Here, in 1851, his health failed, and it was with difficulty he attended to his work. After he was superannuated his health gradually declined, and he was shortly confined to his room and bed. His bodily sufferings were great, but he endured them all with Christian fortitude and submission to the divine will. No words of complaint escaped him; his confidence in God was full. A day or two before his death, a brother who had been with him frequently during his sickness called to see the dying minister of the cross. Brother Humphreys requested him to attend his funeral, and added: "You will not say much about me. You may tell the people I am a sinner saved by grace." On the 29th of September, 1852, at the age of sixty-seven, and after a ministry of forty-eight years, thirty of

which were spent in connection with the New York Conference, with full assurance of hope, he tranquilly entered into rest.

Among the prominent traits of Brother Humphreys' character were distrust of self, fidelity in duty, and an unswerving honesty of purpose. If his preaching did not dazzle, it was plain, direct, pointed, and practical. In the discharge of pastoral duties he was faithful: in this wide and important field of labor his efforts were untiring. He now rests from his labors.

DANIEL SMITH.

Daniel Smith was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, September 26, 1806. Both his parents were deeply pious, and earnestly dedicated their children to God. The aged father—a way-worn pilgrim, hovering along the confines of the goodly land, joyous in hope, survived but a few years. The sainted mother departed to her reward when the subject of our narrative was but four years of age; but she was not called away until she had made an ineffaceable impression upon the mind of her little son. Young as he was in years, he did not to his dying day forget the regularity with which she led him by the hand to the place of her devotions, and there prayed and wept over

him, daily dedicating her son to God, and praying that his life might be a life of holiness and usefulness. How precious the seed here sown in the virgin soil of the heart! That mother died. Perhaps the great struggle of the dying hour was to give up that little son. Her last lingering look toward these mortal shores fastened upon that dear object of her affection, and her last earthly tie that was sundered was that which bound her to him. But her labor was not lost; her prayers were not unheard. Long years after, the precious seed that had been sown in faith, and which was already germinating in that little heart, brought forth a harvest abundant and glorious.

When nineteen years of age he was converted to God. Having been led during the day to a determination to seek religion, that very evening he walked about four miles to a prayer-meeting, and there deliberately announced his determination, and besought the prayers of the people of God. A young man who had accompanied him remonstrated with him for taking so decided and public a stand; "for," said he, "should you not find the blessing you would be ashamed of your course;" and then added, "I, too, am seeking religion, but mean to proceed cautiously, so that if I do not obtain it soon, I will be able to cease my efforts without disgrace." Said young Smith, his soul

rising with the glory of the sentiment, "I mean to break down every bridge behind me—to commit myself fully, so that I shall find it *impossible* to turn back!" That is just the way our brother sought religion, and that is the way he lived it. A "bridge behind" was the last thing he ever thought of.

His conversion was soon succeeded by the conviction that God had called him to the work of the ministry, and he immediately turned his attention and directed his energies to the best means of preparation within his reach. He entered the Wilbraham Academy, then under the charge of Dr. Fisk, and prosecuted his studies with great diligence and success.

Having labored nearly a year under the Presiding Elder, at the Conference of 1831, he was admitted on trial and appointed to Derby Circuit as the colleague of Rev. Heman Bangs. Their labors were greatly blessed, and at the end of the year they reported an increase of over two hundred members. In 1832 he was returned to the same circuit. In 1833 he was stationed at Sag Harbor; in 1834 and 1835, at Winsted, Connecticut; in 1836 and 1837, at Forsyth-street, New York city; in 1838 and 1839, at Bridgeport; and in 1840 he was returned superannuated. In 1841 he resumed his effective relation, and during that and the following year was stationed at Redding; in

1843 and 1844, at Stratford; in 1845, at Tarrytown; in 1846 and 1847, at Seventh-street, New York city; in 1848 and 1849, at Greene-street, in the same city; and in 1850 and 1851, at the St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, Kingston. His term of service in this Church had just terminated; and less than one week before his death, with every prospect of continued life and usefulness, he received his appointment to the city of Hudson.

The name of Daniel Smith is closely and permanently allied to our Sunday-school cause. As early as 1834 he began to feel that there was a great dearth of books adapted to the young, and especially of Sunday-school books, in our Church. He forthwith devoted himself to the work of supplying this want; and as a monument of laborious industry and persevering zeal, has left over fifty volumes, by which he, though dead, "yet speaketh." These labors were unremitted to the day of his death, and indeed one or two works were left in manuscript ready, or nearly ready, for the press. He was a chaste, lucid writer — not ornamental, but practical. In the adaptation of subject and choice of material for books for the young he exhibited rare taste and skill, and his plans were always executed with good judgment and excellent success.

Many, not knowing the man, would infer

from his literary labors that he was a recluse, or, at least, that his pastoral duties must have been neglected. Such a suspicion is entirely without foundation. "We never had a more faithful pastor," is an expression concerning him that has been heard from more than a score of those who have been blessed with his ministrations. He was a great economist of time, and in this lies the secret of his combining so successfully the author, the pastor, and the preacher. He sought out especially the young of his flock and the children of his members, and endeavored to make an impression on their minds; and when they could not be seen personally, often wrote to them, pressing upon their attention the concerns of the soul. Many a young person, through these personal efforts, has been brought to God. His books, then, were not prepared in time secured by the neglect of other duties, but by a wise husbanding and earnest use of the time he had.

He was a plain, practical, earnest preacher. His discourses always evinced study and careful preparation. His motto was, "Beaten oil" for the sanctuary. The clear, practical good sense that characterized him as a man shone conspicuously in his pulpit ministrations. The grand aim of the discourse would be apparent throughout, and though it might be enlivened, and successive points illustrated or enforced by perti-

nent anecdotes, yet the grand design of the whole would never be lost sight of.

In the expression and in the maintenance of his opinions he was intrepid, but not dogmatic. He had firmness without doggedness, independence and confidence without arrogance. He was no man to make a compromise of principle, or to shrink from duty from any fear of disastrous consequences to himself. "Who ever knew Daniel Smith, and thought of turning him from what he conceived to be his duty?" was the pertinent inquiry of one of his brethren.

He was a practically benevolent man. He not only sympathized with the poor and suffering, but he gave from his own resources to their relief, and enlisted the sympathies and means of others in their behalf. He was not merely the friend of the benevolent movements of the age, but he was a most earnest and practical friend of them, especially of temperance and missions. At the last session of our Conference, upon making himself a life member of the Conference Missionary Society by the payment of ten dollars, he remarked that he intended to pay that sum annually to the cause as long as God spared his life.

As a man of integrity and of sound judgment he was highly esteemed, and filled an important post in the Conference. As a preacher, he

was "available," and as a man of sober, discreet judgment, always reliable. He represented the New York Annual Conference in the General Conference of 1848, and stood first on the list of reserves for that of 1852. He was a man our Conference could but illy spare; but the great Head of the Church doeth right.

What the man was in public that he was also in private. His domestic affections were strong, and he breathed around him, upon his little flock, the purest sunshine of their loveliness.

Few men have passed away from us more deeply beloved or more sincerely lamented. His death was sudden, but peaceful. He died confiding in that Saviour whose atoning sacrifice had been the burden of his ministry for twenty-two years. At the session of the New York Conference, which closed on the 17th of June, he took an active and prominent part. At its close he suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the bowels, but obtaining partial relief, he went home the next day in order to prepare for his removal. During his journey he experienced severe pain, but no serious danger was apprehended till the day before the closing scene, which was on the 23d of June. His last hours were hours of intense suffering.

Death came suddenly upon him, but it did not find him unprepared. It was hard to cease from labors in which his heart was so much interested. It was hard to leave his family, and especially to feel that they were left without any certain provision having been made for them. But he found help in the time of need, and upon God, the rock of his salvation, he rolled the burden of his soul. With reference to his future prospects, he felt that it was an awful thing to die, and to go forth to meet a holy and a just God; but he said he "felt assured that God would not cast him off." He grounded his hope on the Redeemer, and it did not fail him. The presence of his Saviour assured his heart, and he said, "I will fear no evil." At one time, in the midst of his bodily agony, he prayed God to cut the work short in righteousness, and grant him his release; but soon afterward prayed for patience to endure whatever suffering God might appoint unto him. At another time, while the attendants were bathing and rubbing him, he said, "Ah, these efforts seem like the adverse winds that keep the ship from entering into port." When his last earthly arrangements had been completed, he dictated this message to the Christian brother selected to preach his funeral discourse: "Tell the congregation that I AM A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE." Soon after this his suffer-

ings ended, and he entered into rest. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

FREDERICK W. BRENNER.

Frederick W. Brenner, a native of Prussia, was a subject of converting grace in Philadelphia, where he connected himself with the Church in Kensington. Subsequently to his conversion he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and traveled several years under the Presiding Elder within the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference, from whence he was transferred to the German Mission work, and engaged as a missionary in the West Baltimore German Mission in the year 1847. Here he remained two years, and his labors, besides building a mission chapel, were blessed with souls converted to God. In 1849 he was sent to Williamsburgh German Mission, Long Island; and in 1851 to Callicoon Mission, from which place he returned to the Conference at New York in 1852, with his health broken. With great reluctance he took a supernumerary relation, and chose West Baltimore, his first field of labor in the German work, as his residence. He died of hasty consumption in the city of Baltimore in the month of September, 1852, in the thirty-fourth year of

his age, leaving behind him a bereaved widow and one child to mourn his departure.

Brother Brenner was a good man. For many years before he joined the traveling connection he was the support of his aged parents, and left his former employment with considerable pecuniary sacrifice. He was a holy man, zealous in the work of his Master, and faithful till death.

CHARLES W. CARPENTER.

Charles W. Carpenter was born in the city of New York, December 16, 1792. In a brief record made by himself of his early religious experience he says: "Though at different times I was the subject of serious thoughts, yet no lasting impressions were made upon my mind until my fourteenth year. At that time my parents lived in Brooklyn, where they retired in the summer season for the benefit of pure air. A revival of religion broke out under Mr. E. Cooper, then stationed in that place. On a Sabbath evening, having loitered about the meeting-house until after the sermon had closed, I went in to see the exercises which took place among those that were under awakenings. My attention was caught by the earnest devotion of a young man just emerged from darkness into light. I looked at him for some time, when my

heart became so affected that I could not refrain from shedding tears. I felt an earnest desire for the same enjoyment which he seemed already in possession of, but did not feel in so great a degree as many the horrors of a guilty conscience. This may have been in consequence of my tender years. I sat down with a sorrowful heart, when a godly man, James Herbert, noticing my agitation, came to me, and in an affectionate strain urged the necessity of my being born again. His words, attended with the power of God, fastened conviction on my mind. I remained in the meeting-house till quite late, my burden and sorrow of soul continually increasing. On Thursday evening, in conversation with a young disciple of Christ, P. Cooper, my mind seemed measurably relieved, but yet I was not satisfied. In the course of the Friday following I retired frequently and poured out my soul to God in prayer. In the afternoon, while engaged in private, (the very spot I well remember,) I felt a sudden and glorious change of my feelings. My burden was fully removed. My soul was filled with inexpressible peace, and I arose from a suppliant posture not doubting but God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned my sins. I commenced a new life, endeavoring to follow the commandments of the Lord, which I found not grievous, but pleasant and delightful to my soul. My mind con-

stantly dwelt upon new and ravishing scenes which opened on a sudden to my view. All nature seemed to wear a different aspect, and every visible part of creation the marks of Deity. For many days I felt like an inhabitant of another region, and sought only such conversation as led my tender mind into further discoveries of the unfolding mysteries of divine revelation. The Bible was my choice companion, nor did I ever seem weary of poring over its most precious contents."

This brief account of Brother Carpenter's awakening and conversion is judged to have been made in the year 1814, and except a weekly diary of his religious exercise of mind, and of his labors during a part of the year 1832, it is not known that any other record of his personal religious state is extant.

From official testimonials, and the general Minutes, we gather the following statistical information concerning his labors in the work of the ministry: His first license to exhort is signed by the Rev. F. Garrettson, and is dated April 23, 1812. October 28, of the same year, he was licensed as a Local Preacher by a Quarterly Conference in the city of New York. In the year 1814 he was admitted on trial in the New York Annual Conference, and appointed to the Suffolk and Sag Harbor Circuit. At the close of that year he retired. His licenses for the

years 1815 and 1816 are signed by the Rev. S. Merwin, but for the three years succeeding they are dated in Savannah, Georgia. In 1820 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop George. In 1825 he was elected to Elders' orders, to which he was ordained May 14, 1826. In 1828 he was again admitted on trial in the New York Conference, and again appointed to Suffolk and Sag Harbor Circuit; in 1829 he was sent to Sag Harbor, to which he was returned for the year 1830; in the years 1831 and 1832 he labored in Brooklyn; in 1833 he was in the New York West Circuit; in 1834 and 1835 he was appointed to Sag Harbor and Bridgehampton; in 1836 and 1837 he was in charge of the New York West Circuit; in 1838 and 1839 he was stationed in Poughkeepsie. From the year 1840 to the year 1843 inclusive he was Presiding Elder on the New Haven District, where he was greatly beloved and respected both by the preachers and members of the Church. In 1844 and 1845 he was stationed in Washington-street, Brooklyn; in 1846 and 1847 he was on the New Paltz and Plattekill Circuit; in 1848 and 1849 he labored in Newburgh North; in 1850 and 1851 he was appointed to Plattekill as a supernumerary; in 1852 he was appointed to Pleasant Valley as a supernumerary. *On the 10th of May, 1853, during the session of the Conference, his labors and life terminated in a firm and joy-

ous hope of eternal rest in the town of Plattekill, where he had resided for the last three years preceding his death.

Brother Carpenter's character, from its uniformity, is more difficult of delineation than otherwise it would be if it stood out in prominent traits. Still his friends could easily appreciate it, and fondly and earnestly love him. Indeed, loveliness was his general characteristic. Naturally mild and amiable in his disposition, grace made him emphatically a Christian gentleman. His early literary advantages were above the medium of those of his early associates, which, by habits of application, made him both an intelligent Christian and an able minister of Christ. Though not physically strong, the depth of his religious convictions, and his zeal in the service of his Master, made him an efficient minister of the New Testament. His general clearness and soundness of judgment, his prudence and wisdom, gave him a high and strong position in the confidence of his brethren in the ministry and in the laity. The estimation in which he was held by the Conference is shown by the stations which he occupied, by his having been more than once elected a delegate to the General Conference, and by having been chosen secretary of his own Annual Conference for a series of years preceding the close of his life.

His last sickness was complicated and violent, and precluded much conversation with his friends. He scarcely expressed any anxiety other than to meet his brethren in Conference. This was a very dear privilege, and not easily surrendered. But not by necessity only he yielded it, for he felt that he would soon meet some of his elder brethren in Christ, who had been fathers to him in the Gospel, and among them the revered Ostrander, who had but a little preceded him from the same house in which he himself was so soon to take his departure to a mansion above. But Brother Carpenter has gone to rest. It is all right; yet we feel his loss as a minister, and as a very dear Christian friend. May the Father of mercy help us also to be ready, "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

BEZALEEL HOWE.

Bezaleel Howe was born at Tower Hill, Dutchess County, New York, July 14, 1781. Having been early deprived of both father and mother he was adopted by a friend, from whom he received kind treatment and fatherly care.

Prompted by a strong thirst for knowledge, he read all the books to which he could obtain

access, not excepting the infidel works of Paine and Rousseau. These works made a deep impression on his youthful mind, and for many years he was an avowed infidel. The unhappy death, however, in his own neighborhood, of a notorious advocate of those pernicious principles led to an immediate and total renunciation of them, and to the admission of the truth of Divine revelation. Deeply convinced of his sinfulness and danger, he became a regular attendant upon the ministrations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and subsequently united with it as the Church of his choice. Through the solicitations of a friend he commenced family prayer, and continued in the duty until he could not only pray for the mercy he so deeply felt the need of, but could also rejoice in the evidence of pardoned sin, and in the consolations of the Holy Spirit.

After this great change in his spiritual state he continued for many years a highly acceptable and useful member of the Church. But a more extensive field of usefulness awaited him. Having been called of God to the ministerial office, he felt it his duty to offer himself to the Church as an itinerant minister, and was admitted into the New York Conference in 1823, of which body he continued to be a member to the day of his death, not only without bringing any reproach upon himself or his brethren, but with

honor to the cause of Christ as a faithful and zealous laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

In the earlier portion of his ministry he traveled many circuits which required severe labor and privation, but he went forth zealously in the discharge of his duty, and God gave him many seals to his ministry.

Brother Howe died at the residence of his son Benjamin F., near Kingsbridge, N. Y., June 25, 1854, perfectly resigned to the will of God. About two hours before his death he desired prayer to be offered and the hymn to be sung (his favorite hymn) beginning

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

To the prayer he fervently responded, and when asked if he felt Christ to be precious, and the grace of God sufficient, he answered with marked emphasis, "Yes, death has no sting; I have reason to praise God that his countenance shines so gloriously upon me."

Thus passed away another of the fathers of our Israel to join the Church triumphant above.

JEREMIAH HAM.

Jeremiah Ham, the subject of this memoir, was born in Taghkanie, Columbia County, New York, and died in Aera, Greene County, N. Y.,

September 8, 1854, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He became the subject of saving grace in the year 1831, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Elbert Osborn. He was admitted into the New York Conference as a traveling preacher in 1836, and continued in an effective relation eighteen years. At its session in 1854 he was stationed on Durham Circuit as a supernumerary preacher, being evidently in poor health, resulting, however, more from general debility than from any particular disease.

As soon as the state of his health permitted he made arrangements to hold a protracted meeting in the village of Acra, and was on his way to commence the meeting, when he was suddenly attacked with the cholera. He, however, reached the place, not to preach, but to suffer and die. It is not known that a word was spoken to him about his spiritual state, or a prayer offered up in his behalf. He was anxious to see his wife, yet when she arrived he had lost all consciousness; and although the deeply afflicted wife called and sought for one last word, no answer was given, for death had sealed his lips.

Brother Ham was a good and useful preacher, and has been instrumental in several revivals of religion; but he was more remarkably devoted to the interests of the Sunday-schools, pe-

riodicals, and benevolent institutions of the Church. In this work he had but few superiors. Although he has thus fallen suddenly, unexpectedly, and without furnishing any dying testimony as to his spiritual state, yet his life of faith and labor of love afford ample evidence that he has gone to receive the reward of a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

SAMUEL D. FERGUSON.

Samuel D. Ferguson was born in the city of New York in 1798, and died in the same city on the 30th of December, 1855. When he was ten years of age his parents removed with him to Delaware County, N. Y. At the age of fourteen, with joy he responded to the call of his heavenly Father, "My son give me thine heart." From that time till the day of his death he maintained his integrity, nor did

His faith forsake its hold,
His hope decline, nor love grow cold.

He then identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after he was moved by the divine Spirit to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and was not disobedient unto the heavenly calling. He joined the Conference in 1819, and continued to perform

effective service, as an itinerant minister, twenty-five years, during which period he was thrice honored by his brethren with a seat in the General Conference, and for seven years was intrusted with the office of Presiding Elder.

In the spring or summer of 1844, his health having failed, he accepted the appointment of Superintendent of the Leake and Watts Orphan House. He remained at the head of this noble institution about four years, when he removed to the valley of Charlotte, and opened a boarding academy under the most favorable auspices. As a man, Brother Ferguson was emphatically strong, possessed of no ordinary share of enterprise. In all the domestic relations of life he exhibited the kindest spirit. As a son, a brother, a husband, or friend, his heart beat with the purest affection. As a Christian he was meek, humble, and unostentatious. His piety was sincere and ardent; and he glorified God in "his body and spirit," feeling that "he was not his own, but bought with a price."

Our departed brother was an able minister of the New Testament. His preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Though dead he has many living epistles, who will rise up and call him blessed in the day of his rejoicing.

Brother S. D. Ferguson was distinguished for

benevolence. All the religious enterprises of our Church shared in his liberality, and were not forgotten in his last will and testament.

To him death had no sting and the grave no terrors. He repeated, as expressive of the feelings of his own heart, the language of the Psalmist: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

PETER P. SANDFORD.

Peter P. Sandford was born in the town of Lodi, in the State of New Jersey, February 28, 1781. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in that part of the State, and were highly reputable in character and circumstances. As citizens, they were noted for habits of temperance, honesty, integrity, and hospitality.

If the social influence is in any sense hereditary, they were happily reproduced in the early developments of the character of young Sandford; for at a very early age Brother Sandford gave evidence of being under strong moral and religious influence. These early impressions ripened into practical convictions, which resulted in establishing habits of moral and religious duties which remained with him until his con-

version, which took place a short time before he became eighteen years of age.

His entrance into spiritual life was eminently evangelical, and attended by the clearest evidence of justification through faith in the blood of atonement. His Christian experience and character thereafter, to the time of his death, were honorable to the grace of Christ, and instructive and edifying to the Church of God. While as yet he was a child of but ten years, he was in the habit of gathering the children of his neighborhood into a chapel which he had prepared for the purpose, and read to them the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, and then preach to them as best he could. These habits sprang from a conviction that he was called to the ministry of the word of God. After a few years this impression was weakened, but immediately upon conversion revived with increased power, although he did not enter the ministry until the year 1807, at which time he was twenty-six years of age. He began his itinerant course in the Philadelphia Conference. Having completed the term of his probation, and been received in full connection in that Conference, he was, in 1810, transferred to the New York Conference, in whose fellowship he finished his labors and his life.

The mention, here, of a few facts which are alike illustrative of his character, and honorable

to his memory, must be accepted in the place of an analysis of that character. From the time he came into this Conference, during the long period in which he exercised his ministry, he occupied the most important places of labor and trust; and from the year 1816 to 1852, he was elected a delegate to every General Conference, and shared his full measure of their labors and responsibilities. Dr. Sandford was a thorough divine, an able preacher, a judicious administrator of discipline, an eminent and honest Christian man, and in most respects a model Methodist preacher. But he has passed away. He died as good men die, calm, confident, and assured of everlasting glory. His dying testimony was, "I have prayed for a holy triumph, and I have it." The last words he uttered before his death were those in which Christ gave the great law of a Christian life: "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" and on Wednesday, January 14, 1857, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, he breathed his last without a struggle.

T. F. RANDOLPH MERCEIN.

T. F. Randolph Mercein was born in the city of New York, November 27, 1825, and died in Sheffield, Mass., September 15, 1856.

From his birth he was surrounded by circumstances happily adapted to develop a lovely and harmonious character. When scarcely five years old he was the conscious subject of positive religious impressions, which ripened into genuine Christian experience before he was thirteen. He immediately joined the Rev. Dr. Potts's Church, (Presbyterian,) of which his honored mother was a member. Here he was soon marked by his Pastor and others as a youth of unusual promise, and his early call to the Christian ministry was confidently predicted. His father revered the ministry, and believed in a "Divine call" to that sacred responsibility. He, however, believed it to be his duty to do all in his power to qualify his son for a post for which he felt assured God designed him. Randolph's thorough collegiate and theological training, and subsequent entrance into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, was, therefore, a favorite subject of contemplation in the home circle. But God's ways are not as man's ways! During Randolph's second year in college his health failed and his studies were suspended. When partially recovered he re-entered college, but several months before he expected to graduate with honor he was suddenly struck down by a rush of blood to the brain, and all study was forbidden. This interruption of his cherished plans weighed heavily upon him; but,

already accustomed to view life from a religious stand-point, he bowed submissively. His affliction drove him nearer the fountain of Infinite Love; and with the increase of his religious fervor, his convictions of duty to preach the Gospel grew intense. Fearing his health was inadequate to the work, his friends tremblingly remonstrated, and urged a season of rest. But his characteristic reply—"If it be probable preaching will kill me, it is certain I shall soon die if I do not preach"—soon silenced all objection.

About this time, while reading "Hill's Divinity," and other theological works, changes in his views and feelings occurred which convinced him he was too Arminian to fill a Calvinistic pulpit. Acting with his accustomed promptness on this conviction, he left the Church of his early choice and joined ours. He was soon licensed to preach, and when a little over nineteen commenced the self-denying duties of an itinerant.

He exercised his ministry among us only eleven years; but he proved himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Of a high order of intellect, carefully educated, deeply serious and thoughtful, with a profound sense of ministerial responsibility, bold and faithful in the discharge of duty, gentle, amiable, and genial, he was eminently fitted to adorn both public

and private life. Need we add that his deep, ardent piety pervaded and beautified his whole being. He was emphatically a pure, humble, heavenly-minded man. His rare gifts made him an attractive speaker, a fine writer, a successful author, an accomplished debater,* a choice friend. He was *loved* even more than he was *admired*.

Early in June, 1856, he was attacked with bilious fever, and was unable to attend Conference. He so far recovered as to appear again in his pulpit. And by the advice of his physician he spent several weeks in visiting his friends, hoping for entire restoration to health; but about September 8th his fever returned with increased violence, and neither skill, nor affection, nor prayers availed to stay its progress. "God took him." During his entire illness he enjoyed unbroken peace, and maintained perfect composure, while his friends were agitated by almost crushing emotions. For several days before his death, to use his own language, he was "penetrated—filled—with a sense of the Divine goodness."

Thus passed away one of the purest and most promising of the sons of the Church. Many hearts have been saddened by the inscrutable providence, but we "sorrow not as those who have no hope."

* He was one of the ablest debaters on the Conference floor.

WILLIAM THACHER.

William Thacher was born in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1769. He was early left an orphan, his parents dying when he was only eight years of age. He seems to have been very early impressed with a sense of religious obligation. When about six years of age, to an inquiry what he intended to become, he replied, "A minister." This juvenile decision seems to have been an abiding conviction.

At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a trade in New Haven. When nineteen he started for the South, but stopping at New York, he remained there one year. Here, for the first time, he heard Methodist preaching. The force and earnestness of the preaching, the simplicity of the mode of worship, the zeal and devotion of the worshipers, were not only new, but deeply interested him. He had heard of the Methodists, but had formed an unjust opinion of them. His prejudices were soon greatly modified. He became a frequent attendant upon their services. In the following year he went to Baltimore, and providentially, as he considered it, became an inmate in the family of James M'Cannon, who was a Class-Leader and Exhorter in the Methodist Church. In a few weeks he was happily converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On his return to New Haven he was severely persecuted, and even warned by the civil authority to leave the town, which threat was subsequently revoked, and he was allowed to prosecute his business. He was the only Methodist in the place, and in order to enjoy the society of his brethren he went from ten to twenty miles. It was well for infant Methodism in New Haven and vicinity that she had so valiant a champion as young Thacher.

It was here he realized the desire expressed in his childhood. He became a Local Preacher. When twenty-eight years of age he was admitted into the traveling ministry, and joined the New York Conference. He was first appointed to Litchfield Circuit, subsequently to Redding, Pomfret, Duchess, New Rochelle, New York, Middletown, Brooklyn, Poughkeepsie, Jamaica, Schenectady, New Haven. In 1822 he was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and successively stationed at Philadelphia, Newark, and Trenton: then appointed to the charge of the Philadelphia District. In 1832 he was retransferred to the New York Conference, and appointed successively to Newburgh, Hudson, Flushing, Williamsburgh, Norwalk, Woodbury, Milan, and Pleasant Valley. To some of the above places he was appointed Pastor for two or three separate terms. He was

forty-eight years in the active ministry, and nearly eleven years he was superannuated.

He was a close observer of human character, by which he was eminently successful in availing himself of the advantage of circumstances, and in applying himself timely and effectually to the temporal and spiritual interests of the Church. His pulpit efforts were characterized by great earnestness, by clear expositions of the Scriptures, by terseness, brevity, and point. The general cast of his sermons was doctrinal, while his closing appeals to the heart were often overwhelmingly effective.

For the last ten years he was superannuated. He retained, however, till within a few months of his death, remarkable mental and physical activity; always cheerful, sociable, and happy. His increasing infirmities abated none of his fervor in the cause of Christ, nor his confidence in the Saviour, nor his assurance of a blissful immortality; but, on the other hand, they increased in strength and intensity his Christian virtues. But as he approached the close of his pilgrimage he enjoyed a holy triumph. Often in the midst of his severest agonies he shouted, "Glory to God!" "I am happy in Jesus; Jesus is so lovely to my poor soul, to me, a sinner saved by grace." He died, in the full assurance of a blissful immortality, in the eighty seventh year of his age.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE BROWN.

Oliver Eldridge Brown was born at Huntington, L. I., in 1813. His father dying while he was young, the responsibility of his early training devolved upon his maternal parent, for the performance of which duty she seems to have been peculiarly qualified by her discretion, enterprise, and constant piety.

In early life his mind was seriously impressed, but it was not till the age of seventeen, while attending a camp-meeting held at Hempstead, that he yielded to conviction, and sought his soul's salvation. He did not, however, find peace in believing during that meeting, but returned home with a heart deeply penitent. As he had an engagement to leave home soon after the camp-meeting, his pious mother, feeling the deepest solicitude for his salvation, immediately made arrangements for him to remain with her a few weeks longer, that a change of associations might not draw away his attention from the subject of religion. Nor was she unrewarded for this godly effort, for soon she was made to rejoice in the testimony of her son to God's pardoning mercy.

Soon after his conversion he was impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to preach the Gospel; but as he had previously made an engagement for three years, he con-

scientifically fulfilled it, after which he devoted his attention to study, and at the age of twenty-two years entered the Wesleyan University, from which he graduated honorably in 1839. In 1844 he was admitted on trial in the New York Annual Conference, and, in due course, graduated to orders. From the time he joined the Conference until his decease, he continued to perform effective service as an itinerant minister.

As a Christian, Brother Brown was deeply pious. With him religion was not a mere theory, but a divine and heartfelt reality. He was not governed by impulse, but by the principle of love. His piety was active, impelling him onward in the path of duty. While engaged in obedience to the behest of Heaven, he cheerfully encountered every difficulty incident to the accomplishment of his responsibilities.

As a preacher he taught with clearness the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, especially those connected with Christian experience. His sermons were distinguished for methodical arrangement and a chaste style, more than for glowing eloquence and impassioned appeals. His style of preaching was convincing, and, no doubt, at the judgment, many who have been saved through his instrumentality will rise up to call him blessed.

In the responsible office of pastor he was faithful. He sought the erring that he might

reclaim them ; he visited the house of mourning that he might impart unto the bereaved the consolations of the Gospel ; he mingled with his flock that he might point them in the way of life. He enjoined on all the faithful observance of the means of grace, and the sacred performance of their covenant obligations ; he took a lively interest in arranging the finances of the Church, and in sustaining her benevolent institutions.

A life so distinguished for consistent piety could not but end in peace. His call to depart was sudden.

He was attacked with dysentery on Thursday, the 22d of July, which terminated his earthly course early on Thursday morning, the 28th of the same month. During his last illness his physical prostration and nervous depression were so great that he said but little. We have not, therefore, to record any rapturous anticipations of coming glory experienced by him in his last moments. But though he had not such ecstasy of soul as filled the breast of the martyr Stephen when his faith was exalted to sight, yet his confidence in the God of his salvation remained unshaken.

On the day preceding his decease, when asked in reference to his spiritual state, he calmly replied, "My peace was made with God while I was in health. I have not that work to attend to upon a sick bed. I can now say, 'The will

of the Lord be done.'” Thus sank quietly and peacefully to rest another of God’s servants ; but he died at his post. His body with his charge laid down, and ceased at once to work and live.

GEORGE COLES.

George Coles was born in Stewkley, England, June 2, 1792, and died in New York, May 1, 1858. He was converted when about twelve years old through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching, and joined the first Wesleyan Society formed in his native village. From that time he was a simple-hearted, devoted Christian, proving his sincerity by a blameless life. During his youth his time was very fully occupied by secular pursuits, but he found leisure to study the Scriptures daily, besides reading extensively religious biographies, general literature, and poetry. Music was his only recreation, of which he became so passionately fond as to lose all relish for the sports and amusements commonly engaged in by those of his own age.

When about twenty-two years old, at the earnest solicitation of the Society to which he belonged, he accepted a Local Preacher’s license, and his name was entered on the plan of the circuit. In 1818 he consummated a long-cherished purpose by emigrating to America. On

his arrival in New York he was very kindly received by Christian friends, and was engaged by them to devote himself entirely to the work of the ministry. He was immediately employed by Rev. Samuel Merwin, Presiding Elder of New York District, to supply a vacancy in Jamaica Circuit, Long Island. At the next session of the New York Conference he was received on trial, and subsequently, at the usual intervals, ordained Deacon and Elder. He sustained an effective relation in our ministry thirty-three years, laboring acceptably in various charges. Twelve years of this time he was assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and three years sole editor of the *Sunday-school Advocate* and *Sunday-school books*. He was also the author of several interesting works, "The Antidote," "Lectures to Children," "Scripture Concordance," "My Youthful Days," "My First Seven Years in America," and "Heroines of Methodism."

Brother Coles was eminently simple-hearted and guileless. Sincere in his own purposes and utterances, it was difficult to convince him of insincerity in others. Careful of his personal habits and appearance, gentlemanly in his manners, amiable in spirit, he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. It is difficult to understand how any one could be his enemy.

As a preacher he was not profound or powerful, but clear, practical, instructive, and persua-

sive. His exposition of his text was often original and striking, and his illustrations most happy. His most effective discourses were those delivered to comfort Christians in affliction. In his pastoral duties he was very faithful. His love for children, and his marked ability to win their attention and affection, aided him greatly in his labors. He was an invalid more than half his life, and on several occasions was completely prostrated, and supposed to be in a dying state. His buoyancy, energy, and industry, however, made him a very happy and a very active man. He loved to labor, and continued to do so until he was obliged to desist. In 1852 he was constrained to ask a superannuated relation. Since that time, though he frequently preached, it was in great feebleness. His journal, which was carefully kept for nearly fifty years, shows how he longed to live and labor for God. It shows, too, an almost constant dread of death. The last entry, made about two weeks before his decease, was, "Death does not seem so very dreadful as formerly." As the hour of his departure approached, however, he obtained through grace a complete triumph over this and every other fear. For several days he longed for release. About one hour before he died he requested a member of his family to pray for his departure. During the prayer he responded with deep feeling, and at the close,

raising his hand, exclaimed, "Hark!" as if some heavenly voice saluted his ear. He then leaned back in his chair and quietly slept in Jesus.

AARON HUNT.

Aaron Hunt was born in East Chester, N. Y., March 28, 1768. In his youth he was surrounded by temptations to profanity, Sabbath breaking, and other kindred vices; but by the grace of God was preserved from yielding to their contamination. When near seventeen years of age he went to reside in the city of New York, and was at this time a regular attendant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Two years later, when passing old John-street Church one morning in company with a fellow-clerk, their attention was attracted by the earnest tones of a preacher. They went in, and heard part of a discourse on the necessity of a change of heart. His companion, speaking with contempt of the zeal they witnessed, he determined to go alone, which he did until the Spirit of God revealed to him his need of a spiritual regeneration. For two years he strove to make himself better, when, from the influence of a remarkable dream, he was led to call more earnestly upon God. The prayer of faith was answered, and he rejoiced in a clear knowledge of

sins forgiven. He sought and obtained religion, and addressed himself to the work of leading others to the same experience which he enjoyed, and his labors were blessed in the conversion of many souls. He soon felt it his duty to preach, and was licensed in 1790. The assistant of Dr. William Phœbus being sick, his Presiding Elder requested him to fill this vacancy. He went and labored until 1791, when he was received into the New-York Conference. With the exception of a few years' location, made necessary by poor health, he remained in connection with this Conference until his death.

Father Hunt was strongly attached to the discipline of our Church, and was always resolute in administering its rules. He watched with zealous anxiety any deviation from the old ways, but always indorsed those new measures that seemed likely to increase the spirituality and strength of the Church. He approved of the aid she received from her literary institutions, but often expressed the fear that they were multiplying too rapidly. He was one of an honored class of Methodist preachers, most of whom now "rest from their labors," who, indeed, bore "the burden and heat of the day," and, like Asbury, Lee, and Garrettson, who were all his intimate friends, he was plain and neat in his appearance, and always prompt in the discharge of his ministerial duties. In pastoral

and pulpit labors his aim was to exalt Christ. His preaching gave evidence of a clear understanding of the vital truths of the Gospel, and to his last moments he clearly apprehended and firmly grasped that great atonement which he, while in health, had so successfully preached to others. For many years he resided near his oldest son in Leedsville, N. Y. For more than three years he was afflicted with disease of the heart, and at times suffered intensely, but always retained his mental powers in full exercise. During his sickness he frequently quoted the hymn commencing with "Jesus, lover of my soul," as expressive of his religious feelings, and was often favored with seasons of great tenderness and rapture. Nature at length became exhausted, and after severe and protracted suffering he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus April 25, 1858, at the house of his son, Z. S. Hunt, in the town of Sharon, Conn., whither he had been removed in the fall of 1857, aged ninety years and four weeks. He rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

WILLIAM JEWETT.

William Jewett, the subject of the following memoir, was born in Sharon, Conn., in the year 1789, and died in the city of Poughkeepsie, June

27, 1857, aged sixty-eight years. At the age of seventeen he sought and obtained forgiveness of sins through the merits of a crucified Redeemer. He commenced preaching the year following, and traveled a circuit by direction of a Presiding Elder. In 1808 he joined the New York Annual Conference. His ministerial labors were uninterrupted from 1807 to 1851, a period of forty-four years, during nineteen of which he held the office of Presiding Elder. His appointments were successively Newburgh Circuit, Black River, White Lake, Ulster, Middletown, Conn., Poughkeepsie, Suffolk, again at Middletown, New Rochelle, Newburgh Village, New Windsor, New York city, Amenia, again at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess; and from 1832 on the Hudson River, White Plains, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, and Rhinebeck Districts. The last six years of his life he sustained to the Conference a superannuated relation. The disease which terminated his life was of such a character as to deprive his friends of the satisfaction derived from a dying testimony; but a long life of untiring and absorbing consecration to Christ and his cause furnishes to them and the Church a most sufficient evidence of his ample preparation for that solemn change which has passed upon him.

As a man Brother Jewett possessed many estimable traits of character. Although upon a

stranger he might sometimes have made an unfavorable impression as to his social and friendly qualities, yet a more intimate acquaintance would disclose a candid, noble, and generous nature, while a more true and reliable friend could not be desired. As a Christian, he was distinguished for a marked decision and firmness of character. To know what was right was always with him a leading inquiry. To do what was right was a controlling and absorbing effort. Nothing could swerve him from the path of his duty. Regardless of consequences, he obeyed faithfully and fearlessly the dictates of an enlightened and Christian conscience. As a preacher, he was plain, simple, and eminently practical, constantly aiming at the great ends of pulpit ministration, the glory of God and the salvation of the soul, and very many are the seals of his ministry. As a pastor, he was wise, diligent, faithful, and unusually successful, leaving behind him wherever he went a holy influence. As a Methodist, he was distinguished for a warm and steady attachment to the Church of his choice, and nothing pained him more than an apparent innovation upon those usages and high grades of experience which marked her early history. As a Presiding Elder, he commanded the confidence and respect of his brethren. In this position he acted invariably upon the principle of doing unto others as he would that others should do

unto him ; and although he had his sympathies and friendships, he never allowed these in the least to interfere with what he believed to be the interests of the cause of God. His whole life among us has shown conclusively that he was a candid, honest, conscientious Christian man, who has now gone up higher to receive the rewards of a faithful, devoted, and successful Christian minister.

JASON WELLS.

Jason Wells was born in Petersburg, N. Y., March 3, 1809, and died in Valley, Stark County, Ill., October 29, 1857, after an illness of three weeks and five days. When about seventeen years of age, by the death of his father he became the chief dependence of his widowed mother and five younger children. At an early period in life he was impressed with the necessity of giving his heart to God as the best means of securing the enjoyment of the life that now is and of that which is to come. He sought earnestly, and soon found, the pearl of great price ; and from that day forward his life was a bright example of the power of Christianity in renovating and fitting it for earnest usefulness.

Brother Wells immediately connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and

was soon after appointed Steward. He became an active Christian, and labored with a zeal for the salvation of sinners which gave evidence to the Church that he was called of God to a higher work than merely attending to secular affairs. While a merchant in Coxsackie, N. Y., he was licensed to exhort, and afterward, by the same Quarterly Conference, was recommended to the work of a traveling preacher. He was admitted on trial in the New York Conference in 1839, and for sixteen years continued to discharge with zeal and Christian fidelity the arduous duties of a devoted minister of Christ. His appointments were as follows: Cornwall in 1839, 1840; Litchfield and Watertown in 1841; Litchfield in 1842; Woodbury and Roxbury in 1843; Coeyman's in 1844, 1845; Jefferson in 1846, 1847; Gilboa in 1848; Kortright in 1849, 1850; Windham in 1851, 1852; West Stockbridge in 1853, and Amenia in 1854. At the session of the Conference in 1855 his health had so failed that by the advice of his physician he was induced to take a superannuated relation. He subsequently removed to Illinois, where he spent the last few years of his life, and where he labored with his own hands, though feeble, to obtain a subsistence for himself and dependent family. Few men fulfill as faithfully, in all the relations of life, the duties of an active, conscientious, every-day Christian as did the subject of

this memoir. In the pulpit Brother Wells was earnest, sincere, and eminently practical. He labored as a workman that felt the responsibility of his high vocation; and many who have enjoyed the privilege of listening to his preaching will bless God in eternity for its saving power upon their hearts.

Brother Wells was twice married. In 1848 he was left with two young children to mourn the loss of the affectionate and devoted companion who shared his earlier ministerial trials and successes. In February, 1850, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth T. Williams, of Middletown, Conn. He was a kind husband and an affectionate father. On being asked during his illness if he had perfect trust in his Saviour, he replied, "Never more so." That is a ground of confidence which can never be shaken.

ADDI LEE.

Addi Lee was born in Stanstead, Canada East, in 1816, and died at Ashland, N. Y., December 8, 1857, aged forty-one years. At an early age the Gospel became to him, through faith, the power of God unto salvation. Shortly after he felt himself divinely called to preach the word of reconciliation, which call was loudly echoed back by the Church of his choice;

but being naturally distrustful of his own abilities, and possessing a nice appreciation of what a Gospel minister should be, to discharge the weighty responsibilities of his vocation, he for a time trembled and delayed, but yielded at length to his convictions of duty.

In 1842 he commenced the labors of an itinerant minister by traveling the Jefferson Circuit in the Delaware District, under the direction of the Presiding Elder. By the same direction he traveled Prattsville Circuit in 1843. In 1844 he joined the Conference, and was appointed to Kortright Circuit. In 1845 he traveled Jefferson Circuit again; 1846, Charlotte; 1847 and 1848, Franklin; 1849 and 1850, Prattsville. In 1851 he was appointed to Bedford-street, New York city. This was his last appointment. His constitution being naturally frail, before the Conference year had terminated his nervous system became entirely prostrated, and remained so until a course of typhoid fever terminated his life. The prominent characteristics of this lamented brother we conceive to have been faithfully delineated in the following language, by one who knew him well and is competent to judge, to wit: "He possessed an educated mind; he was a logical reasoner; his style was chaste and classical; his imagination vivid and powerful; he could make sin appear exceedingly sinful; his mind was 'like a sea of glass mingled

with fire.' Above all, he was an earnest Christian; he was meek, patient, serious, and prayerful. He lived for eternity; he died as he lived. When his end was near he said to his beloved wife, who was trying to minister to his comfort, 'If you had a thousand worlds to give me you could not better my condition; I am filled with the Divine Glory, and if I had the power I would shout it to the ends of the earth.' And having committed his wife and children to the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless, he said, 'I am ready,' and departed to be with Christ."

ROYAL COURTRIGHT.

Royal Courtright has fallen asleep in Jesus. Our beloved brother was a careful observer of "the first commandment with promise,"—he was much devoted to his aged, widowed, and invalid mother. He experienced the blessings of regenerating grace in the days of his youth. In 1851 he was licensed to exhort, and was licensed to preach in November, 1852. In 1853 he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference. He served Cannonsville one year, and was then appointed to Davenport. At the expiration of two years on trial in the Conference, he was duly admitted into full connection and elected to Deacons' orders. His subsequent charges were

Equinunk, Wayne Co., Pa., and Fiftieth-street Church, in the city of New York. He entered upon the duties of this last charge with much zeal and great acceptance to the people; but being compelled by the failure of his health to resign his pastoral charge, he retired to the home of his brother-in-law in Delaware County. He viewed himself as wholly in the hand of the Lord, and when asked a question as to the state of his mind, he said, "I am just as willing to go as to remain; I have no choice."

On the 7th of August, 1857, he set out to travel a few miles, in company with a friend, to visit one of the preachers for whom he cherished a peculiar regard; but the effort was too great for his wasted energies. He stopped over night at the house of Brother John Gregory, of Andes, Delaware County, N. Y. He retired to bed feeling no inconvenience from his ride except weariness. Between three and four o'clock in the morning it was discovered by his laborious breathing that a change had come over him. His traveling companion hastened to his bedside, and inquired whether he was any worse; but that voice which had sent the thrill of holy feeling through so many hearts was now effectually silenced. He continued to breathe a little more than one hour after the family were apprised of the dying condition of

their honored guest. And though he could not speak, he seemed entirely conscious of his nearing the portals of endless bliss, and made signs to those around him that all was well.

WILLIAM B. MITCHELL.

William B. Mitchell died on Wednesday, the 27th of October, 1858, aged forty-three years. In the prime of life and in the midst of his usefulness he has been smitten down, leaving a mourning companion, a bereaved society, and a sorrowing and sympathizing community. He was converted at a protracted meeting held in the town of Meredith, Delaware County, in 1843. The morning after his conversion he called his workmen together, told them of his happy change, and that thenceforth he designed living a different life. He immediately erected a family altar, and while pouring out his soul in prayer to God, hard hearts were melted into tenderness. Although having a family, he shortly afterward gave up a lucrative business, and entered heartily upon the work of preparation for the ministry. On the 20th of October, 1844, he received a license to exhort; in January 1845, he was licensed as a local preacher; in 1846, he traveled the Delaware Mission under the Presiding Elder, and

in 1847 he joined the New York Conference, of which he was a member at his death. He was successively appointed to labor on Windham, Lexington, Jefferson, Prattsville, and Kortright Circuits, and subsequently to Coxsackie and Hyde Park stations. Brother Mitchell was emphatically a good man. His life was useful and consistent; his zeal for the interests of the Church untiring; his anxiety for the salvation of souls earnest and abiding, as hundreds who have been converted through his instrumentality can testify. His piety was deep and genuine; the kindness of his disposition endeared him to all, and to none more than to the children of the Sabbath school, where, on the two latter charges particularly, he was known to be a constant attendant and a faithful worker. All the agencies employed by the Church for the diffusion of light and truth in the world had a place in his affections; but in an especial manner did he love the great missionary cause, in regard to which he was conscientious in carrying out the provisions of the Discipline. His liberality (always unostentatious) is doubtless well known on the circuits and stations where he has labored. In him the Church has lost a warm and steadfast friend, a deeply devoted Christian, a wise and safe counselor, and an indefatigable laborer for the salvation of souls.

On the Thursday evening previous to his

death he preached his last sermon at Staatsburgh (where he had formed a class) from the text, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' He returned home on Friday afternoon, was taken violently ill during the night, and although the intense pain was arrested, still the united efforts of friends and physicians failed to check the progress of the disease, and on Monday it became apparent that he must die. The sad intelligence was first communicated to him by his sorrowing companion, and it was received with calmness and true Christian resignation. Said he, "All is well!

'My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear.'

On Tuesday morning we found him dying. Upon entering his room, he said with a smile, "Brother Mooney, I shall get to heaven before you after all," alluding, doubtless, to conversations held in days gone by. A spirit of weeping came over all present, and tears of mingled joy and sorrow were shed—joy, that he was thus anticipating an abundant entrance; sorrow, that one so useful and so loved should be taken from our midst. He gave directions to his weeping companion concerning his burial, etc., and then expressed a willingness to depart and be with

Christ, which was far better. Being let down gently into the "dark valley" he "feared no evil," for Jesus had lit up the pathway. We remarked, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" He immediately responded, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" O how precious the sweet promises of the Bible were to him during those dying hours! "O how good! how sweet!" were his exclamations. To his weeping companion, who sat at his bedside, he said, "You'll meet me in heaven, wont you, dear?" and appeared pleased with the answer, "I shall make it the business of my life." Shortly after we knelt around his couch, and while Brother Green led us in humble, fervent prayer at the mercy-seat, he responded heartily to every petition. We then sang that beautiful hymn, "I would not live alway," etc.; and while singing the chorus, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," his whole soul seemed on the stretch for heaven. As we concluded he threw up his clay-cold arms above him, and with all his strength exclaimed, "Glory! glory!" He sank into a peaceful slumber, and all present could trace a sweet smile playing upon his countenance. In a few moments he cast his eyes heavenward, and with the most intense gaze continued to look upward. At length he said audibly, "I see light ahead." When speech

failed, as evidence that Christ was precious, he pressed Brother Green's hand. A few long breaths, and amid the tears and prayers of surrounding friends our dear Pastor "languished into life," and was "safe at home." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." All who were privileged to witness this dying scene learned to prize more highly the religion they profess; and all felt that it is alone at the bedside of the dying saint we can fully estimate the real value of the religion of Jesus Christ.

BRADLEY L. BURR.

Bradley L. Burr was born in Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y., December 30, 1817, and died at Leeds, Greene County, N. Y., November 16, 1858, aged forty. He was born of religious parents, both of whom survive him.

In youth he was impressed with the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of a preparation for eternity by the accidental drowning of an elder brother.

In 1838 he was married to Miss E. Buckley. In 1839, in a protracted meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was converted to God. His conversion was clear and satisfactory, and at once he began to exercise in prayer and ex-

hortation. He soon felt called to labor for souls, but meeting with some discouragement his zeal abated, and love grew cold. In 1843, at the commencement of a gracious revival, he was among the first to acknowledge his apostasy, and seek mercy. His backslidings were healed, and the candle of the Lord again shone on his pathway. He often remarked, "I will now do my duty, and I believe Providence will open my way."

His course was onward and upward. Being gifted in singing, prayer, and exhortation, he was very useful to the converts of that revival.

He was licensed to exhort, and God blessed his labors. Souls were awakened and converted. In places where the itinerant had not gone he went. At one appointment the revival that took place was the entering wedge of Methodism in that locality. In 1847 he was licensed to preach. Soon after this he removed to Delaware County, and while working at his trade through the week, preached Christ on the Sabbath. He was employed by the Presiding Elder about eighteen months on the Cochection Circuit, and also one year at Colchester. In 1851 he was admitted on trial in the New York Annual Conference, and ordained a Local Deacon. He was stationed successively at Colchester, Delhi, Middletown, North Blenheim, and Leeds. He was ordained Elder in 1855 by Bishop Ames.

At Leeds he closed the toils of earth, and ceased to work and live. In September, 1858, he spent some weeks in visiting relatives that he had not seen for some years. On his return to the circuit he commenced a series of meetings at Sandy Plains. For six weeks he labored ardently for the salvation of sinners. Success crowned his efforts; several were converted, and numbers were awakened. He was arrested by disease, and obliged to abandon his work. His friends supposed he had only an ordinary cold, and would soon be better. "But," said he, "this is my last sickness; I shall never be any better. I should like to live for the good of my family, and to do good; but I am all ready to go."

In a few days his disease assumed a dangerous type, and he was delirious. In this state he remained until released from suffering. He was singing, praying, and preaching most of the time. On the morning of his death he sang, prayed, preached, etc., and for the last time said amen, closed his eyes, fell asleep, and passed away. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

His educational advantages were limited, but possessing naturally a good mind, and being an indefatigable laborer, he was acceptable and very useful. He was emphatically a revivalist. Every year more or less were converted, and on

some of his charges large additions were made to the Church.

Death to him is gain ; but the Church has lost one of her most faithful ministers.

JAMES RUSK.

James Rusk, though born in Ireland, was the son of Scottish parents, who brought him up under the severe discipline of Scotch Protestantism. The neighborhood in which the family resided consisted mainly of Catholics, hence Brother Rusk was accustomed from his childhood "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" nor was "the two-edged sword" with which he commenced the "fight of faith" ever sheathed or permitted to rest.

He was early converted to God in a Methodist meeting held in his father's house. By the rumored threats of the Papists he and his father were frequently driven to secrete themselves in corn-fields and elsewhere until the storm of priestly intolerance had spent itself.

In the school, at neighborhood gatherings, every-where, our brother beloved was denounced as "a contemptible heretic, and spurned from society. Who can wonder that James Rusk—the synonym of all that is liberal, generous, and

good—should leave his native land the very day that he was twenty-one years of age in pursuit of a spot where he could worship God according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience? Who can wonder at his repeated, loud, earnest shouts of thanksgiving and praise in recognition of this civil and religious boon? He was licensed to exhort at Pleasantville, and having subsequently become a teacher in the Irving Institute, at Tarrytown, he received license to preach, and was recommended to travel from that Quarterly Conference.

He was admitted on trial in the New York Annual Conference of 1851, and sent to Cortlandt, Croton, and West Point successively. Neither place was willing to part with him till his “two years” had expired, which speaks well both of his acceptability and usefulness. His pulpit efforts were characterized by great earnestness, by originality of thought, and terseness of style; the general cast of his sermons were argumentative, but his closing appeals were aimed at the heart, and often overwhelmingly effective.

He had a terrible dislike to Church innovations. “Let Methodism alone,” he would often say, “and it will conquer the world.” At the Conference of 1857 he received a supernumerary relation, and was attached to the Cold Spring charge. Here he resided and suffered up to the

hour of his death, which occurred on the fourth of April, 1859. He died as he had lived, "not only perfectly resigned," says his Pastor, (the Rev. B. Griffin,) "but desiring to depart, and be with Christ."

JONATHAN N. ROBINSON.

Jonathan N. Robinson was born in Suffolk County, L. I., September 27, 1816. He was blessed with pious parents ; but at the early age of nine years was bereft of a mother's care. His father was a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church, and a rigid Calvinist. To this last-named fact is to be attributed much of the son's perplexity and seeming indecision on the subject of religion for the first half of his life.

About the time of his mother's death he was brought to feel his need of a Saviour, sought mercy at his hands, and obtained a measure of peace ; but, for want of encouragement, soon relapsed into indifference and wickedness. From this time until his twenty-first year he was variously, and at times painfully, exercised with reference to the all-important subject of salvation. He now began to attend Methodist prayer-meetings, and went to a class-meeting. These means were blessed of God to his escape from thralldom, and he emerged from a state of bondage into the light and liberty of the sons of God.

Impressed with a sense of duty, in the midst of opposition and reproach, he decided that "this people shall be my people," and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation, April 10, 1838. Now his soul prospered, soon his friends ceased to oppose, and he moved smoothly along in the way to heaven. About a year from this time he became interested deeply in the doctrine of entire sanctification, and in the month of September following (while on his way home from the Jamesport camp-meeting) professed to experience this further manifestation of Divine power and grace, in being cleansed from all unrighteousness. His own language upon this point is, "The Lord overpowered me with his presence. God was every-where and in every thing, and with indescribable peace filled my whole soul." A short time after this, while engaged in prayer in a grove, Brother Robinson was suddenly impressed with his duty to preach the everlasting Gospel to the perishing sons of men. This was a duty of no ordinary kind, and not until a long struggle had been gone through with, and repeated and prayerful examinations of his convictions made, could he consent to make known this impression even to his most intimate friends. When he did so, he received unexpected encouragement, and was strongly urged to go directly forward in this great work. He was first licensed to exhort, and then, a few

days afterward, licensed to preach, March 14, 1840. He was recommended to travel by the same Quarterly Conference that licensed him to preach, and urged to enter the itinerant ranks at once; but when the Annual Conference held its session his own better judgment prevailed, and he concluded to take one year more for study. In the month of May, 1841, he was received on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed, with Z. Davenport, to the New Milford Circuit. His health proved insufficient for the work at that time, and he retired again into the local ranks until the summer of 1844. He was then again received on trial by the New York Conference, and (having been a Local Preacher for four years) elected to Deacon's orders, and ordained by Bishop Janes on the 16th day of June. He was appointed this year to Belle Port and Fireplace, and before the year closed united in marriage to Miss L. T. Halsey.

His subsequent appointments were Huntington South, Farmingdale, and Smithtown Circuits, on L. I.; Spencertown, Norfolk, and North East charges, on the Rhinebeck District. This last named appointment was perhaps his most agreeable field of labor, and here he had marked success. His name and memory will ever be held dear by those among whom he labored during the conference years 1851-52. In the spring of 1853 he was sent to Ellenville,

Monticello District. This charge was too heavy for his state of health, and the following February he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs; nevertheless he was returned the next year, and in July, 1854, the bleeding came on again, and he entirely broke down.

Brother Robinson's early advantages were quite limited, and he never claimed to be a scholar; but his piety was undoubted, and his preaching being earnest and eminently practical, he had many seals to his ministry. He was a good Pastor, and looked well after all the interests of the Church. He was a kind and considerate husband, and a tender father. His marriage union was blessed with but a single son. This son had become a most interesting youth at the time of his father's failure in health, and how he should be provided for in life was the great anxiety of his fond parents; but, in the providence of God, he was suddenly removed from this troublesome world by "accidental drowning," and we humbly trust safely housed in heaven.

At the Conference of 1855 Brother Robinson was granted a superannuated relation, which relation he sustained at the time of his death. His attacks of hemorrhage were frequent, and at different times very prostrating; but he continued to get about occasionally until the last year of his life. He was at the session of Con-

ference for the last time in Poughkeepsie, June 1856. During the last few months of life his bodily sufferings were very great, and he often longed to be free; but he complained not, and his soul was ever happy in God his Saviour. Not only did consumption prey upon his lungs, but he was assailed by cancer in the tongue and throat. Among the last entries made in his diary are these: "I believe in God, righteous and true. I love him. He is my God. My weeks are passing painfully and slowly, yet I am often very happy in God. I have had a day of much suffering. O when will it end! Thanks to God, it is not of the mind, but body. I am a poor sufferer, looking to heaven for rest."

In a letter to the writer he said, "I am like a caged bird, fluttering and panting for liberty. O how I shall rejoice when the closing moments come, (if sensible then!)" In the same letter he said, "My God is my Rock and my salvation. I cannot sink, or really complain, while graciously supported, comforted, and blessed by him." About a month later he wrote, "God is my great support. I feel happy in him now. O I should sink if he should leave me for a day! but he is with me both day and night, and I believe I am almost home."

For some days before his death he could not converse, but, says one who ever watched over him, "I know he suffered patiently, and was

happy in God." About five minutes before his spirit took its flight he twice tried to say halleluah, but his mortal tongue had become useless, and God signed his release, and took him to his desired home on the evening of November 6, 1858, aged forty-two years. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

DAVIS STOCKING.

Davis Stocking was born in Haddam, Conn., September 10, 1810, and died in Sing Sing, December 11, 1858. His parents were both exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church before his birth. His father died in 1848, triumphing in the love of Christ.

Early religious instruction, thus secured to our brother, was not lost on him. He was the conscious subject of Divine impressions even in his childhood, and when a youth of seventeen, he earnestly sought and obtained of his heavenly Father the forgiveness of his sins. His mind was soon exercised on the subject of preaching. He felt a strong persuasion that it was his duty to give himself to the work of the ministry; but a sense of his unworthiness, scanty literary attainments, and natural timidity, caused him to shrink from the high and respon-

sible trust. But the great Head of the Church, who had called him, did not allow him to shake off his convictions of duty. They gathered increasing strength, until he dared no longer resist them.

Accordingly, in April, 1830, he was licensed to preach, and in May following was received on probation in the New York Conference, of which he continued a member until his death. His active service in the ministry covers a period of twenty-seven years. The honorable position he occupied among his brethren, his extensive usefulness, and the high esteem in which he was held, warrant a more extended and discriminating notice of his life and labors than can be given in a brief and hastily written memoir. He possessed qualities of head and heart which, without brilliant mental endowments or high intellectual culture, made him a really strong, effective, and admirable man. Good robust sense was manifested in all his utterances, and in all his movements. His character combined practical wisdom, sound judgment, and quick decision, with unusual self-possession and untiring energy. Mild and amiable in his manners, courteous and unobtrusive, generous and kind, he was every-where respected, confided in, and loved. But the crowning excellence of the man was his unmistakable piety. Whether in the pulpit, in the social

circle, in his family, or in the market-place—every-where he gave evidence that he had been with Jesus and learned of him.

Few purer or more “harmless and blameless” men have ever lived. His purity, too, was generally, perhaps universally, acknowledged. No aspersions, it is believed, were ever cast upon his honor as a man, his sincerity as a Christian, his faithfulness as a minister. He was appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hudson in May, 1856, and entered upon his duties with his usual energy and success. In April, 1857, he was suddenly arrested in his career, and smitten down with pleurisy of the lungs. The severity of the attack abated in a few weeks, and he hoped to recover his health and resume his labors; but, in the mysterious providence of God, this was not permitted.

The remaining year and a half of his earthly pilgrimage, with a shattered constitution, he was chiefly confined to his home, and much of the time to his bed, the subject of intense physical suffering. Unable to preach, or give any attention to his public duties, and longing for rest and retirement, as affording the only hope of recovery, he removed to the village of Sing Sing. Here, among warm and generous friends, he was made as comfortable as his increasingly wretched bodily condition would permit.

His disease became seriously complicated,

and baffled the skill of his medical attendants. What was for a long time supposed to be an aggravated form of neuralgia attacked his limbs, and gradually wasted his strength. Subsequent developments, however, showed even more frightful agencies than this at work. For months the head and socket of the right hip were in process of actual decay, and at his death only the *debris* of the bone remained. This fact accounted satisfactorily for the excruciating tortures suffered by him. Neither sleep nor ease could be obtained except by the use of powerful anodynes, and in some instances, despite of these, his agony continued unabated for days and nights in succession. This sad picture has, however, gracious relief. While the hearts of all who visited him were moved with pity in view of his sufferings, they were equally moved with wonder at his patient composure of mind, and were led to adore our heavenly Father for the grace afforded his servant in this extremity. Not a murmur or complaint escaped his lips. Expressions of thankfulness and submission mingled ever with his groans. The smile and welcome with which he was wont to greet his friends when in health continued with him to the end. Just before he ceased to articulate he tried to repeat the verse commencing, "Courage, my soul, on God rely;" but utterance failed before he completed it, and he quietly fell asleep.

GEORGE KERR.

George Kerr was born in Ireland in the year 1819. His parents emigrated to Canada in 1822, when he was in his fourth year. From childhood he was the subject of strong religious impressions, and when a class was formed in the neighborhood he was often taken by his parents to class-meeting, where his religious impressions were greatly strengthened, and his purposes to be a Christian were often renewed.

At the age of seventeen he was sent upon some business by his father to the city of Montreal. There was at that time a revival meeting progressing in that city under the labors of the Rev. James Caghey. He went to the meeting. This was with him an hour of the deepest concern. It seemed as though the hand of the Lord had conducted him almost to the altar of prayer. Under a deep sense of sin he went forward, and, after a hard struggle in humble and earnest prayer, he was enabled to rejoice in a sweet and happy sense of sins forgiven. He returned home a new creature, and soon became an accession to the prayer-meetings at home and in the neighborhoods around, and often exhorted the people to seek the Lord. It was in the discharge of these important duties that he became convinced that God had called him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

At the age of twenty-one he came to the United States. His course was directed to Winsted, Conn., where, after a short time, he received a Local Preacher's license. The next year he was employed by the late Rev. Bartholomew Creagh to labor on the Berlin Charge, which had been left to be supplied. His labors here were so entirely satisfactory that he was unanimously recommended by the Quarterly Conference to be received on trial at the next session of the New York Conference, in the spring of 1844.

As a preacher he was interesting, and often eloquent. Many of his sermons were carefully prepared, and delivered with great effect; and, doubtless, had his health been spared up to the time of his death he would have taken that higher rank in the Conference which his abilities as a minister must have won for him. But God had ordered otherwise. When the bright sun of his intellectual and elocutionary powers was about to ascend to its meridian, a thick darkness of physical disease settled over him. How mysterious are the ways of our God, and how often are the truths of his word illustrated! "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

During the last three years of his life he resided in the city of Hudson, N. Y., a superan-

nuated member of this Conference. Here he was much esteemed, not only by the members of his own Church, but by the ministers and members of the other evangelical Churches of the city. *

In the month of June last, thinking a change of air might be of some service to him, and wishing once more to see his aged mother and other friends, he visited the home of his childhood. But, alas ! the progress of his disease was not to be arrested, nor even impeded, for a single day. But God was with him. A good Wesleyan minister, who frequently visited him during the last few weeks of his life, writes :

“About a week before he died I inquired how his mind was sustained. He answered, ‘I rest on Christ ; yes, I rest, precious Saviour, on thee. I know thou wilt receive me, a sinner saved by grace.’ Frequently he would say to his weeping wife, ‘I am almost home.’ The last Sabbath of his life, sitting in a chair, he requested to have the door opened that he might look out once more into the open air and view the beauty of the landscape, quietly remarking, ‘This is my last Sabbath on earth. By next Sunday I shall probably be in the land of rest.’ On the Thursday preceding September 8 he felt indeed that the final hour had come. In the morning, being bolstered up, and much exhausted, he said, about two hours before

he died, 'I will lay me down, probably to rise no more till the resurrection morn; but before I do so, I wish to bid you all a timely farewell.' After taking leave of his other friends, he kissed his little son, an only child, and breathed a dying parent's prayer; and then, summoning all his remaining strength, he fondly clung to the neck of his beloved wife for a moment, sank back upon his pillow, and soon was gone." Thus died our excellent Brother Kerr, in the fortieth year of his age.

WILLIAM JAY FOSS.

William Jay Foss was born in Verbank, Dutchess County, N. Y., November 23, 1835. He was the fourth son of the late Rev. Cyrus Foss, well known for many years as a gifted, earnest, and successful minister of our Church. Very few commenced life with so decided and varied advantages as did our departed brother. It is also certain that very few so wisely improve the personal gifts and privileges with which their heavenly Father has endowed them. He inherited a superior intellect, at once strong, active, and symmetrical, with an emotional nature, warm, generous, and delicate, and a quick, controlling moral sense. Thus furnished, he was ushered into a home circle where the graces of religious and social life had long been

cultivated, and where judicious parental control was undisputed. As the legitimate results of these favoring circumstances, his earliest, as his latest developments of character were lovely and harmonious. During his childhood and youth he was unusually pure, amiable, and exemplary. He honored his parents, rendering them unquestioning obedience, and evincing an early and remarkably just appreciation of their mutual relations. He was never wild nor intractable, consequently his walk was moral, and never contracted vicious habits of any kind. In February, 1852, when about sixteen years of age, and while a student in Amenia Seminary, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation. He was induced to this course by an earnest desire to be a Christian. He commenced a regular attendance on the means of grace, public and private, but did not feel assured of his acceptance with God.

In September, 1852, having completed his preparation, he entered the Freshman class of the Wesleyan University. Soon after he was received into full connection in the Church. He however, states, "For the first three years of my college course my religious experience was very unsatisfactory." While he tried to serve God, and did observe an outward conformity to his law, a sense of inward corruption caused him constant uneasiness of mind.

In October, 1855, while in his senior year, his health failed, and he was obliged temporarily to leave college. While at home he attended a protracted meeting, and often exercised in public. In doing this he was encouraged and comforted, and made evident advancement in religion.

About this time he was led to investigate the subject of "holiness." He read, among other works on the subject, "Faith and its Effects," by Mrs. Palmer. He says, "Its thrilling pages stirred my soul." When I prayed I could ask for no less blessing than entire sanctification. After severe struggling with doubts and temptations, earnest prayer, the most careful study of the Bible of which he was capable, solemn covenant upon his knees to obtain the blessing if he was obliged to seek until he died, and a resolution to follow the teachings of the Spirit whenever, and wherever, and however it should lead him, he says, "I felt I was near the promised land. It was but a few hours after I made this firm, unswerving resolution, that when praying in my chamber alone, on the 15th of December, 1855, about half past six in the evening, in the consciousness of my full consecration, and in the application of the words, 'Now is the accepted time,' faith suddenly sprung up in my heart; Christ, who before had seemed far off, now appeared nigh; something spake to me in sweet and

distinct tones, 'It is yours it is, yours.' 'Hold,' cried Satan, 'don't deceive yourself.' 'It is yours,' still louder said the Spirit. I could no longer doubt."

In September, 1857, only one year after his graduation, he was engaged as a tutor in the Wesleyan University, and was also appointed to the charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Portland, Conn. He joined the New York Conference at its session in May, 1858, and was appointed to Lake Mahopac, where he enjoyed another year of prosperity. His appointment to Cannon-street, Poughkeepsie, fully evinced the confidence felt in his talents, piety, and sound judgment by the Bishop and cabinet. Nor was this confidence misplaced. Those who knew him had no misgivings as to the result. He felt an inward shrinking from the position, but, with usual serenity of mind and composure of manner, he appeared in the pulpit the next Sabbath, May 15, and preached morning and evening. He enjoyed his usual liberty and comfort, and the people were most favorably impressed. They left the sanctuary congratulating each other, and thanking God that, although a pastor to whom they were warmly attached had been removed, another had been sent whose opening labors gave promise of extensive usefulness. They little thought how great trials were in store for them, and he little

thought that his work among them would begin and end on the same day. He went home with J. P. H. Talman, Esq., after evening preaching, and retired early to his room. During the night he suffered severely from pain in his chest, but refrained from making it known at the time. In the morning, when the family were summoned to breakfast, Brother Foss was absent, and going to his room, Brother Talman, to his surprise, found him too ill to leave his bed. A physician was immediately called, who discovered in his patient symptoms of pneumonia in its most aggravated form. All the appliances which skill or kindness could suggest were speedily made, and the disease seemed temporarily to yield its deathly grasp. But a sudden and fatal change occurred from some unknown cause, and all present were convinced that his death was near.

The suffering of Brother Foss was so great during most of his illness as to prevent conversation with him. He was, however, fully apprised of his danger, and did not, after the first week, expect restoration to health. Death, however, had no terrors for him, and life had but a slight hold on his affections. He seemed often entirely abstracted from sublunary scenes, and when he spoke his words seemed more like those of a seraph than a man. He uttered a few connected and impressive sentences which

will best indicate his feelings. To his kind host, who watched his symptoms with almost paternal care, he said, two or three days before his death, "My mind has been busy with the material aspects of my case, whether I was getting better or worse, and whether my pains could be relieved; but," he added earnestly, gazing and pointing upward, "I am raised above all that now; my thoughts are yonder!" His eldest brother approached his bed a few hours prior to his death and asked, "Willie, do you desire to live?" He replied, "I should like to live for mother's sake, and to be a more faithful minister; but I am not anxious. Some think it strange that young ministers are taken away, but I do not. God can spare me. It is hard for this Church to lose its pastor, but God will send them another."

THOMAS DAVIES.

Thomas Davies died in the city of New York, June 7, 1859. He was born near the town of Shrewsbury, England, in the year 1821, and educated in the bosom of the Wesleyan Church. He immigrated to this country with his family in 1849, and soon after was converted and joined the Bedford-street Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city. He commenced at once to labor as a Sunday-school teacher, and soon after was

appointed leader of a class, which duties he discharged with great fidelity and success. In due time he was licensed to exhort, and in 1856 to preach as a Local Preacher. Under the direction of the Presiding Elder he took charge of the Societies at Carmansville and Manhattanville, and the year following of King's Bridge and Fordham. In all these places his labors were highly acceptable and useful, and in the latter place he succeeded in building a neat and commodious church. But the labors of these charges, together with his own private business, were more than his constitution could bear, and probably laid the foundation of his early death. Feeling that God had called him to the work of an itinerant minister, he offered himself to the New York Conference at its session in 1859, was received on trial, and stationed on the Davenport Circuit, within the bounds of the Prattsville District.

But in the mysterious providence of God he was never permitted to go to the field of labor assigned him. During the latter part of the Conference session he was taken sick, but did not resign the hope of going to his appointment till the very day of his death. His soul burned with Christian love and zeal, and the thought of going forth as a laborer in the vineyard of his Lord, to share its toils, its trials, and successes, to him was delightful and all-absorbing. It was

the ruling theme of conversation with his friends and family, during each day of his last illness, and remained with him to the very end of life. Thus, while buckling on the armor, and eager for the conflict, he was stricken down by death, and taken to his rest.

STEPHEN MARTINDALE.

Stephen Martindale died at his residence in Tarrytown, Westchester County, N. Y., May 23, 1860, after an illness of about two months, aged seventy-three years. He was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in 1788. His father was a Local Preacher, his grandfather a Minister of the Church of England. He was early left an orphan, and was indebted to the fostering care of a sister during his tender age. He entered the itinerant ministry in 1808, under the Presiding Elder, when he was twenty years old. In the following year he was received into the Philadelphia Conference, and was placed on the Somerset Circuit, on the Eastern Shore.

The following were the Circuits, Stations, and Districts, which he filled successively through a period of fifty-three years: Dover and Snowhill, on the peninsula; Morris, Essex, and Bergen Circuits, in New Jersey; St. George's, Philadelphia; again on the Eastern Shore, Talbot,

Queen Anne, and Kent Circuits; Newark, New Jersey; New York city; New Rochelle, N. Y.; Troy, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; New York city again; Bridgeport, on the New Haven District; White Plains Station; Rhinebeck District; Long Island District; Eighteenth-street, New York city, and in Norfolk-street; on the Prattsville District; Newburgh District; New York District; and Poughkeepsie District. In 1859, on account of the illness of his wife and daughter, he was appointed to Irvington, a small village near his residence. Thus it will be seen what an extensive range of appointments he filled for more than half a century, acceptably and usefully. His amiable spirit, and his remarkable equanimity of temper, coolness, and self-possession, made him a safe and judicious spiritual ruler in the Church. Tall and well-proportioned, with a countenance fair and ruddy, expressive of intelligence and benignity; a voice whose rich intonations flowed and rippled like a brook; action marked by vivacity and gracefulness; sentiments genial and truly evangelical, and a diction always correct, and often elegant, he possessed, especially in his early days, and in his prime, a natural eloquence, which made him a popular preacher. He was a sound theologian, and remarkably gifted in prayer.

“At the beginning of his illness,” says Rev. Mr. Matthias, “I inquired of him his spiritual

state. He turned to me with some animation in his manner, and said, 'Brother Matthias, I can say with the Psalmist, Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him; with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.' "This, then, is your testimony?" said I. "Yes, this is my testimony."

"At other times, to any question I proposed on the same subject, he was clear and positive. To his daughter he said, at different times throughout his sickness, that he had a consciousness of deep peace. 'I have,' said he, 'deep peace; I am not by temperament apt to be ecstatic, but I have perfect, abiding peace;' and would quote portions of the above psalm. To an aged friend who visited him he said, 'I have always believed the doctrines I have preached, and they sustain me now.' His eldest daughter states, that about a week before his death he awoke from sleep with an expression of holy joy in his countenance. She inquired why he looked so joyous. 'O,' said he, 'I rejoice with all my heart.' 'Why do you rejoice?' 'For every thing,' said he. 'O, my child, my work is done.' She then quoted the psalm referred to above. He said, 'I have had all this, and

am satisfied. I believe the doctrines I have preached. I might have done more; but I did what I could; I am a sinner saved by grace.' 'From my earliest recollection,' continues this daughter, "I considered my father a perfect Christian—a beautiful example; it was this that made me a Christian; it was his daily walk in the privacy of family and home that preached, and made us love, the religion which he so illustrated.' During his long illness he dreaded impatience, and would ask if he were so at any time. Prayer was made for him while he lay, as we supposed, unconscious. It appeared to arouse him, and he seemed to make the attempt to participate in it. About five o'clock on Wednesday morning he fell asleep in Jesus."

DAVID HOLMES.

David Holmes died in Sing Sing, May 9, 1860, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, the thirty-seventh of his ministry, and the thirty-fourth of his itinerancy. He was the subject of early religious impressions, but was more fully aroused to a sense of his sinfulness through the ministry of the late Rev. Nathan Emery, and at a camp-meeting at Cow Harbor experienced a radical change of heart. In 1817 he united with the Church at Mamaroneck. He was

licensed to preach in 1823. In 1824 he was employed to supply the place of Rev. J. B. Matthias, who was appointed to the Highland Mission. In 1826 he was admitted on trial by the New York Conference, and appointed to the Jamaica Circuit, where he labored two years, and over two hundred persons were converted. In 1828 he was appointed to Tyringham Circuit; here were only a few conversions. In 1829-30 to Petersburg; in these two years the Church more than doubled her membership; and in the twenty-one following years, in his various appointments, he had more or less revivals of religion. But of one circuit he says, "I followed a revival so called; another such would ruin any circuit, and I would not stay to see the ruin completed." But though he feared ruin, that circuit still lives, and from the last account was coming "up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved." In 1853 his health began to fail, and with some difficulty he was able to fill his appointments. "The official brethren, to their praise be it spoken, kindly told him not to exert himself to his injury when unable to preach, but to be with them, and have a prayer meeting, and it should not affect his support; perhaps he would rally again, and stay his time out, and finish his itinerant labors among them;" and thus, he remarks, "it proved to be." In 1854 he became a supernumerary,

and in 1855 was superannuated. In 1856 his feebleness increased, and in the following year his family became alarmed, fearing his sudden removal. His physician being called in, informed him that, in connection with several other complaints, he had a chronic affection of the heart; that it had been coming on gradually for years, and that his present danger was the accumulation of water around the heart, making his breathing painfully difficult; that to recover his health was impossible, but with great care he might live several years longer. In 1858 he was suddenly brought near the gates of death, but the Lord kindly brought him back to live in the bosom of his family and friends a little longer. He remarks, "It is possible, from the nature of my complaint, that I shall die suddenly; I have reason to expect this; but I now have time to reflect on the past history of my life, and to look forward to the eternal world; and, although I see many defects in the past, much to humble me before God, and which needs the blood of sprinkling, yet I can look back on God's providential dealings often working in my favor. I am fully satisfied with the Church of my choice, her doctrines, discipline, and general economy, which I believe are nigher the apostolic plan than any other in the Christian world. With my feet now firmly fixed upon the rock of Christ's divinity, of experi-

mental and practical religion, I now stand; in this faith I now live and expect to die. And what if I should die suddenly? I trust, through the mercy of God, to stand unmoved, safe on Mount Zion, where many of my more worthy brethren have gone before. I now look back with pleasure at the kind manner in which I have been treated by the Church; both preachers and people have treated me with no small degree of kindness."

Brother Holmes was preacher in charge twenty-five years, and was never in the habit of giving things the go-by when there was tangible proof of the violation of discipline by unruly members. "How I have escaped scourging in this respect," he says, "God only knows." He further remarks, "Whether I have done much good in the Church or no has caused me much painful reflection. If I have been instrumental of spiritual good to any it will be more fully known in the eternal world; perhaps I shall have a few stars in my crown in that day. And now that the evening shades have come upon me, and the frosts of sixty-one winters have passed over me, I hope to spend the few remaining days of my life in peace and quietude, waiting until my last great change shall come." When he returned home from the last Conference he said, "I shall never attend another." The writer will never forget the look he gave

the Bishop as he passed before him, remarking, "I have a good hope of eternal life."

Brother Holmes was taken ill on the last day of April, but only confined to his bed for three days. He was favored with his reason until the last hour of his life, but with occasional flightiness during the last night. He possessed great calmness during his illness, which caused his wife to say to him, "Father, how is it that you are so calm when you know that you are so nigh unto death?" He replied, "You know we do not need dying grace when we are living, but that is given unto us when we are about dying." The day before his death his wife, finding him weeping, said, "Father, what is the matter? are you worse?" He replied, "No, but Jesus died for me." All the night before his death he was singing various hymns, but he repeated, probably twenty times, "There all the ship's company meet," etc.

He was somewhat restless during the night, and said, "I want to get up." Being told he was too weak to get up, he said, "Almost home." To his physician he said, "You have come to see an old Methodist preacher cross the flood. I shall get safe over; Jesus is at the helm." The doctor afterward said, "I had heard of such things before, but had never seen such a death." Not five minutes before his death his wife said to him, "Father, do you

know me?" He turned his eyes to her, and said, "Yes, my dear." His only daughter, standing by, said, "And have you not a word for me, father?" He replied, "Yes, Mary," but was unable to say more. Such was the closing scene of the life of David Holmes. His surviving companion, who had been united to him for thirty-nine years, bears this testimony: He was every day alike, a Christian man, and those who were acquainted with him must confirm this testimony. He was a good, plain, practical, acceptable, and successful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

BRADLEY SILLICK.

Bradley Sillick was born August 23, 1784, in Danbury, Conn., and died November 4, 1860, in the city of New York, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. From his childhood he was the subject of deep religious impressions. At the age of twelve he became a Christian and a Methodist. At this early period he was distinguished for the earnestness of his piety, and the activity of his religious course. Before he reached his twentieth year he became a Local Preacher. To him this relation to the Church was a sphere of usefulness. His labors of love are remembered gratefully by many aged mem-

bers of our Church in the region of country where he then resided. In 1822 he joined the New York Conference, and continued a member of it till his death. He possessed a strong, warm, emotional nature, controlled by a sense of moral right. His piety was active, vigorous, and enlightened. In the field of labor upon which he entered he always found enough to do, and he was in earnest in doing it. He delighted in the work to which he was called, and kept before his mind the great object of the Christian ministry—the glory of God in the salvation of souls. He excelled in the earnestness of his appeals to the sinner's conscience, and the forcible application of truth in powerful exhortation.

In the year 1832–3 he was the Pastor of the Allen-street Church, New York, during the great revival that marked that period of time, and by his labors contributed largely to the influence of that work. The wisdom of his counsels, the purity of his life, his correct example, rendered essential service to many of the subjects of that revival, who are now engaged in the active duties of the ministry. He continued to labor in various appointments till 1851. During the last years of his life he resided in New York. Here he was much esteemed by the minister and people of his own and other branches of the Christian Church. After he

was made a superannuated member of this Conference he entered into business in order to support himself and family, and sustained an unblemished reputation as a business man.

To the close of his life he cherished a warm regard for the Church of his choice. He loved her ministers, her doctrines, and general economy. His last illness was painful and distressing, but a divine arm supported him—he magnified his Lord in the dying hour. God granted his servant an unclouded intellect to the last hour of life. He departed this life full of years, confidence, and hope.

PHINEAS RICE.

Phineas Rice was born in 1786 in the State of Vermont. He was converted when about sixteen years of age, and was soon called to exercise his gifts in public exhortation and prayer. His brethren soon marked him as one called of God to the work of the ministry.

In 1807 he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed to labor as junior preacher on Granville Circuit. In 1808 he was appointed to Middletown and Hartford. In 1809 he was admitted into full connection, and ordained Deacon. The minute made of him upon the journal of the Conference at the

time of his admission is highly illustrative of his character: "Phineas Rice: single, traveled two years, *a little funny*, acceptable, sound in doctrine and discipline." He was subsequently appointed to the following fields of labor, namely: In 1809 to Plattsburgh Circuit; in 1810, Newburgh Circuit; 1811, Manchester Circuit; 1812, Newhaven Circuit; 1813, stationed in New York city; 1814, Stamford Circuit; 1815, Hudson Circuit; 1816, Albany Circuit; 1817, Chatham Circuit; 1818-19, Jamaica, L. I.; 1820, New Windsor Circuit; 1821-2, stationed in Albany; 1823-4, New York city; 1825-6, New Rochelle Circuit; 1827-30, Presiding Elder of Hudson River District; 1831, New Windsor Circuit; 1832-4, Presiding Elder on Rhinebeck District; 1835-8, Newburgh District; 1839-40, Bedford-street, New York city; 1841-3, Presiding Elder on New York District; 1844-5, Willett-street, New York city; 1846-7, York-street, Brooklyn; 1848-50, Presiding Elder on Rhinebeck District; 1851-4, Poughkeepsie District; 1855-8, New York District; 1859-61, Newburgh District. Here he closed his long and successful career in the Christian ministry on the fourth day of December, 1861. From the foregoing statistics it will be seen that the ministry of Brother Rice extended over a period of nearly fifty-five years, and that each year, during all that long period, he was returned effective, and

received regularly his appointment. He was on circuits sixteen years, in stations eleven years, and in the Presiding Elder's office twenty-eight years, the last being not quite completed at the time of his death.

Dr. Rice was a marked man in every respect. His piety was deep, fervent, and abiding. He was eminently a man of prayer. Those who have occupied the same room with him in his visits upon his districts or at Conferences will bear witness how long-protracted were his private devotions, and how earnest his pleadings with God. At home he had an hour each afternoon consecrated to private devotion. In the pulpit he was always a man of power.

Possessing a keen perception of the ludicrous, together with great vividness of imagination, and a peculiar aptness at illustration, his conceptions were not unfrequently quaint, and quaintly expressed. There was often a vein of humor in his discourses, of which he seemed wholly unconscious; for, though his audience might be convulsed, he never lost the gravity of the Christian minister. In all his discourses there was a clearly defined line of argument, not unfrequently interspersed with passages of deep pathos and stirring thought, rising in their expression to the sublime height of true eloquence, breaking suddenly upon his audience, and thrilling them with the deepest emotions.

The eccentricities of Dr. Rice, whether manifesting themselves in social life or in the pulpit, were not unseemly, and were indeed often employed to great and good effect, because they were natural. But they were so peculiarly of his own pattern that any attempt to imitate them must result in a sad and injurious failure. No man was truer, theoretically and practically, to the original principles of Methodist itinerancy than Dr. Rice. He was a man of great punctuality in all his engagements. Nothing short of absolute impossibility could prevent his fulfilling all his appointments. He never shrank from any labor to which he was called in the providence of God. He possessed a nobleness of nature which seemed to render him incapable of a mean act.

Dr. Rice was a wise counselor and a true friend. He never allowed his judgment to be biased by unfounded prejudices. It is the uniform testimony of those who have been much with him in the bishops' councils, that even the personal unkindnesses which he sometimes received, in consequence of his motives being mistaken, had no effect whatever upon his action. The preachers on his various districts have always felt that they could confide in both his judgment and his friendship.

He was a delegate to each successive General Conference from 1820 to 1856 inclusive,

and would undoubtedly have been elected to that of 1860 had not his failing health and the growing infirmities of age made it impossible for him to attend.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the Wesleyan University; but the highest honor that crowned his person or his ministry was conferred upon him by the great Head of the Church, giving him in every place souls for his hire and seals to his ministry.

During the last months of his life he was a great but patient sufferer. He calmly contemplated the approach of death; and so long as consciousness and power of utterance remained, he was hopeful, cheerful, and often vivacious. His faith in Christ was unshaken. He was never accustomed to speak much of his own feelings or exercises of mind; but in the closing scene of his life his testimony was most explicit and heart-cheering. He had taken much interest in the erection of the new church in Newburgh, the place of his residence. On the day of its dedication, the Rev. C. B. Sing called upon him, and though he had already descended far into the dark valley, he listened with deep interest to a recital of the ceremonies of the occasion and the appearance of the house; then, with deep pathos, he exclaimed, "I have a building of God, a house not made with hands,

eternal in the heavens." To Bishop Janes he said, "I feel that God loves me. I love Jesus Christ, and I trust in his atonement. I have not as much lively joy as some have, nor as much as I desire, but I shall not be lost. I have no fear. I shall be saved. I have no fear. I have no fear." When the venerable Marvin Richardson, now the senior member of the Conference, asked him if he had any words to leave to that body, "No, my life is before them," was his reply. His brethren will feel that this is a precious legacy.

Thus passed away a great and good man—a man eminent for the singleness of purpose with which he lived and labored—a man true to his brethren, true to the Church, and true to his God. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

THOMAS BAINBRIDGE.

Thomas Bainbridge was born in Appleby, England, October 26th, 1792. He manifested a decided seriousness during his more youthful days, eschewing the way of transgressors, and avoiding the company of the wicked and profane. His conversion, however, did not take place until his twenty-fourth year. About three years after that he became a Local Preacher in the

Wesleyan Connection. Shortly after entering the ranks of the local ministry in England he came to America. He preached his first sermon in the land of his adoption for the Rev. William Burnett, who was then chaplain at Bedloe's Island. His preaching at that time will be remembered as exceedingly fervent, full of love and pathos, admonitory to sinners, and comforting to saints. He joined the New York Conference in 1833, having been previously employed, under the Presiding Elder, as the colleague of the Rev. Dr. Levings, in New Haven, Conn. He filled his appointments generally with great acceptability and usefulness, was active in the erection of churches, and zealous in promoting revivals of religion. He was also actively engaged in the temperance cause. His heart was with the bondman, and he warmly espoused the antislavery cause.

His different appointments during the period of his itinerancy were successively Derby Circuit, Hamden, Winsted, Salisbury, West Stockbridge and Canaan Circuit, Hillsdale, Spencer-town, Hudson, Forty-first-street, New York city, Harlem, and Richmond.

He became superannuated in 1853. Settling in the village of Fordham, Westchester County, N. Y., he built a small place of worship, collected together a small membership, organized a Sunday-school, and preached as he was able,

assisted from time to time by the Local Preachers. In his best days Brother Bainbridge was a beautiful singer. His Christian charity was unbounded. He never took up a reproach against his neighbor, and nothing grieved him more than the prevalence of slander or evil speaking. He was deeply affected by the late war, and was accustomed to say that he only wished to live that he might see the Union restored upon right principles, and the contest triumphantly closed in the suppression of the rebellion. He was a great sufferer for the six months previous to his death, but was calm and resigned. The grave was not shrouded in gloom, nor was death to him the king of terrors. For the last few days before his death he seemed completely loosened from the things of earth, and to be perfectly absorbed in the things of God and of heaven. He was taken suddenly worse on Saturday, March 8, 1862, and from that time failed rapidly. On the following Sabbath J. S. Perry called to see him, and to him he said, "I trust in Christ crucified; he is my only hope." From that time he grew rapidly worse, and on Monday morning, at half past two o'clock, March 10, 1862, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

BENJAMIN GRIFFEN.

Benjamin Griffen was the son of John and Esther Griffen. He was born in Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., June 6, 1792, and died in the adjoining town of Rye, June 20, 1861, aged sixty-nine years. In early life Brother Griffen was of a lively and cheerful temperament, and won a large circle of friends. When about nineteen years of age he experienced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. At a neighborhood meeting, held in the house of his stepfather, Miss Mary Halsted, his half sister, arose and spoke. As she talked of heaven and Jesus her own heart grew warm, and the words, like good seed, fell upon the heart of her brother, already prepared by a pious mother's culture. While she yet talked, this startling question arose in young Griffen's mind, and demanded an answer. "Shall heaven and hell divide this family?" The question was too stern, and the impression upon his mind too deep, to admit of evasion or delay, and as that sister, with a joyful radiance upon her countenance, sank into her seat, the resolve was taken, and the deliberate answer came almost to the lip, "No, they shall not!" With the same decision which ever marked his character he went directly to the cross of Christ, and soon experienced religion.

Almost immediately he entered upon the work of his Master. His first attempt to speak in public was at the house of Mr. A. Gales, near his native place. He arose much agitated, and with deep emotion said, "You all know better what to say than I do; but I warn you all to flee from the wrath to come." Short, but effective sermon! God set his seal to it. By its instrumentality one man was convicted and led to Christ. This lay sermon was the germ of a long and useful ministry. Soon after, he was licensed to preach. In 1811 he was received on trial by the New York Conference, and remained a member of it—except a location of five years—for fifty years. The class with which he entered Conference consisted of fourteen members, of whom only one survived him—Rev. Samuel Luckey, D.D., of Western New York. In a Conference of two hundred and sixty-eight members we have only one remaining who entered the itinerant ranks at an earlier date, namely, Rev. Marvin Richardson.

Brother Griffen filled the following appointments: Saratoga, Litchfield, and Stamford Circuits. In 1816 he located, and entered into the dry goods business in New York. This he afterward regretted, and in 1821 was readmitted to the Conference, and stationed in Troy that and the succeeding year. He then labored

successively upon Pittstown, Saratoga, and Charlotte Circuits. In 1829 and 1830 he labored on New Windsor, and the two following years on the New Paltz Circuit. He was Pastor of the Willett-street Church in New York city in 1832 and 1833. His next charge was Kingston and Rondout. Here he remained one year, and was then appointed to the oversight of Rhinebeck District, where he labored four years. In 1839 and 1840 he was stationed in Brooklyn, where he organized the Centenary Church. The two following years he was Pastor of the Bedford-street Church, New York. In 1843 and 1844 he labored at Flushing, L. I., and then took the pastoral oversight of the Washington-street Church, Poughkeepsie. From there he returned to the Centenary Church, Brooklyn, and then had charge of the New York District four years. In 1852 and 1853 he was again stationed at Kingston, and the two following years in Newcastle and Pine's Bridge. Then he had charge of the Church in White Plains. In 1858 he was the Pastor of the Cold Spring Church, and for the last two years of his life he acted as Conference Tract Agent. At the last Conference he was appointed for the third time to Kingston, but never reached his field of labor.

In 1853 Brother Griffen was elected Secretary of his Conference, and was re-elected an-

nually to the time of his death. Writing up the records of the recent session was about the last of his earthly work.

He was elected a delegate to the General Conference in 1848, and also in 1856 and 1860. At the last two sessions of that body he was first Assistant Secretary.

He was a man of strict integrity. He never sacrificed principle to policy. A pure conscience was to him above price; he never sold it for gain or popularity. Possessed in an eminent degree of these elements of character, Brother Griffen rose in the estimation of his brethren just in proportion to the intimacy of their acquaintance with him. He never had so dear a place in the hearts of his brethren as in the later years of his ministry.

He was an excellent expounder of ecclesiastical law. Few remaining among us are so well versed in the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a disciplinarian he was strict, perhaps rigid, following the letter of the law. Brother Griffen was a good preacher—sound in theology, scriptural, practical, and plain. God has graciously crowned his ministry with success. On his return from the seat of Conference he stopped at the house of his son, in the city of New York, and complained of excessive fatigue. The next day he reached his home in Rye, and immediately began his preparations for a removal to

his remote field of labor. While thus engaged he was taken sick. His painful illness, which lasted five weeks, was borne with great fortitude and Christian resignation. On the third day of his sickness he said to his wife, "My work is done." Shortly before his death he called his wife, and said, "My dear, I am going." "Where?" she inquired. "To heaven. I am going up, up, up, to be forever with the Lord. Halleluiah! halleluiah! halleluiah!" His weeping companion asked, "Father, what shall I do?" "Follow me, as I have followed the Saviour." He then asked for his son-in-law, Mr. Halsted, who was absent, and then for his daughter. When she came to his bedside, he took her by the hand, and said, "O, daughter, how much you have been upon my mind! Strive to meet me in heaven." He gave directions for his funeral, requesting that little might be said, "only I am a sinner saved by grace," and expressing a desire that his funeral might be without display, and that his body might be interred in his own plat of ground in the village of Rye. He "fell asleep" on Thursday afternoon at six o'clock. Just as the bright June sun was sinking in the west, his sun arose to set no more forever.

Rev. P. Rice, D.D., his early companion in toil and his constant friend, preached his funeral sermon, assisted in the services by Revs. Vin-

cent, Durbin, Floy, and Richardson. His friends gathered to take the final look, and drop their tears upon his coffin, and then all that was mortal of Rev. Benjamin Griffen was laid quietly to rest in the beautiful cemetery close by the shore of Long Island Sound, waiting the summons to arise.

PELATIAH WARD.

Pelatiah Ward was born in Dover, Dutchess County, N. Y. While studying law at Poughkeepsie he attended the Cannon-street Methodist Episcopal Church, and there, under the pungent and faithful appeals of Rev. J. B. Merwin, he was awakened to see himself a lost sinner. The past, with its sins and errors, and the future, with its responsibilities and consequences, were before him. He had reached, in a moral view, that point in his history where two ways meet, and from which they diverge—one leading to earthly glory and honor, the other to a cross and a crown. While pondering the question as to the path he should pursue, he went to hear Professor Mahan preach from the text, "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another?" That sermon decided his course. At its close he rose, went forward to the front of the pulpit, and falling down on his face, asked the prayers of the Church in his behalf.

Soon after, he found peace in Christ, and turned his attention to the Christian ministry. He brought to the work abilities of a high order. Nature had lavished upon him rare and choice gifts. He had a presence of unusually fair and noble proportions, which but indicated the character and proportions of his mind. There was a quickness of conception, a power of analysis, a readiness of utterance, and an eloquence of expression rarely surpassed. He also possessed a feeling, affectionate heart, which made him a special favorite in social life. He was, in the best sense of the term, a gentleman; full of that kindness and affability which constitutes true nobility; and with this there was combined great courage. His was the type of character symbolized in the "sea of glass mingled with fire," or, after the model of Him "who was made higher than the heavens," at one moment represented as a lamb, and at another as a lion.

In 1846 he joined the New York Conference, and served in succession the following appointments: Duchess, Lee, Salisbury, New Concord, Chatham, Harlem, Yonkers, Yorkville. He was well received in all these appointments, and in some of them eminently successful.

In the spring of 1861 he was appointed to Ellenville, and entered upon his work with promise of great success and usefulness. The

people were just learning to love him as a Pastor, when suddenly, under the impulses of those strange and unnatural times, he appeared before them in another and a new relation. The government wanted soldiers, and his was one of those generous and determined spirits that said this call must be met. Under the influence of his stirring, and almost resistless appeals, some one hundred and thirty men rallied to the standard within the short period of ten days. He thought to go with those who thus gathered about him as chaplain of the regiment in which they enlisted, and had the position offered for his acceptance. But such were the attachments formed for him, and such the confidence in his bravery and adaptation to the office, that with one voice his men clamored for him as their commander; and when their votes were cast, without exception, they demanded him as their captain. He felt himself in honor bound to comply, and gave himself at once to the faithful discharge of the onerous duties of his new calling. How well he succeeded let the earnest and enthusiastic testimony of those who remain of his brave men determine. No statements of less interested parties are worthy of attention. He went with them to the seat of war. He never even left them on furlough to visit his much-beloved family. He marched with them, and shared their hardships; and when called to

face the enemy, he fought at their head until the deadly missile laid him low, and he could do no more.

At the following session of his Conference, such was the love for him of his brethren in the ministry, and their confidence in his integrity and Christian patriotism in the course he had pursued, that they regularly continued his standing with them, and, as the only way of meeting the case, he was given a "nominal" appointment. We hoped to have him return again, when this dreadful war had been brought to a successful issue, and resume his place in the pulpit and pastorate. But it is otherwise, and we bow in submission. On Saturday, August 30, while engaged in deadly combat with the demon rebellion, he received a serious wound in the right arm by some fragment from a bursting shell, having the appearance of the point of an old sword. Thus in part disabled, he retired a little, and used his revolver as best he could with his left hand.

While thus standing in the rear, for the sixth time that day the color-bearer was shot down. Such fatality had attended that position that no one again volunteered to save it from disgrace. At that moment our lines were falling back, and those of the enemy advancing, and the flag, lying between the two, about to be captured, when Ward sprang to the front, and, raising it

above his head, shouted to his men to stand firm. Within five minutes a Minie ball tore clear through his hips, making a wound an inch in diameter. He fell, but encouraged his men to hold their ground and not to mind him. They bore him off the field; but while so doing, the bloodthirsty fiend, as if determined to make an end of so brave an opponent, directed a piece of shell that made a fearful wound across the small of his back. Thus mangled, three true hearts, with strong arms, carried him six miles to Centerville, and thence he was taken to the hospital at Alexandria, where, under the best attention that could be given, he lingered until Tuesday evening, September 2, when he yielded up his spirit to God who gave it. Rev. Mr. Van Santvoord, Chaplain of the Twentieth, conversed with him the day he died, and received his assurances of confidence in Christ as his Saviour, and of eternal safety and happiness in heaven when the storm of life was over.

From the best information we can gather, he maintained his Christian character while in the army. He occasionally exercised his ministerial functions. He rebuked the wickedness of those about him. In the pocket of the tattered coat, in which for three days, through fire and smoke, he had followed the flag of his country, was found the well-fingered pocket Testament, from

which he had learned not only his duty to his God, but also to his country.

In the last letter he ever wrote to those he loved most he uttered a sentiment which indicates a patriotism unsurpassed in the history of the world: "If I fall, my wife will have the satisfaction of knowing she has contributed a husband, and my children a father, for the salvation of the country."

May we not say of the departed, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." Ye hills of Manasses, "let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is cast away as though he had not been anointed. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

NATHAN RICE.

Nathan Rice was born June 10, 1792, in Coventry, Rhode Island; and died in Washingtonville, N. Y., February 21, 1864. His father died when he was four years old. His mother was a pious member of the Free-will Baptist Church. The fervent prayers of this sainted mother sometimes awakened the subject of this memoir from his midnight slumbers. He was the youngest of seven children. The family

during his infancy moved to Great Barrington, Mass. The first sermon he heard by a Methodist minister was from the late Rev. William Jewett. At about the age of seventeen he was led to the Saviour by the instrumentality of the Rev. Phineas Rice, deceased. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lee, Mass., and continued an active and useful member for ten years. In 1819 he joined the New York Annual Conference with Daniel Coe, John Bangs, Orin Pier, G. Coles, and S. D. Ferguson. The Conference then embraced all the territory included in the present Troy, New York East, and New York Conferences. He was successively appointed to the following fields of labor, namely: Delaware, Sullivan, Petersburg, Granville, Conn., Pittston, Warren, Saratoga, Middletown, New York, Sullivan, New Windsor, Philipstown, Bedford, New Milford, Huntington, Smithtown, West Hampton, North Hempstead, Woodstock, Marlborough, and Rossville.

In 1854, worn down with toil on these distant fields of labor, he was obliged to retire from the itinerant field. Since then, as a superannuated minister, he has continued to labor as his strength and health would admit. Part of this time he has acted as a colporteur, and part of the time he has supplied pulpits which have been temporarily vacant by the absence or sickness of a pastor. To the measure of his ability

he has spent these years of age and infirmity in doing good. No longer able to maintain his position in the front rank of the sacramental host, where he had stood for thirty-five years, he cheerfully fell back, and for the last ten years has formed a part of that heroic rear-guard, made up of veteran warriors. His last battle was nobly fought, and death is vanquished. Another good man, another good minister, has finished his earthly course; another star, less brilliant than some, but gentle and pure as any, has hid itself in heaven's own light.

Brother Rice was a true patriot. He looked upon the late rebellion as a horrible crime against God and humanity, and anxiously desired to live to see it overthrown. Until almost the last hour of his life he eagerly inquired after the news from the seat of war. Our sainted brother was an example of simplicity. There was no display in or out of the pulpit. His method of preaching was plain, direct, earnest, and interwoven with a happy personal experience. His unmistakable aim was to do good; and God honored his ministry with great success. Many who linger on earth—many who are *now with him*—were saved by his instrumentality. He counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might win souls to Christ. On circuits very large, far apart, and sometimes very rough, he crossed mountains, encountered

winter storms, and forded rivers, that he might attain the object of his mission, the salvation of men. Without murmur or complaint he steadily pursued his course. His life of sacrifice and toil is now over. The last river—death—is forded; and the bliss of a great reward, a home unswept by winter storms, is his forever. Kindness was a law of his life. He delighted in the welfare of others. His was a sympathetic nature. It is doubted whether he had an enemy. All classes of various denominations, ministers and people, vied with each other in showing their tokens of respect and sympathy during his last sickness. There was a humble, unaffected goodness about him which drew all hearts toward him. His attachment to his family was a marked characteristic. . . . Sickness, pain, death could not quench this steady flame. Indeed, the only regret he manifested at approaching death was, that it would take him from his dear children. It was one of the comforting assurances of his declining days that they were all the followers of Jesus. And well did they reciprocate his love by their tireless ministrations day and night during his sickness.

It only remains to gather up a few of the precious words which fell from the lips of our brother as he “still went on and talked,” catching glimpses of the heavenly city by the way, and coming up at last to the mount of vision,

where the calm, unclouded glory shone steadily about him. The arrangements for his funeral and burial were made by himself. He expressed a desire, if it were God's will, to visit the Conference once more and see his brother ministers. But in anticipation that he might not be able, he said to me, "Tell the Conference, the religion I have preached for forty-five years sustains and comforts me now. I love my brethren in the ministry. I expect to meet them in heaven."

During a visit, one month before his departure, as we were about to offer prayer, we sang,

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

"I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

During the singing his whole countenance glowed with exultant joy, and while the family wept, he shouted aloud the praises of God. At his request, about three weeks before his end, several ministers of his own and other Churches, together with the family physician, met to join with him in commemorating the suffering and death of Jesus. To him it was to be the "last supper." His three daughters were present, and one of his sons had just returned from the army

to receive the last blessing of a dying father, and then go back to fight for humanity and God. The desire he had for this passover, the presence of his brethren and family, and above all, the presence of the Master, inspired him with unwonted strength. In a peaceful, happy frame, he said, "God's grace is sufficient for me. He wonderfully sustains me. The Gospel which I have preached for forty-five years is my comfort and support now. It never gave me more comfort. I have no doubt. I am sometimes tempted, but not overcome. I have been looking over that heavenly country; it looks very pleasant to me. Many are there I have known and loved. I expect to get there and see them. I may recover. I rather think I shall. I have prayed for this, but I have asked in submission to God's will. I should be glad to stay a little longer on account of my family. They have been very dear to me. They have watched over me day and night during my sickness. They have twined themselves around my heart." His emotions overcame him for awhile; then he resumed, "I should be glad to stay with them a little longer, but I leave it all to God. 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' I have had some hard fields of labor—long rides, streams to ford, mountains to cross. I have suffered from cold and hunger. I have abounded and been in want; but if I had my life to live over again, I

had rather be a preacher of the Gospel than President of the United States." These and similar sentences were uttered at intervals as strength would admit. As he was unable to kneel, he sat in his easy chair during the sacramental services. When he who had so often ministered it to others, "took the cup" for the last time, the glory within him broke forth in ascriptions of praise to Him who hath loved us, and given himself for us.

Still nearer his end he said, "I have just thought what a glorious place heaven is. I have listened and could hear the angels with their golden harps. Such heavenly music!" His voice faltered. He was overcome by his emotions. Then rallying, he continued, "How happy shall we be when we join that innumerable throng, where they fall down with the four and twenty elders, and worship Him that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever."

On Saturday afternoon, the day before he died, being in great pain, he said, "I cannot last long; I should like to live a little longer on account of my dear children, but the will of the Lord be done." When asked if his trust was strong in God, "Yes," he answered emphatically; "yes, bless the Lord, I am ready to go whenever the Lord wills it. On another occasion he said, "I have gained a great victory, I can now give up my children to God." Shortly

before he died, he repeated several times, "Life's work is done." When so near his end that he could not speak, he pressed the hand of his daughter as a token of recognition and victory.

Yes, sainted father, life's work is done, and well done. All its conflicts and sufferings are over. On Sabbath morning, the day on which he had been accustomed to go to the house of God, his liberated spirit took its flight to the temple of God in heaven, and while earthly worshipers crowded sacred altars and sang of redeeming love, he gazed upon the glories of the Crucified in open vision, and struck the notes of that sweet anthem which shall never end.

JOSIAH L. DICKERSON.

Josiah L. Dickerson died May 16, 1864, in Spencertown, Columbia County, N. Y., aged sixty-seven years. Our deceased brother was born January 20, 1797, in Newton, Litchfield County, Conn. Left at an early age without the counsel and restraints of paternal care, through the grace of God, in his eighteenth year, he was brought to the knowledge of a justified state, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bethlehem, Litchfield County, Conn.

After being licensed to exhort, the Church,

seeing in him the promise of greater usefulness, gave him a license to preach. For eighteen years he labored as a Local Preacher, with acceptability and usefulness, in his native county. In 1822 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Roberts, and in 1835 received the ordination of Elder at the hands of Bishop Hedding, at which time he was received into the New York Conference, and successively filled the following appointments: Redding, Weston and Newtown, Norwalk, Bedford, Tarrytown and Pleasantville, Cortlandt, Pawlings, Tyringham, Sheffield, North East, Spencertown, Tyringham, Egremont, and North Hillsdale.

His health failing in 1857, the Conference granted him a superannuated relation, in which he continued until the close of life. In November, 1862, he was stricken with paralysis; from this he never fully recovered, yet was comfortable in body, retaining his mental faculties. On the 16th of May, 1864, he was again stricken with the same disease; death ensued in a few hours. Brother Dickerson, before he was incapacitated by physical weakness or prevented by domestic afflictions, was a faithful, and consequently a successful, minister of the Gospel. He had the deportment of a Christian gentleman; was sympathetic and kind in feeling; of more than ordinary ability in the pulpit, he was well fitted to win and retain the respect of the

people committed to his charge, and instruct and profit them. Amid all the changes and occasional privations attendant upon the itinerancy, the painful bereavements that so frequently thinned the family circle, the weighty afflictions that befell him in the loss of health, laying him aside from the active work of the ministry, he did not murmur; his trust was in God. From the manner of his decease, we have no death-bed testimony to record. We need none. In the calm and trusting frame of mind he possessed before the fatal stroke was permitted to fall, we confidently gather proof that he has entered upon the reward of Christ's faithful followers in heaven.

RICHARD SEAMAN.

Richard Seaman was born April 28, 1785, and died Nov. 6, 1864, aged eighty. When a little over fourteen he left the home of his childhood, Herricks, L. I., and came to New York, where he became a clerk in a drug store. He immediately commenced the study of medicine, and when about nineteen was a licensed practicing physician. At the age of twenty-one he was appointed resident physician of the almshouse. This early entrance upon duties so responsible was fully warranted by his mature

judgment and conscientious devotion to his profession. In the fall of 1812, with the deliberation and firmness which strongly marked his character, he resolved to devote his life to God's service. From this time his professional services were rendered doubly valuable by the solicitude he continually manifested for the spiritual welfare of those to whose bodily maladies he administered relief. As he loved his profession and pursued it diligently, his practice became large and remunerative; but from the pressure of convictions he could not allay he was impelled to abandon it to engage in the duties of the Christian ministry. In 1823 he was received on trial in the New York Conference, and was regularly appointed to different fields of labor for twenty-two years, when, in 1845, through failure of health, he was obliged to take a superannuated relation. He, however, continued to labor faithfully according to his ability and opportunity until entirely disabled by disease. Several of the Churches in the upper part of this city are largely indebted for their establishment to his self-sacrificing labor and contributions. Though not wealthy, his superior judgment, stern integrity, untiring energy, and exact business habits made his name a guarantee for the faithful performance of any obligation he was willing to indorse. Modest, generous, transparently true, he filled every sphere in which he moved

with such dignity and propriety as to win the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His preaching was eminently evangelical and practical, and was thoroughly imbued with his deep personal religious experience. During the last thirteen years he was a great sufferer. His frame was tortured with rheumatism, and he was obliged to use crutches in walking; but during all this time, as he frequently and joyfully testified, his communion with God was never once disturbed. The death of his wife, in 1861, who had been his faithful companion for nearly fifty years, severed the last tie which attached him to this world. Being asked, soon after that event, where he lived, he replied, "I board with my nephew, but I live with the Lord." This was emphatically true, and he only awaited patiently his translation. In October, 1864, his disease increased in violence, and as he saw his end approaching he requested to be removed to the home of his only brother, Mr. S. Seaman, of this city, where, in the midst of his kindred, who loved him tenderly, he gradually grew weaker in body, but more and more joyous, until he passed away to his reward exclaiming, "O, my Saviour, how I love thee!"

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• CHARLES BURROUGHS.

Charles Burroughs died in Hamden, N. Y., May 26, 1864, aged twenty-three. At an early period of his life the Holy Spirit had wrought deeply upon him, and at the age of thirteen, in a family prayer-meeting at his father's house, he gave his heart to God. From that hour he sought to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. A few years ago he began to feel that God was calling him to the work of the Christian ministry, and at once he set himself about that cultivation of heart and mind which he deemed a necessary qualification for his holy calling.

At the session of the New York Annual Conference in 1864 he was received as a probationer, and stationed at Hamden. He went to this, his first appointment, heavily burdened under a sense of his responsibilities, and many thought that his untimely death resulted from excessive care and anxiety lest he might not succeed in this new and untried field of labor. He lived to preach only two Sabbaths to his people; but that short period of labor secured to him their strong attachment, and to this day many of these are accustomed to say, "O that Brother Burroughs could have lived!" His pulpit efforts displayed marked ability, and gave great promise of coming usefulness. • But God

saw fit to call him to higher scenes of action, and after an illness of only fourteen days, he fell asleep in Jesus.

JOHN B. HAGANY.

John B. Hagany was born in the city of Wilmington, Del., on the 26th of August, in the year 1808. His father was a highly respected, devout, and useful Local Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The son, John B., united with the Methodist Episcopal Church about the year 1828, and was received on trial in the Philadelphia Annual Conference in 1831, and appointed to Talbot Circuit in Maryland. He continued in the active ministry, as a member of the Philadelphia, New York East, and New York Conference, until his death in the summer of 1865. His pastoral life presents an unbroken career of thirty-four years, during which he rendered with brief and infrequent vacations the most efficient service to the Church in many of her more prominent positions. No man among us was more uniformly acceptable to the people, or retained to the last a more controlling power in the pulpit. He wore well. His ministrations, instead of diminishing in force and attractiveness, cumulated with advancing years into a greater depth, breadth, and

richness. Endowed by nature with a strong and quick intellect, he had, by diligent study, judicious reading, and close observation, acquired no ordinary degree of mental culture. In the English classics he was thoroughly read, and from his familiarity with them he derived not only the fullness of information always at his command, but also the nervous, apt, and elegant use of language which marvelously distinguished both his extemporaneous and written compositions.

Dr. Hagany was not a universal scholar; but although his range of studies was limited, he mastered what he undertook, and consequently positiveness of conviction marked his opinions and utterances. In theology he devoted himself mostly to the old English divines and to John Wesley. It may be safely affirmed that the great founder of Methodism had no more enthusiastic student and lover on the American continent than the subject of this memoir. He had read and inwardly digested every thing which that wise and good man had left on record, and by habitual communion had become fully imbued with his spirit, ideas, and method. He comprehended Wesleyanism — its history, doctrines, polity—and could define, defend, and preach it with a skill rare and admirable, and with a success amply attested by the precious results of a long and honored ministry.

As a preacher, Dr. Hagany possessed the advantage of a fine physique, a voice of extraordinary compass and sweetness, and of a quiet self-poise which always rendered him a most agreeable and captivating speaker. His audience was put perfectly at ease while he discoursed to them on the grand themes of the Gospel in thoughts so fresh and striking, and in words so terse and chaste, as to make his instructions both entertaining and impressive. A pure imagination wove the facts of a retentive memory and the perceptions of a ripe understanding into ever-varying forms, which, by their fidelity to nature, simplified and illuminated his subjects so as to render them a charm to all who listened. His sermons were rarely thrilling, but always pleasing, and occasionally overwhelmingly emotional. Sometimes his pathos would melt and fuse the hearts of an entire congregation into one stream of holy ecstasy and love.

But those who knew this excellent servant of God most intimately will cherish not more the recollection of his public services than the memory of his private walk. He was a devout and earnest Christian, without the ostentation of superior piety. Endued with refined sensibilities, with a keen sense of personal honor, he was slow to admit strangers to his heart, and, therefore, to many seemed cold and reserved; but when once he found a man worthy his confi-

dence he hesitated not to lavish all his affections upon him, and could neither speak too highly in his praise, nor be too frequently in his company. And it was necessary to see him in a group of such friends to understand and appreciate his character fully. There he shone the brightest; as a companion one of the pleasantest, and as a conversationalist racy and sparkling, with an apt allusion or anecdote to point each thought, his whole talk suffused and suffusing others with an innocent and irresistible mirthfulness. In the gush and flow of companionship, however, he never forgot or forsook the dignity of the minister, nor failed to manifest and maintain toward serious subjects the reverence which is their due.

Of late Dr. Hagany had often alluded to dying in the hearing of his friends; but so habitually cheerful was his temper, and apparently perfect his health, that little account was taken of it. He preached on Sunday, June 25, 1865, to his congregation on "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The subject so enlarged upon him that he postponed a part of it to the evening, but because of sickness was unable to preach. He spent Tuesday following in an agreeable visit with his friend, Rev. J. B. Wakeley, at Yonkers. On Wednesday he was feeling more comfortable, and in the afternoon, while reading

Mr. Wesley's Journal, he met a passage referring to Mr. Jeremiah Seed's Sermons. He got a volume of the "Works," found the passage, called his wife's attention to it, and began to read aloud, when suddenly he was seized with spasm of the heart, the book dropped from his hand, he fell forward, and almost instantly expired. "He was not, for God took him." "He ceased at once to work and live."

JOHN A. SILLICK.

John A. Sillick was born in Saratoga, N. Y., May 21, 1805, and died at his residence in New York, July 10, 1865, aged sixty. He experienced religion at the age of twelve, but leaving home to learn a trade about that time, and being constantly associated with those who made no profession of religion, he lost his religious comfort, and soon gave up all pretensions to piety. When about twenty-four he visited his father, Rev. Bradley Sillick, who was then engaged in a revival meeting. He returned from that visit powerfully awakened, and began at once to seek for a restoration of the divine favor. The struggle was an earnest one, and while at work, tears streaming from his eyes, and just ready to give up all hope of mercy, faith took hold of the Saviour, and light broke

upon his darkened mind. With a bounding heart he ran to tell his shopmates what God had done for his soul. Soon after he felt called of God to the ministry, for which he felt himself entirely incompetent. Expressing his convictions, his employer, an unconverted man, tried to dissuade him, and offered him the entire control of the shop. He accepted the position, but soon after he was disabled by an accident, and for a time obliged to stop work. This providential circumstance, as he regarded it, led him to the conclusion that he ought to obey God rather than man, and he began to prepare for the ministry. He spent two years at the Wilbraham Academy, and about two years at the Wesleyan University.

In 1834 he joined the New York Conference, and was stationed on Burlington Circuit. He remained in the New York Conference till it was divided in 1848, when, by the division, he fell in the New York East Conference. In 1854 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and continued his effective labors till 1861, when he took a superannuated relation, and settled at Yorkville, New York city. He was twenty-seven years an effective minister, laboring with acceptability and success on his charges, some of which were laborious, and four years he was superannuated.

For years he was afflicted with dyspepsia,

which affected not only his physical, but at times, more or less, his intellectual powers. In May last he was confined to his room ; but his mind was composed, and for the time being he seemed very happy. Indeed, the last Sabbath in May was to him and his family a memorable Sabbath. During the day we entered his room and found him weeping. After a little he said, "I am no worse ; I am happy ; I have just obtained a great victory." But as his disease continued to wear upon him he became more or less mentally deranged, and seemed doubtful and despondent till his death. Those who knew him best, and those who saw him frequently during his last days, can only believe that he is at rest in that world where physical disease will never more disturb his intellectual powers or the "peace profound which his unfettered soul enjoys." He was a kind, generous, companionable man, a good preacher, practical, entertaining, and instructive, and no doubt many spiritual children will be stars in his crown of rejoicing.

LEVERETT GOODRICH ROMAINE.

Leverett Goodrich Romaine was born in Maryland, Otsego County, N. Y., April 12, 1840. His educational advantages were good and well improved. He was blessed with the

pious counsels and careful training of the late venerable Dr. Nott. These, under God, fixed his habits of thought and of life, and pointed to a future of great usefulness in the Church of Christ. He was converted at Hudson-street, Albany, under the pastoral labors of Rev. B. O. Meeker. His religious experience was clear, and continued satisfactory to the last. When called to preach the glorious Gospel of the Son of God he entered earnestly upon the work, and his Master crowned his labors and gave him souls as seals to his ministry. In 1863 he was employed as assistant to Rev. C. W. Lyon on West Point Charge, then embracing West Point, Buttermilk Falls, and Fort Montgomery. His history in New York Conference is very brief. At its session in 1864 he was received on trial. It is no trifling tribute to his worth when we say that his standing was favorable in the class of promising young men received at that session. His first appointment was Glenham, on the Poughkeepsie District; but during the year he was appointed to Cannon-street, Poughkeepsie, a vacancy having occurred by the removal of Brother M'Lean to Lexington Avenue, New York city. In the spring of 1865 he was appointed to Southfield, on Newburgh District, and then, on the third of November, without a moment's warning, by a collision on the Erie Railroad, his life and labors closed. He leaves

no dying testimony upon which we may dwell and over which we may at the same time weep and rejoice. The record of a short life well spent is all that we have, and, thank God! all that we, in the light of holy truth, can ask. A widow and an infant daughter survive him, cherishing his memory, and resting in the promises which God has given especially to the widow and the fatherless.

JOSEPH T. HAND.

Joseph T. Hand was born June 26, 1838, near Centreville, Queen Anne County, Md. He departed this life at Washingtonville, Jan 20, 1867, aged 28 years. In the autumn of 1855 he was soundly converted, after a struggle of more than a year. How often God tries those he intends for a special work! He immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and very soon began to be exercised about his duty to preach the Gospel. In 1858 he was licensed to exhort. In this office he exercised his gifts until June 16, 1860, when he received license to preach. In 1862 he was recommended to the Philadelphia Conference as a suitable candidate for the work of the ministry; but feeling a strong thirst for knowledge, and the necessity of a more thorough preparation for his great work,

he withdrew his application and entered himself a student of the Concord Biblical Institute. Here he remained three years, and graduated with great honor. While a student at Concord he supplied a church at Chester, N. H. Before going to Concord he was a member of the Local Preachers' Association, Eastern District, Philadelphia Conference.

He was elected Deacon at the close of his theological studies by the New Hampshire Conference, and ordained, April 16, 1865. In the same month he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed to the Monroe Circuit. Here he labored with great acceptability and usefulness, together with his colleague, Rev. U. Messiter. At the session of the New York Conference of 1866, Monroe Circuit was divided, the Churches at Washingtonville and Craigville being made a separate appointment. Brother Hand was placed in charge. Here, brought into more direct contact with the people, his earnest and affectionate efforts for their good won him increasing confidence and love. About forty, the fruits of a former revival, were this year admitted by him into full fellowship with the Church.

His last sermon was preached Jan. 6th. He came home complaining of headache. Soon his disease assumed a typhoid form, and in thirteen days the stout, vigorous, youthful form of

Brother Hand fell, a "dissolving tabernacle." During the forepart of his sickness the mind was mostly undisturbed. In the latter part, when reason wandered, there were still lucid moments until near the last. Early in his illness he said to his friends, "I think this is my last sickness." He gave directions for the disposition of his papers, and for the adjusting of his accounts. He requested that his already bereaved and stricken father might not be informed of his illness until his recovery or death, as he was too distant and feeble to visit him. He expressed a submissive desire to live and do something for his Master. When reason reeled from the throne, he was almost constantly engaged in singing, prayer, exhortation, or preaching. He fancied himself conducting a religious meeting—prayed himself, called on those about him to pray, and chided their delay. At one time he sang, with a loud, clear tone of voice,

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify—
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky,"

and then delivered an impressive exhortation on the atonement. When reason returned, gleaming through the clouds of the vale, he expressed his readiness to die. The Sunday before his end, on being asked how he felt, he replied, "I feel well, for I have the victory over death."

"I am a Christian and *all* is well. Christ is *precious*—*very precious*," strongly emphasizing these last words. Saturday night he said "I long to be at rest." On Sunday noon, on being asked to take his medicine, he said, "He will be with us in the trying hour and article of death." After this nature was too weak for utterance. The words "conflict" and "most" were faintly distinguished. Then the eye kindled with that flame so common to the dying saint, and a slight pressure of the hand, just as the waves of Jordan broke over him, seemed to say, "Adieu, all is well."

Brother Hand was of robust constitution. The deceptive promise of many years was written there. He was possessed of a good and well-cultivated intellect, and a warm, generous heart. He was a diligent student, and ambitious to excel in his great work. Modest, yet manly, his was the artlessness of the child, the gentleness of the Christian, and the easy dignity of the minister. He was earnest and faithful in his work, more ambitious of success than reputation. The people loved him, and thronged the church at his funeral. Kind friends ministered to his wants while sick, and then, though distance and infirmities prevented the attendance of relatives, the flock buried the almost youthful shepherd in their midst, sorrowing that they should see his face no more.

WALTER D. TELFORD.

Walter D. Telford was born January 15, 1830, and departed this life March 30th, 1867. In October, 1857, he heard a sermon preached by Rev. Wm. Hall, from the text, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on the wedding garment?" At its close he remarked, "Did you ever hear such a sermon? it went all through me—it was all applicable to me."

Being convinced of his need of salvation, he tarried to enjoy the class meeting, in which he spake of his sinful state, and asked for an interest in the prayers of the children of God. His next meeting with God's people was in the house of prayer. Here he kneeled as a humble penitent before the throne of grace. While bowed down in body and in spirit, the Holy Ghost inspired him to pray. He was obedient. He prayed, he believed, and, trusting in Christ as his Saviour, he found peace for his troubled heart. His conversion was clear, marked, and genuine. He now learned what he never knew or felt before, that Jesus was a Saviour for all who would believe on his name. In the strength of his new Master he began the Christian life. He had but one great object before him—that was, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, that he might enjoy the favor of God on earth and his glorious presence forever in

heaven. With such a purpose he began to contend for the faith.

Many were his trials and conflicts with the enemy, but through the grace of God he came off more than conqueror. Through them, and by the grace he received, he was being prepared for the work of the Christian ministry, to which he was called by the Holy Spirit. In 1863 he was received as a probationer in the New York Conference, and was appointed the same year to the North Franklin Circuit. On this charge he labored hard and with great acceptability. He made full proof of his ministry. In 1865 he was sent to the Margarettsville Circuit. He began his labor with great zeal, and with untiring energy and devotion he labored to build up the Church of Christ, and to lead sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Nor were his labors in vain. He saw the Church prospering and strengthened, by the grace of God, under his unwearied toil.

On this circuit, while engaged in his work, he was stricken down by disease, which, from its beginning, assumed a malignant and dangerous character. Fully conscious of his danger, he expressed a willingness to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. The power of grace in a sick and dying hour he fully realized. His death was not only peaceful, but triumphant. Conversing with his wife about his

change, he asked, "Mary, why do you weep? How inconsistent to do so. If I were well you would rejoice. Now I am going home to die no more. How inconsistent to weep!" While friends were waiting round, ministering to his wants, and listening to his soul-stirring utterances, he raised his eyes toward heaven, and lifting his feeble hand, he waved it three times in token of triumph, shouting as he waved it, "Victory! victory! eternal victory!" emphasizing "eternal victory" as only a soldier of Jesus Christ on the banks of the river, enjoying the fruits of victory, could give it emphasis. In this holy triumph he passed away.

His last sermon in the church was preached from the text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It will be remembered, for it was delivered in power; God was in it. The Sabbath before his death was his last quarterly meeting. He feared that he might not live to see it. He wished once more to commemorate the feast of dying love with his brethren. He lived to enjoy it, and to him it was a feast of fat things. His Conference sermon, in course of preparation, was founded on the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" It may be called his masterpiece, though unfinished.

Brother Telford, as a man, was courteous, kind, and companionable—a true friend, always

ready to lend a helping hand. As a Christian, he was faithful and honest, living only to serve the Lord Jesus Christ; as a minister, he was earnest, devoted, and untiring in his work. He lived for the cause of Jesus—"he died at his post." He has gone; his spirit rests with God. His voice is now engaged in chanting the anthem of the skies in chorus with that innumerable throng which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

REUBEN H. BLOOMER.

Reuben H. Bloomer was born in Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y., December 6, 1806, and died near the place of his birth June 1, 1866. He was converted to God in the twenty-third year of his age, under the ministry of Rev. Stephen L. Stillman.

After his conversion he felt an ardent desire to do good, and soon became an active laborer in the Church. He also engaged in school teaching, in which employment he spent several years, at the same time pursuing a course of reading preparatory to the work of the ministry. In 1834 he was licensed to preach, and was soon after employed by Rev. M. Richardson, Presiding Elder of Newburgh District, on

Sullivan Circuit. In 1835 he was received on trial by the New York Conference, and in due time graduated to Deacons' and Elders' orders. He labored with acceptance and success on Jefferson, Prattsville, Kortright, Franklin, Jefferson, Catskill, Durham, Coeymans, and Saugerties charges. In 1847 his health failed, and in 1848 he received from the Conference a supernumerary relation, and was returned first to North Newburgh, then to Rossville, and then to Galeville, still continuing to preach as he was able, and doing very effective work, especially at Galeville, where he labored hard to organize a society and build a church. Just as the work was completed, and a revival of religion commenced, his health utterly failed, and he was compelled, though reluctantly, to leave the work he loved so well for others to prosecute. From 1857 to 1866 he was superannuated. In September, 1856, he became connected with the press as editor and proprietor of the *Newburgh Times*, devoted especially to the temperance cause, and continued his connection with it until his death. In his hands the paper became a success.

He was a man of great energy of character, and although an invalid, preferred to labor beyond his ability rather than be dependent for support upon the funds of the Conference. In whatever station Providence placed him he en-

deavored to be content, and to do good to the full extent of his ability. He was ardently attached to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and deeply interested in every thing that related to her welfare. The ministers appointed to North Newburgh found him to be a safe counselor and a sympathizing friend, and the official members could rely upon his aid in their efforts to promote the interests of the Church. He was a warm friend of the Sabbath-school. He loved the means of grace, and faithfully attended them. He was a man of strong and decided convictions, but honorable and upright. As a friend, he was genial and faithful; as a husband and father, he was kind and affectionate; as a Christian, he was uniformly humble, earnest, and devout—a lover of peace, and a peace-maker. He was an able preacher, sound in theology, clear and forcible in his arguments, and apt in his illustrations; simple in his manner, pathetic in spirit, a workman approved of God, and instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. But he has left us. He rests from his labors and sufferings. He was afflicted with the asthma for many years, but was cut down by paralysis as in a moment. We have no direct dying testimony, and we need none, for a life devoted to God and the welfare of his fellow-men affords the best assurance that he was ready to

meet the last enemy. He died as calmly as the summer sun sunk to rest, and at the hour of its setting.

THOMAS E. FERRO.

Thomas E. Ferro was born in Broome, Schoharie County, N. Y., November 20, 1826, and died at Mount Kisco, N. Y., September 2, 1866.

In December, 1853, he was found, a tearful penitent, at the foot of the cross, and on Christmas eve his struggling soul found rest. He immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon after received license to preach. In 1855 he joined the New York Conference, and entered zealously upon his chosen work. He abandoned a pleasant home, and dashed aside his brightest earthly prospects, for the sake of Jesus and the love of souls. In seven different appointments he toiled for the Master, and through the ever-varying scenes of his ministry evinced an unfaltering devotion to Zion. He loved his work, and performed it as one expecting to give an account of his stewardship. His ministry was brief but successful, and the crown upon his brow is not starless.

As a man, he was affable in spirit, loyal to truth, and possessed those genial and companionable qualities that sweetly charm the social

heart ; as a pastor, he was laborious and diligent, reclaiming the wandering, encouraging the faltering, and leading the desponding soul to a loftier faith in God ; as a preacher, he was acceptable and useful. He carefully studied and clearly expounded the word of truth, and closely applied it to the conscience of his auditors. His gentle, pleasing tones of voice, his calm, cheerful countenance, his generous, sympathetic nature, and winning spirit, all conspired to increase his pulpit power, and secure respect and love.

In November, 1865, consumption laid its wan hand upon him, and in less than one fleeting year triumphed over all medical skill, and bore him to the tomb.

Animated by a constant hopefulness of spirit, he repelled the idea of permanent disability, and cherished the fond hope of rendering the Church more useful service in the future. He ardently coveted life, that he might the more successfully lead men to the cross and to heaven. Bravely did he battle with the destroyer, and yielded only when the uselessness of further resistance flashed upon his mind. Then, no longer inspired by the hope of recovery, he rapidly declined, and soon the dashing billows broke over him, and gently wafted him to the sunny banks of heaven.

The closing scene was peaceful and tri-

umphant. His weeping family were summoned around him, and at his request sang his favorite hymn :

“My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is almost run ;
My greatest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.”

Then, amid those sweet, soothing strains, bidding his loved ones farewell, his dying eye seemed to catch a glimpse of angelic forms, and exclaiming, “The angels welcome me home !” he sank away, and expired without a struggle.

JAMES WHEELER BREakey.

James Wheeler Breakey was the son of pious parents, and a native of Bethel, Sullivan County, N. Y. From his early childhood he was noted as being a very thoughtful boy. He became a very studious youth. Being the son of an industrious farmer, he often took his books with him into the fields, and devoted his spare hours to close application to study. He read not for the mere purpose of reading, but to gain and treasure up knowledge for future use. He trained himself to think, and became the leading mind in the circle of his youthful associations.

He was converted, at a camp-meeting held in

his native county, in the eighteenth year of his age, and immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hurd Settlement, in his native town. From this time until he joined the New York Conference, a period of ten years, most of his time was employed in close application to study and teaching. As a teacher, he was thorough. Many of his pupils bear an honorable and affectionate testimony to his faithfulness, and the deep interest he manifested in those committed to his care. During the two years previous to his entrance upon the active duties of the Christian ministry he was the principal of the Monticello Seminary, located at Monticello.

By the Quarterly Conference of Monticello he was licensed to preach, and soon after, by the same Quarterly Conference, he was recommended to the Conference. He was received on probation in the New York Conference in the spring of 1858. His first appointment was to the Colchester Circuit, Monticello District. Here he made many friends, and did good service to the Church. His second appointment was to the Equinunk Charge, Wayne County, Pa. Here, during his ministerial term, a parsonage was built, many souls were converted, and the Church prospered. The next appointment committed to his care was Middletown, Orange County, at a very critical period in the history of the Church. He met the crisis, and accom-

plished the special mission he was desired to, by the authorities of the Church, in a most discreet and skillful manner. He was then appointed to Ellenville, Ulster County, the first charge on the district. Here he remained the full time allowed by the Discipline, and was successful in his work, and greatly beloved by the people. His next appointment was Montgomery, Orange County, where his memory is precious. His last appointment was at Cossackie, Greene County, where he had labored with success, and had done the Church great service. The Church edifice had been remodeled, enlarged, improved, and beautified during the second year of his ministry there, at a cost of about five thousand dollars, and most of the money had been raised through his influence and efforts. There was at the time of his leaving for Conference a very gracious revival in progress. So great was the religious interest in his charge that he remained and preached in Cossackie on Wednesday evening, and did not reach the Conference until Friday morning, April 5, two days after the opening of the Conference. He had taken a severe cold, and was quite unwell. He accepted an invitation from his intimate friend, Rev. D. L. Marks, to his residence, a few blocks from the Conference. At about half past eleven A. M. he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs. The bleeding was soon checked. He

was feeble, but no immediate danger was anticipated. On the following Tuesday morning he thought himself much better, and cherished the hope of returning home on Wednesday; but during the day he failed quite fast. His wife had been summoned, who reached his room on Wednesday morning. His physician also came with counsel. In a few hours it was perceptible that he was near his end. He became conscious that he was soon to die, and inquired for his friend above referred to, whom he requested to look after some matters of temporal interest to his wife. Prayer was offered for him, and his responses were frequent and earnest. When told that the Conference was about to close, and asked if he had any message to his brethren, he said, "Tell the Conference religion sustains me now; tell all my friends this." Then he shouted, "Glory! glory!" saying, "All is clear." Lifting up his eyes, and fixing them with a steady gaze as if on some object, he said with a smile, "I behold him! I behold him! I behold my Redeemer!" Then turning to those about him, he said, "I shall take a city appointment this year in the city of the New Jerusalem." His wife inquired if he had any message to his father. "Tell him in a few more years we shall meet on the other shore. Tell all my friends this." He then kissed his wife, and said, "Come to heaven, dear." These were his last words.

He died in a few minutes, without a struggle, on Wednesday, April 10, in the thirty-seventh year of his age and the tenth year of his ministry. At his death his name was in the printed list of appointments for Cossackie the third year; but his death being announced before the appointments were read, another was appointed to the charge, and he entered upon the city appointment in the "New Jerusalem."

No language can describe the dying scene. Seldom is there such a combination of circumstances. A message had been sent to the Conference that he was dying. Only a short distance from his chamber there was a whole Conference of ministers, with two Bishops, and all Conference business suspended, devoting the time to special prayer for their dying brother. An indescribable glory filled the room in which the faithful minister and devoted Christian and friend was dictating his last messages, cheering those who were present with him, and committing his spirit to God in clear and blessed visions of his ascended and glorified Redeemer. It was rather the chamber of life than of death.

"Tread softly: bow the head: in reverent silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul is passing now.
O change, O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars;
This moment there so low in prayer, and now beyond the stars.
O change, stupendous change! There lies the senseless clod:
The soul from bondage breaks, the new immortal wakes and
walks with God."

Interesting funeral services were held on the 11th of April in the Bedford-street Methodist Episcopal Church, which were conducted by Bishop Janes, assisted by other ministers and members of the Conference. His remains were buried in Bethel, his native county.

During the following week a memorial service was held in the Cocksackie Church, in the presence of the people of his last charge, who gave ample testimony of their love to their late Pastor, and of their deep affliction in his death.

As a friend, Brother Breakey was true and confiding, and had a warm heart. Only those who were intimate with him knew the man. He was unassuming, and never crowded his claims upon the attention of others. As a minister of Jesus, he was intelligent, and most thoroughly devoted to his great work. In his preaching there was at times a little hesitation in his manner, but this was soon more than compensated for in the richness of the thoughts which he uttered. He was most emphatically an interesting preacher. As a Pastor, he was kind, and prudent, and faithful, and greatly beloved. Few men make firmer friends than did Brother Breakey. Some make them quicker, but none hold them longer. He never lost any by imprudence or unkindness. He was a true Christian, a very affectionate husband, and a valuable

minister of Jesus Christ. His removal is a great loss to his friends, to the Church, to the Conference, and to the world; but heaven gains what earth loses. Man is immortal. The dead shall be raised incorruptible. We shall see him again.

LORIN CLARK.

Lorin Clark was born Dec. 29, 1797, in Amentia, Dutchess County, N. Y., and died in Peekskill, Jan. 29, 1868. His parents were pious Baptists. He was awakened to solemn thoughtfulness and anxious concern about his eternal state in his nineteenth year, and restlessly sought from that time a satisfying scriptural evidence of his interest in the forgiving love of God. His description of these two great events, which were destined to be so influential in shaping his subsequent course, is as follows:

“I was awakened in rather a singular manner. Theron Osborn, who subsequently became a minister in the New York Conference, my brother Orrin, and myself, after we had attended church, stole away, and went on a fishing excursion in a small boat. While we were making ready Osborn looked up to me with a solemn, expressive look, and said, ‘What if the boat should upset and we all be drowned? What would become of us?’ As he was not a

professor of religion, and, for any thing I knew, a careless sinner, those words rang through me like the sound of the last trump. My amusement was spoiled, but through Divine mercy I was preserved. This solemn impression continued with me till I found pardon about three months after. I was going from dinner to the hay field. I went alone. When I came to a fence I knelt down and prayed. I wept unusually in my humble address to God, and had an uncommon freedom in my expressions. So I went on from fence to fence, praying, melting, and weeping; but all this time I was not aware of any special change. I did not so much as think my blessed Saviour was come to ease me of my long, lone, and oppressive burden of guilt. But so it was. When I had arrived at the hay field and commenced my labor, on a sudden, like the glow of a blazing meteor amid the darkness of the evening, all nature was lighted up with a beauteous glow and grandeur altogether supernatural; I raised my head, long cast down, and gazed on the fields, the forest, and the hills around me with a delight so new, so intense, so entrancing, that I was lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Subsequently he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and some time afterward went to an academy at Lenox, Mass., where he remained two years, with the inten-

tion of preparing himself for college. His first license to preach was granted to him while at school by the New Haven District Conference, and bears date Southbury, Conn., Oct. 5, 1824, Samuel Luckey, Presiding Elder.

The spring following he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference, held in Troy, and appointed to labor on the St. Alban's Circuit. His subsequent appointments were: Whitehall, 1826; Stowe, 1827, and ordained Deacon; 1828, Bridgeport; 1829, ordained Elder and appointed to Stowe; 1830-31, Amenia, his native town; 1832-33, Milan; 1834-35, Bedford; 1836-37, Rondout; 1838, Waterbury; 1839, Berlin, Conn.; 1840, Newington and Weathersfield; 1841, Peekskill; 1842, West Point and Phillips-town; 1843, Pine Plains; 1844, North East; 1845, Lapham's; 1846-47, Shrub Oaks; 1848-49, Bedford; 1850-51, Dutchess; 1852-53, Marlborough.

Much of this time his fields of labor were large, often requiring long rides between appointments, preaching three times on the Sabbath, and meeting two or three classes, which was then the rule and not the exception. There were also many discomforts, occasioned by the exposure and changes incident to the itinerancy, and, withal, the allowances for support were small, and but seldom paid in full. But none of these things moved him from his purpose of

preaching the Gospel during the space of twenty-eight years, which he did in season and out of season, generally with much acceptability, and frequently with marked success. In the spring of 1846 the writer united Lorin Clark in the marriage tie to Miss Ann Faurot, of Fort Montgomery, with whom he lived happily until death sundered the relation.

In the latter part of 1853 a severe attack of heart disease disqualified him for all further effective service in the ministry, and resulted in a change of his relation at the next session of the Conference. This done he removed his family to Peekskill, where he drew around him numerous friends, who esteemed and loved him for his many excellences and his long and faithful service in the ministry. As it was the pleasure of his heavenly Master to call his servant away suddenly from this mutable state, there were no utterances that fell from his lips expressive of his hope and trust in Christ, the Rock of Ages; but we remember that he had aforetime, before many witnesses, for more than half a century, testified his faith in the Saviour, his joy in the Holy Ghost, and his hope of a blessed immortality, confirming the same by a well-ordered life and a godly conversation, thereby leaving an indubitable evidence that he has entered into rest—"the palace of angels and God."

As a man, Brother Clark was guileless and magnanimous; in his friendships transparent and true. He possessed good natural abilities, a very respectable education, and a rich store of varied and useful knowledge that he knew how to use and apply; and withal he was modest of his attainments. As a Christian, his piety was unquestionable, and his charity embraced all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. As a minister he was well versed in theology, ecclesiastical history, and Church polity. His preaching was characterized and animated by zeal for God and love for the souls of men. It was plain and practical, often powerful, always extempore, after the manner of the fathers. And the record of his twenty-eight years of ministerial service, we doubt not, will show in the final day that not a few were saved through his instrumentality.

The morning of February 1st his remains were taken from the family dwelling to the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Peekskill, where suitable devotional exercises were led by the Rev. J. B. Wakeley, Presiding Elder, in which the congregation, with much solemn thoughtfulness, very feelingly joined. Some suitable remarks from the Presiding Elder and other brethren in the ministry followed, after which the body was removed to the vicinity of Fort Montgomery, on the west bank of the Hudson,

for interment, and laid by kind hands in the beautiful cemetery that overlooks its ever-flowing waters.

There sweet be his rest till the saints shall arise
To greet their Redeemer descending the skies.



NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE.



JESSE HUNT.

Jesse Hunt was born in Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., July 22, 1787. Through the faithful and pious instructions of his mother, who was a member of the Society of Friends, he was early impressed with the importance of salvation—a circumstance to which he often adverted with pleasure and gratitude. While he was yet quite young, his parents removed to the city of New York, where, through the preaching of the word, his religious impressions were much deepened, and he became a sincere and earnest inquirer for the way of life. When about fifteen years of age, he experienced a clear and undoubted evidence of acceptance with God, through Jesus Christ. He immediately connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in John-street, and continued a consistent and devoted member until 1809, when, be-

lieving himself called to the work of the ministry, he received a license to exhort, and shortly afterward a license to preach. In 1811 he joined the itinerancy, and in 1813 was received into full connection, and ordained Deacon by Bishop Asbury. In 1815 he was ordained Elder by Bishop M'Kendree. From the time of his admission in 1811, until the division of the New York Conference in 1848, a period of thirty-seven years, he labored with fidelity and success, oftentimes upon the most extensive and laborious circuits within the Conference. In June, 1848, he received his appointment to New Rochelle Circuit, within the bounds of the New York East Conference. In October, 1847, he left his circuit, accompanied by his wife and daughter, for the purpose of transacting some business, and visiting some of his friends. While at the village of Rhinebeck, N. Y., he was seized with a violent attack of dysentery. A council of physicians was called upon his case, and efforts were made to arrest his disease, but in vain; he lingered, often in excruciating pain, until the morning of November 5th, when he calmly fell asleep in Jesus. His experience during his illness being marked by steady communion with God, and perfect resignation to his holy will, presented a favorable and happy illustration of the power and peace of our holy religion.

Brother Hunt was modest and retiring in his deportment, and possessed amiable qualities of character. His piety was steady and unfeigned; he was faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his ministerial duties—plain, pointed, and practical in his sermons, and ardently attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He sought not his own glory, but the salvation of souls; and, conscious of his own impotency, he sanctified his efforts by faith and prayer. Not unfrequently he was honored with the manifest tokens of the Divine approbation; and several extensive and powerful revivals occurred under his ministrations.

ORLANDO STARR.

Orlando Starr was born in Danbury, Conn., where he experienced religion, when about twenty years of age, through the instrumentality of a pious brother. He joined the New York Conference on probation in 1832. During the time he held an effective relation to the Conference, he was a zealous and successful preacher. Simple and urgent in his appeals to sinners, many through his instrumentality were brought to Christ. Though reserved and diffident in his manner, he gave evidence of possessing a sound, discriminating mind, as well as a

warm, fervent spirit. He died in peace, April 24, 1849, in the town where he was born, aged forty-four years.

MOSES BLYDENBURGH.

Moses Blydenburgh was born in Islip, L. I., of eminently pious parents. He experienced religion when about fourteen years old, and was ever after an exemplary Christian. He was received on trial by the New York Conference in 1840. In each of the charges to which he was appointed, during his brief ministry, he gave evidence of devotion to his work—his preaching was earnest, and his pastoral labors faithful. Those who knew him will long remember the kindness of his heart, and the affability of his manners.

The circumstances of his death were striking and admonitory. He attended a camp-meeting held at East Granby, in the month of September, 1847, in his usual health. He was there taken sick of bilious fever; too sick to return to his home in Wolcottville. He was kindly entertained by Zophar Griffin, Esq., living near the camp-ground, at whose house he expired, after a few days' illness, in the thirty-first year of his age, in full hope of a blissful immortality.

ELIJAH WOOLSEY.

Elijah Woolsey was born July 26, 1771, in Marlborough, Ulster County, N. Y. His parents were pious; his mother especially was deeply devoted to God, and no doubt imparted to him early religious instruction. As a result, probably, of the piety and prayers of his parents, he was converted to God in his youth, and at twenty years of age entered the itinerant ministry, and was stationed on Cambridge Circuit.

In 1794 he volunteered his services for Canada. He was then but twenty-three years of age. Not only was the country which he had chosen as the field of his toil a new country, destitute of many of the comforts of civilized life, but the road to it for some hundreds of miles was an almost unbroken forest. His route lay up the Mohawk River to its source, thence down Wood Creek to Lake Ontario, and across the Lake into Canada. His companion in this missionary enterprise was the late James Colman. Their most feasible method of traveling was by canoe, and after incredible toil and hardship, sleeping from fifteen to twenty nights in the woods, they accomplished their journey. Here he labored with diligence and success for two years, and left a grateful memorial of himself in the hearts of the people. He continued to fill various circuits, stations, and districts,

often preaching under the influence of power from on high, and participating in many gracious revivals of religion, until 1835, when he was returned supernumerary, in which relation, that of a superannuate, he continued until his death, which occurred Jan. 24, 1850.

After desisting from the regular work of an itinerant minister, he chose for his residence Rye, Westchester County, N. Y., where he endeared himself to the people by preaching when able, assisting in the various social means of grace, and uniting in affectionate Christian intercourse. His decease was preceded by a long and gradual decline, during which he exhibited Christian resignation and cheerfulness, and his spirit often rejoiced in God his Saviour.

Father Woolsey was a man of great benevolence of character and amenity of manners. He seemed to have the happy art of attaching to himself his associates without effort on his part, and those attachments were lasting as life. He was a holy man, a good preacher, and he shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

WILLIAM DIXON.

William Dixon was the son of the Rev. William Dixon, a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and was born in England,

December 27, 1816. He received his education partly at Woodhouse Grove School. He appears to have been a seeker of religion in very early life. In 1834 he emigrated to the United States, and settled at Windsor, Conn. Soon after his arrival he obtained a clear sense of his acceptance with God. Soon after his conversion he felt it to be his duty to enter upon the work of the ministry. In 1840 he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher into the New York Conference, and appointed to Granby Circuit. In 1842 he was received into full connection, and appointed to Colebrook Circuit. In 1845 he was ordained an Elder and stationed at Litchfield. In 1848-49 he was stationed at Sag Harbor, L. I. From Sag Harbor he was removed to Hempstead, where he labored with great acceptability until his death.

Brother Dixon's sickness was of short duration. He was attacked with a malignant dysentery on Tuesday night, and died a little before nine of the Friday evening following. This was August 17, 1849. He was in the thirty-third year of his age, and in the ninth of his ministry.

Brother Dixon was a man of no ordinary character. As a preacher he was admired and successful. As a pastor he was faithful and beloved. His advice to a friend and brother minister just before his death is sufficiently indicative of his spirit, and explains the ground of his

ministerial success. "Preach Christ. Preach a full, a free, and a present salvation." His death was triumphant. His language a few moments before his departure was, "I am not afraid to die;" and repeating the words, he added, "The language I employed when God first converted my soul I can still use, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men.' Glory to God! *Glory to God!* GLORY TO GOD!" Thus died one in whose crown of rejoicing will be found many stars which shall shine amid the effulgence of the upper temple forever.

EZRA JAGGER.

Ezra Jagger was born at Southampton, L. I., February 27, 1806. In the twenty-sixth year of his age he experienced religion. Methodism had then no place in the parish where he resided, and he was obliged to go twenty miles to unite with the Church of his choice. Soon, however, a small class was organized, and he was appointed leader; through his efforts chiefly a neat church edifice was erected on his paternal estate. He was licensed as a Local Preacher October 12, 1833. He joined the New York Conference in 1834, and successively traveled the Circuits of Huntington, Hempstead, White Plains and

Greenburg, Westport, Weston and East Village, Burlington, Derby, Southold and Cutchogue, Farmingdale, Smithtown, and Huntington. About ten days before his death he was attacked with an ulcerated sore throat, attended with typhoid fever. Though suffering severely in his sickness he did not murmur, but said, "My work is all done." He died April 22, 1850, aged forty-four years. He was a man of strict integrity, of great benevolence, mild and unassuming in manner, and was most beloved where best known. He was eminently a man of prayer, and devoted to his Master's work, and many live to remember with gratitude, that through him they were led to the cross of Christ.

ELIJAH CRAWFORD.

Elijah Crawford was born in the city of New York in the year 1812. He was early instructed in the principles of piety, and at the age of about seventeen, in a revival at the Allen-street Church, he became awakened, and sought and found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. From this time forward he manifested an ardent piety, and from his desire to do good, and the acceptability of his public efforts, soon gave evidence that he was called of God to the work of the ministry.

He received license to preach in the Church where he had embraced the Saviour, and entered the traveling connection in the spring of 1835; in which he continued his labors without any intermission for nearly fifteen years, until he was called to his reward.

Brother Crawford was a man of deep and constant piety, of warm and cheerful temperament, firm in his purposes, and unflinching in his integrity. He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, in labors abundant, and every-where beloved by the people whom he served. He died of dysentery in the city of Hartford, September, 1849, declaring to his companion and friends who surrounded him, but a few moments before his death, that his work was done, and that it was the happiest hour of his whole life. So he departed to be with Christ.

STEPHEN OLIN.

Stephen Olin was born at Leicester, in the State of Vermont, on the 2d day of March, 1797. He was educated at Middlebury College, in his native State, where he graduated in 1820 with the highest honors of his class. Soon afterward he took charge of the Tabernacle Academy in the Abbeville District, S. C. While engaged in his duties as a teacher he was led to see his

need of Christ, and after a severe mental struggle, embraced him as his all-sufficient Saviour, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon he was moved of the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, and in the year 1824 he was admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference, by which he was appointed as junior preacher in the city of Charleston, where his labors were abundant, and God gave him many seals to his ministry. In 1826 he was elected Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of Georgia, and in 1832 he was called to the presidency of Randolph Macon College, in Virginia. He discharged the duties of these important stations with fidelity and success ; but in 1837, his health having failed, he was obliged to relinquish all professional duties. He made a voyage to Europe and the East, where he remained until 1841, and on his return published two volumes, entitled "Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land." In 1842 he was elected President of the Wesleyan University, and although in feeble health, and unable to reach his own high standard of duty, he gave ample satisfaction to the patrons of the institution, and gained for himself a high position among the scholars of the age.

In the early part of the summer of 1851 he was attacked with malignant dysentery, and was unable to be present at the annual meeting of

the Trustees of the College, or to attend the exercises on Commencement day. The mental anxiety consequent upon his unavoidable absence exasperated the disease. His sufferings were severe, but his soul was kept in perfect peace, and on the morning of the 15th of August he entered into rest.

It devolves not upon us to assign to our departed brother his position in the galaxy of the world's great men, nor does it become us to deal in language of unmeasured eulogy. We may be permitted, however, to say that in the death of Stephen Olin the republic of letters has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the Church militant has been bereaved of a most zealous, catholic-spirited, and eloquent champion, and the New York East Conference have lost the bright example of a brother beloved, whose faith may we follow, considering the end of his conversation : Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever !

BARTHOLOMEW CREAGH.

Bartholomew Creagh was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1804, and died in Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 10th of August, 1852. He was converted to God when about sixteen. Two years subsequently he came to this country. In 1827 he was received on trial in the

New York Conference. The list of appointments assigned him illustrates to some extent the high estimate set upon his talents. Once he filled the office of Presiding Elder, and twice was a delegate to the General Conference.

He was a brother greatly beloved. As a man, he was affable, affectionate, conscientious ; as a Christian, he could say, "It is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." His piety was blended with the closest self-scrutiny. His faith was clear and strong in the atoning and cleansing blood. His dispositions were evidently the fruit of the Spirit, and he shared largely the joy of the Holy Ghost. As a minister, he was among the very best models of ministerial excellence : in the pulpit the impressive, pathetic, and eloquent preacher ; in his pastoral labors, sympathizing, faithful, the son of consolation, a messenger of mercy. He died as we should expect Brother Creagh to die, searching his heart, resting upon Christ, and shouting in the victory given. His name is as ointment poured forth. He sleeps in Jesus. He lives in heaven.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE BANGS.

William M'Kendree Bangs was born in the city of New York in 1810, and died in New York city September 5, 1852. Often in his

youth was he impressed with the importance of becoming a Christian, and at times was much concerned about his soul, and prayed to God to have mercy on him, but never fully gave his heart to God till the summer of 1827. Soon after, in his seventeenth year, he was licensed to exhort, and the next year received license as a Local Preacher. He was then pursuing his studies in the University of Ohio, where he graduated at nineteen years of age with the highest honors. A proof of his ripe scholarship was his immediately being engaged as professor of languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. His mind now became strongly impressed with the duty of entering the Christian ministry; he therefore declined the offer of a lucrative professorship in another college. He returned home, and in 1831 was received on trial in the New York Conference. Feeble health, contracted during his literary studies, required him often to intermit his labors, and prevented that activity essential to extended usefulness.

Brother Bangs was not understood except by those who knew him intimately. It is not surprising that he was regarded as reserved, or even austere, by those who judged of him by his outward manner. But among his friends his intercourse was without restraint, social, and communicative.

He was endowed with rare gifts of mind, cul-

tivated by a liberal education and habits of reflection. His powers of analysis, reasoning, and judgment were of the highest order. His command of language, exhibited in the apt and expressive choice of words, was rarely equaled. His sermons bore the impress of a great mind, and were characterized by the simplicity, purity, and faithfulness of his design. Had he been unfettered by disease, he would have been placed in the most eminent positions, and by his death places have been made vacant which his mental capabilities qualified him to occupy. The last week of his life was passed in his father's family. His faith was precious. He has entered into rest.

WILLIAM K. STOPFORD.

William K. Stopford was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, July 9, 1809, and "fell asleep" June 25, 1852. By the blessing of God on his early training at the age of ten he gave satisfactory evidence that he had experienced the converting grace of God. For a few years he walked in newness of life. Under painful, unexpected, disappointing, and surprising reverses, he yielded to discouragement, lost his religious enjoyments, and fell into sin. Soon after he came to this country, when about eighteen years of age, on his way to Troy, an unknown friend

administered a faithful reproof. It was a word in season. From that moment he resolved to return to God. Immediately on his arrival he sought the Pastor of the Church, and was admitted on probation. Returning again to New York city, he united with the Church in Forsyth-street, having been returned to the joys of salvation. His course was now rapidly progressive. With brief intervals, he was called successively to the duties of Class Leader, Exhorter, and Local Preacher, and God counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry. In the winter of 1832 he was employed by the Presiding Elder to fill a vacancy in Sag Harbor. At the ensuing session of the New York Conference, 1833, he was received on trial. He graduated to orders with great credit to himself. In all the appointments assigned him—and most of them were highly responsible ones—he labored faithfully and successfully.

At our Conference of 1852 we were premonished that we should “never see his face again,” and wondered that one so evidently dying could be in attendance; that he would unremittingly toil in his duties as chairman of the stewards, which for many sessions had devolved on him; and most of all, that he should dream of taking an appointment. But he seemed to think only of the Church, of his family, and the reasons existing for labor. He kept at his work, trying

to do what he saw was needed to be done. But when conscious that he was no longer required to toil here, calmly and confidently he said, "My work is done." He rests from his labors, having finished his course with joy, and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus.

Brother Stopford was a man of variant feelings, but only to noble and generous impulses and sentiments could his mind settle. As a minister, he sought to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. In his relations as a Pastor, he was diligent and attentive. His worth and excellence will long be cherished by many to whom he was called to minister.

OLIVER SYKES.

Oliver Sykes was born in Suffield, Conn., 1778. He died in Stratford, in the same State, February 11, 1853. In his twenty-second year he received the forgiveness of his sins. In 1806 he was received on trial in the New York Conference. In 1810 he became superannuated, and most of the time continued in this relation till the close of his life. He was diligent in his Master's business to the extent of his ability. He was a good man, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He was a good preacher, and served his

God and his generation with great fidelity. His last sickness was severe and protracted ; he, however, suffered patiently. With an unclouded prospect before him, he took his departure for the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Brother Sykes was never married. His property, about \$2,500, he bequeathed to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the benefit of the China Mission. "The memory of the just is blessed."

ROBERT SENEY.

Robert Seney was born October 12, 1797. Accustomed from early years to attend upon the ministry, and being faithfully instructed by a most devoted mother, he was marked for his religious seriousness from his childhood. He graduated at Columbia College in 1817, and soon afterward made a decided profession of religion, and united himself to the Church. In 1820 he was received on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed to Greenville Circuit. He soon gave full proof of his ministry, and during after years filled with great acceptability almost every important appointment then within the bounds of the Conference. In 1852 he was placed upon the supernumerary list, and continued to preach until attacked by a paralytic

stroke in the left side. This attack, though it prevented his preaching, did not prevent his frequent attendance upon divine worship, in which he found increased comfort and support. On the 1st of July, 1854, he was attacked by a more violent stroke upon the right side; from this he could not rally, and calmly "fell asleep in Jesus."

Wherever Brother Seney has labored, his "praise is in all the Churches." As a preacher his style was clear, chaste, and forcible, and his labors were signally successful. As a Christian he was artless, affable, and faithful—the "man of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work." In the circle of his own home his every excellence was especially illustrated. His widow and five children—one son and four daughters—were all "partakers of like precious faith;" and all most clearly exemplified the religion which he preached with pathos, which he lived to adorn, and which, in his sufferings and dying, was his support, and hope of an exceeding great reward.

JOHN G. SMITH.

John G. Smith was born in Marlborough, Ulster County, N. Y., September 30, 1809, and died in Warwick, Orange County, N. Y., September 30, 1854, aged forty-five, having spent one

half his life in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While a youth he was placed to a trade; but such were his studious habits and aspiring ambition, that, while but a stripling, he left the mechanic's shop for the employment of a school-teacher. About this time he was led to enter the school of Christ as a learner, and became wise unto salvation, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon his gifts, grace, and usefulness in the cause of Christ became so apparent that the eyes of the Church were turned toward him as a young man of more than ordinary promise. At the age of twenty-two we find him authorized to preach, and employed on Sullivan Circuit, under the Rev. Marvin Richardson, who was then Presiding Elder of the Newburgh District. Although Sullivan Circuit at that time was large, and much of its extensive territory was new and wild, and most of the inhabitants comparatively poor, unable as yet to build churches, yet his voice was heard as he went from school-house to school-house, and from settlement to settlement, proclaiming a free, full, and present salvation from sin through faith in the blood of Christ. Here God gave him souls as seals to his ministry. At the close of this year he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference, and returned to Sullivan Circuit, where he labored acceptably another year.

Afterward his appointments were as follows: Rondout, one year; Montgomery, Rossville, Saugerties, each two years; New Windsor, one year; Middletown, Monroe, and Dutchess Circuit, each two years. At its ensuing session the New York Conference was divided, and Brother Smith was stationed at Willett-street Church, New York city, which appointment placed him in the New York East Conference. After spending two years at Willett-street, he labored two years at the Centenary Church, Brooklyn, and two years at the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in New Haven, Conn. Here his health failed in February, 1854, but being desirous to fill out the year, as Conference was to sit in May, he continued preaching as best he could until the 23d of April, when he preached his last sermon. After having tried medical aid in New Haven, and finding no permanent relief, on the 5th of July he left with his family and reached his brother-in-law's, in the town of Warwick, where he hoped to leave them while he should visit the Springs for his health; but he could proceed no further. Fatigued with his journey, and prostrated by increasing difficulties, he called in medical aid, and for a time, still hoped that he would recover. At this time the writer visited him, and found him feeble, but nevertheless cheerful, and hopeful of returning health.

On my next visit I found him much worse. He then believed that his work was done, and felt that he was prepared to die. Though he had desired to live for the benefit of the Church and his family, it now being clear to his mind that God was about to receive him, he acquiesced in the divine will, and made arrangements for his funeral and burial-place. He then expressed a desire that his family should be cared for in their coming bereavement, and next directed messages of love to his absent relatives, especially to his aged mother. This being done, he quoted the language of St. Paul to Timothy, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing,"—saying that he could fully adopt the language of the apostle. On speaking of the pain of being separated from those whom he loved on earth, he added, "But I expect to meet friends in heaven. I expect soon to meet a Creagh, a Stopford, a Smith, and others who have gone before." I then inquired of him in regard to the ground of his hope in heaven. He answered, "The atonement of Christ. This is a sufficient ground of hope. It

saves me. I am a sinner saved by grace." After praying with him I left, expecting to see him alive no more on earth; but he lingered a few days, and I saw him once more; but he was so weak that he could not raise his head from his pillow, neither had he sufficient strength to articulate, but gave assurance that all was well, and soon after fell asleep in Jesus. On Sunday afternoon, October 1, his remains were taken to the Methodist Episcopal Church at New Milford, where his funeral sermon was preached to a large and solemn congregation.

CHARLES BARTLETT.

Charles Bartlett, son of Rev. Horace Bartlett, was born in the city of New York, July 11, 1821. When about eighteen, on a public profession of religion, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Haven. After being a student in the Wesleyan University for nearly two years, he was placed by the Presiding Elder, Rev. B. Creagh, at Wolcottville. Brother Bartlett united with the New York Conference, and passed his probation and examination honorably. He had the confidence and respect of his brethren in all the places to which he had been appointed. He was the honored instrument of saving souls in every

field of labor. He was of a feeble constitution, and had been in declining health for some months previous to his death, so that he began to think of retiring from his favorite work of preaching the Gospel.

Brother Bartlett enjoyed the full confidence and respect of all his brethren in the ministry. Deeply conscientious, of strict integrity, and affable disposition, he adorned the Christian profession, and devoted himself to his pastoral avocation with great sincerity and zeal. As a husband, son, brother, and, for a little while, father, he was all to which the heart may venture to cling, always making home delightful by those traits that are the most conspicuous in the family circle.

The peculiar afflictions of Brother Bartlett affected his mind, so that he was thought to be in a state of mental depression, ending in insanity. He was laboring very acceptably at Darien at the time of his death, which occurred November 2, 1854. His remains were removed for interment to New Haven, where his venerable father resided. He was followed to his grave by all his official board, and many of his congregation from Darien, who most sincerely mourned over him. On the 12th November a sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Bangs to the stricken flock at Darien, and such was the respect of the community for him, that the Con-

gregational Church and their minister, Rev. Mr. Kenny, were present to express their grief on the occasion.

In concluding this brief notice, we would add a few lines from a letter that our departed brother wrote to his father a few days before his death: "The good Lord gave me a precious day yesterday, and I believe souls felt the force of divine truth. I feel more than ever the necessity of preaching for souls, for I frequently think I shall soon be deprived of the privilege, for I regard it as a 'privilege,' to call sinners to the Saviour. I feel that the good Lord is daily with me, though at times I feel quite depressed in spirits, yet have faith in God."

DAVID MILLER.

David Miller was born in New Hartford, Conn., November 24, 1792. His father, David Miller, Esq., was among the first who united with the Methodist Church in Litchfield County.

Brother Miller commenced his labors, as a probationer, in the New York Conference in 1816. His early labors were within the bounds of his own State, where he was esteemed as one of our ministerial pioneers.

As a preacher, Brother Miller was plain and practical, relying upon the power of the truth,

which he endeavored always to proclaim in the spirit of one "determined not to know any thing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Although he had his full share of feeble appointments, yet he always went to his work without a word of complaint. He was a man of good judgment, acting discreetly in his own affairs, and reliable in the counsel he gave to others.

For several years he was employed as chaplain in the State Prison at Wethersfield, giving full satisfaction because of his fidelity and sympathy.

At the session of the Conference in 1855 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Hartford District, the duties of which position he performed faithfully, usefully, and acceptably until the day of his death. On the 26th of December of that year, having just alighted from his carriage in Bristol, Conn., a sudden attack of apoplexy prostrated him to the earth, and in a few moments his spirit departed. Thus solemnly are we admonished to "be also ready." Though his departure was in the "twinkling of an eye," yet we believe, from the purity of his life, the meekness of his spirit, and the consistent testimony of his faith, that he was suddenly caught up to share the glory of the Lord.

PARMELE CHAMBERLIN.

ParmeLe Chamberlin was born at Dalton, Berkshire County, Mass., August 11, 1801. At the early age of sixteen he experienced religion, and preached his first sermon when but eighteen years of age. With great energy he devoted himself to a preparation for the ministry, and was admitted on trial in the New York Conference in 1823. In the various appointments where he labored, some of which were among the more important, he sustained the character of an instructive and useful preacher, a faithful Pastor, and an exemplary Christian. Where best known he was most affectionately respected. As a friend, he was ever reliable; as a man, he evinced great integrity of character, and in his personal intercourse was affable to all.

During his ministry he suffered from no less than eight attacks of quinsy, the last of which was in 1855. This illness was succeeded by the malady which terminated his life. His mind becoming much impaired, he retired from his work, and in the spring of 1855 removed to Morristown, N. J. Subsequently he was placed under eminent medical treatment at Trenton, N. J., and after an absence of some five months, returned home considerably improved. This improvement, however, was only transient, as

in a short time a reaction manifested itself, and his health broke down again, while he became extremely desponding. In March, 1856, he returned to Trenton to have the treatment of his former physician. His system gradually yet perceptibly sank under the severity of his malady. In his last days the lucid intervals were but few and brief. These moments, however, were sufficient to show the unbroken power of his faith in God.

His sufferings terminated on the 6th of June, when his spirit departed to that rest which he had lived to portray to others, and of which he ever entertained a lively hope in his own heart. His remains were conveyed to the residence of his family in Mendham, N. J. A number of his friends from his former charge in Second-street, New York, accompanied by their Pastor, Rev. C. Shelling, evinced their respect and sympathy by their presence at his funeral. The occasion was also improved by a sermon by Rev. Bishop Janes. He sleeps in Jesus.

JOHN MORRIS PEASE.

John Morris Pease was born in Columbia County, in the State of New York, in the year 1811, and was admitted into the traveling connection in 1834. He filled with acceptability

various appointments until the year 1847, when sickness compelled him to take a supernumerary relation, and the three following years his name is found upon the superannuated list. In 1851, his health being partially restored, he accepted an agency for the Colonization Society, in whose service he continued, with the exception of a short interval devoted to the Brooklyn Home Mission, until his death, which occurred at the residence of the Rev. B. I. Ives,* at Auburn, N. Y., on September 29, 1856. He left a widow, the daughter of the Rev. N. White, of his Conference, and five children.

He was an able preacher, and in most of the places where he labored the Lord gave him seals to his ministry. By the Society in whose service he spent the latter years of his life, he was held in high esteem as an eloquent and zealous friend of the cause of colonization. That Society has had few more successful agents, none more devoted and untiring.

He was called upon to meet death away from relatives; but kind friends ministered unto him; and although clouds and darkness, temptations and doubts, for a season gathered about him in that last struggle, we have the assurance that suddenly, through the influence of wrestling, struggling prayer, light broke upon the soul, and he was heard to exclaim joyfully, "I've conquered at last! I've conquered at last!"

EBENEZER WASHBURN.

Ebenezer Washburn was born in Worcester County, Mass., October, 1772. He united with the New York Conference in 1801, and, with the exception of three years, continued in an effective relation until 1843. But few men have sustained themselves so long in public life with greater consistency of character, humility, piety, and zeal. He was an able and successful preacher of the Gospel of Christ, and was universally respected and beloved. He died in peace December 29, 1857, at Racine, Wis.

HORACE BARTLETT.

Horace Bartlett was born in Portland, Conn., January, 1793, and died in New Haven, Conn., February 3, 1858. He experienced religion in 1814, and joined the New York Conference in 1822. His religious life was characterized by high integrity and uniform piety. As a minister, he loved his work, and in it had considerable success. Amid the pains and prostration of a protracted illness, he exhibited an entire submission to the Divine will, unfailing confidence in his Saviour, and joyous hope of heaven.

MITCHELL B. BULL.

Mitchell B. Bull was a native of Ireland. He experienced religion in his fourteenth year, and in 1803 he united with the New York Conference. He was ever active and useful in the Church, a man of sterling integrity, an able and earnest preacher. But in consequence of ill health he was compelled to retire, after sustaining an effective relation eight years. During his last severe illness his mind was clear, calm, and cheerful—rich in patience, faith, and hope. As evidence of attachment to the Church and his ministerial brethren, he bequeathed nine thousand dollars to various religious and benevolent institutions.

SAMUEL W. SMITH.

Samuel W. Smith was born and converted in England. At the early age of nineteen he began to preach the Gospel, and in 1834 joined the itinerant ministry. As a man and a Christian, he was most loved by those who knew him best; as a preacher, he was instructive and edifying. His last illness was brief but severe, yet his mind was peaceful and serene. A short time before his death he remarked, "This is a wonderful day; heaven and earth have come

very near together." "Jesus is very, very precious; he is my Saviour." In this state of mind he fell asleep in Jesus March 16, 1858, being in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his ministry.

SAMUEL WARREN LAW.

Samuel Warren Law, son of the Rev. Joseph Law, of the New York East Conference, was born in Marlborough, Ulster County, N. Y., November 1821. In his fourteenth year he made a public profession of religion. His conversion was clear. In 1841 he entered the itinerancy. He had many excellences and was an able and successful minister. His death, which occurred April 28, 1857, was such as his life had promised—calm, confiding, and peaceful.

JOSEPH FARGHER.

Joseph Fargher was born in the Isle of Man. He was converted to God in his youth, and commenced his ministerial work at the age of nineteen. He was received on trial in the New York East Conference in 1855, and preached Christ faithfully, acceptably, and successfully. On the first of June, 1857, while conversing on

the power and preciousness of that Gospel he was sent to preach, he suddenly fell back into the arms of a friend, and, without a struggle or groan, ceased at once to work and live.

JOHN NIXON.

John Nixon was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, April, 1789. His parents were converted under the preaching of Rev. John Wesley. He was much addicted to the reading of the Scriptures in his youth, and at this period of his life experienced justifying grace. He soon commenced praying and exhorting in public, and after a time was employed to fill vacancies for the traveling preachers. He was finally appointed to a circuit, and traveled four or five years. He emigrated to this country in 1820, and preached in Connecticut, under the Presiding Elder, until the next session of the New York Conference, when he was admitted on trial. For the term of about twenty years he continued in the regular work, filling many appointments on circuits with various success. For a number of years he had been on the superannuated list, and in gradually declining health. A few months before his death he buried an affectionate wife, after which his decay was more rapid. On the 18th of Decem-

ber, 1859, he died at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Liddington, Caroline, Tompkins County, N. Y., in the seventy-first year of his age and the forty-fifth of his ministry. "He was," says his brother, "sensible to the last, and died extremely happy."

JOSEPH D. MARSHALL.

Joseph D. Marshall died in Brooklyn, January 9, 1860. He was born in Stamford, Conn., in November, 1804. His parents were members of the Congregational Church. While but a child, his amiability and love of prayer led many who knew him to call him "the pious boy." At about the age of nineteen he went to the village of Peekskill, and engaged as clerk with a mercantile firm of that place. In this service he exhibited such capacity and fidelity for four years, that when, at the close of that period, he proposed to enter the itinerant ministry, his employers, to retain him, offered to receive him as a partner of the firm. He was converted when about twenty years old, and immediately exhibited his zeal and the genuineness of his piety in improving his gifts at every opportunity to advance the cause of Christ. Very soon after his conversion he was impressed with the belief that God had called him to preach

the word, and though very promising worldly inducements were offered him to remain in mercantile life, he conferred not with flesh and blood. He joined the New York Conference in 1827, and was appointed for two successive years to Kingston Circuit. It was an eight-weeks circuit, requiring much labor, and he saw as the fruit of his labors large additions to the Church. He organized Sabbath-schools in all parts of the circuit, and many hundred children were gathered into them. In 1829 he was appointed to New Paltz Circuit. In 1830 and 1831 he was stationed at Flushing. They were years of considerable ministerial success. In 1832 he was transferred to the Troy Conference, and for two years was on St. Albans Circuit, and for one year each at Peru, at Charlotte and Shelburne, and at Wesley Chapel, Albany. In the spring of 1837 he was retransferred to the New York Conference, and appointed to Windham Circuit, and the following year, 1838, to Sag Harbor. During his labors at Sag Harbor his health failed, and in the spring of 1839 he took a superannuated relation. His health improving, the ensuing fall he began effective service again on Spencertown Circuit, and at the next Conference was reappointed to the same charge. In 1841 he was appointed to Hudson. Again his health failed, and he was compelled the following year to be returned superannuated. At

the Conference in 1843 he was once more in the effective ranks, and was successively appointed to Goshen, Conn., for two years, to Birmingham for one year, to Reading for two years, and to New Canaan for two years. In the autumn of the second year at New Canaan his health again failed, and from the ensuing Conference to the time of his death he held a superannuated relation, and has resided in Brooklyn, known in all the churches around, and beloved by all who knew him.

Brother Marshall's success and character as a minister of Christ is well proved by the many that he gathered in the Churches, and the respect and affection that he secured in all his charges. Many hundreds in "that day" will rise up to call him blessed. His industry and perseverance were only limited by the attainment of the good results at which he aimed. He combined with great catholicity to all Christians, an ardent love and devotion to his own Church. He magnified his office as a Pastor in all the Churches committed to his care. He was a devoted husband and parent, and no sacrifices or efforts that he could make for the comfort and honor of his family were considered too great. He was characterized for his equanimity of disposition, and the pure tone of his devotional and experimental piety. He was confined to the house by his last sickness less

than three weeks. During much of this time his physical sufferings were intense, yet not one word of complaint escaped him. Often he declared his faith in Christ as "a full Saviour," "a present Saviour," "a good hope," and "precious." In view of his approaching death he said, "We're nearing the heavenly world," "all things work together for good," and at the last quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

NICHOLAS WHITE.

Nicholas White was born in Middletown, Rutland County, Vt., June 8, 1786, and died in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., February 14, 1861. He became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1810, was licensed to exhort in 1811, was received on trial in the New York Conference in 1813, and appointed to the Plattsburgh Circuit, and continued there in 1814. In 1815 he was ordained Deacon, and appointed to the Charlotte Circuit. During this year he was stricken down with a pulmonary attack. The bleeding from his lungs was so profuse and obstinate that for months but little hope was entertained of his recovery. He held the relation of supernummate during the year 1816-17, and was appointed to the Charlotte Circuit in the year 1818-19; in 1820 he

traveled the St. Albans Circuit ; 1821-22, New Windsor ; 1823, Newburgh ; 1824, New Paltz ; 1825, Dutchess ; in 1826-27 he was stationed in the city of New York ; 1828-29, Mount Pleasant Circuit ; 1830-31, Cortlandt ; 1832, Reading ; 1833, Saugatuck ; and in 1834, Dutchess again. From 1835 to 1838 inclusive he was Presiding Elder on the Delaware District, and in 1839 was Presiding Elder on the White Plains District, and from 1840 to 1843 inclusive was Presiding Elder on the Poughkeepsie District. During the years 1844-45 he was at the Asbury Charge, city of New York ; 1847-48, Eighteenth-street, New York city ; 1848-49, Newtown, L. I. ; 1850-51, Carlton Avenue, in the city of Brooklyn ; and in 1852-53, Dean-street Charge, same city. While on this charge he buried his beloved wife, and here he closed his effective labors as an itinerant preacher. In 1854 he was again superannuated, and in this relation he continued until his Master called him home. He was twice a representative of the New York Conference in the General Conference.

Brother White was a good man. The writer of this commenced his special acquaintance with him in May, 1818, as his assistant on the Charlotte Circuit in Vermont, and was his assistant again on the St. Albans Circuit in 1820 ; has followed him in other fields of labor, and never

yet heard a whisper against his moral or Christian character, but, on the contrary, has uniformly heard him spoken of as a true disciple, a sincere and devoted follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

He was a Methodist from principle, and heartily subscribed to its doctrines, and conscientiously conformed to its discipline, yet was truly catholic in spirit and practice, loving, and in every reasonable way manifesting his love, to all who bore the image and performed the work of his divine Master.

As a Methodist preacher, he was orthodox, animated, ardent, successful, and loyal; heartily acknowledging the authority of the General Conference to make rules and regulations for the edification and government of the Church. Like a true son in the Gospel, he yielded implicit obedience to authority, and cheerfully kept, without attempting to mend, the rules of the Church. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

NOBLE W. THOMAS.

Noble W. Thomas, long honored of God, and blessed of the people, died in the triumphs of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, at Hemp-

stead, L. I., on the 12th of May, 1860, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Brother Thomas was born December 5, 1781, in New Brunswick, N. J. His father was Rev. Samuel Thomas, who for many years served God and his generation well in the active labors of the itinerant ministry in a day when the term itinerant had a meaning.

The subject of our memoir was converted to God in the year 1797, and entered the arduous field of the ministerial labor of that pioneering age of Methodism in the year 1803, in the New England Conference. His first appointment was to Providence, R. I., to which place he journeyed all the way on horseback from his native State, New Jersey. To use his own words, descriptive of those early days of Methodist preaching, "We lived most of the time on horseback, and carried all we were worth in our saddle-bags." In 1804 he went on the Pomfret Circuit, Conn., and in 1805 he was admitted into full connection and ordained Deacon, and appointed to the Tolland Circuit. The next year he was transferred to the New York Conference, and appointed to the Cambridge Circuit. In 1807 he was ordained Elder, and appointed to Pittsfield, after which he traveled successively the Circuits of Reading, Middletown, New Rochelle, Jamaica, L. I., Sag Harbor, L. I., Cortlandt, Dutchess, Rhinebeck,

Jamaica, L. I., (a second time,) Croton, and again, a second time, at New Rochelle, Stamford, Conn., Suffolk, L. I., and here the most powerful revival of religion attended his earnest labors, with which his useful life was blessed. And to the latest period of his life he loved to repeat the story of "the wonderful struggle he had with the powers of darkness" on an occasion of a protracted meeting, when in an agony of prayer he exclaimed, "Give me victory or give me death!" when suddenly the power of the Most High overshadowed the assembly, and it seemed as if the place where they were met was shaken to the foundation. His next appointment was to Hempstead, L. I., and which now embraced what was formerly Jamaica Circuit, thus really being appointed a third time to this field of labor. Again in 1830-31 he was appointed a second time to Mount Pleasant, and the two following years to New Windsor.

In 1834 he received his last appointment at Saugatuck. Here his health failing, he took, at the following Annual Conference, a superannuated relation, which he maintained until the time of his death. Having spent thirty-two years of active labor, the remaining twenty-five years of his life were passed in exemplifying the great grace of contentment, in the retirement of private life; cheered, however, by the faith-

ful companionship of one who had solaced his ministry almost from the time of his entering upon it, until the day of his death. His end was just such as described by the inspired penman : "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

PHINEAS COOK.

Phineas Cook was born in Greenfield, Mass., March 10, 1784; experienced religion in Barre, Vt., May, 1800, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in June following; was licensed to preach, and recommended to the New York Conference, from Vershire Circuit, as a proper person to be admitted as a traveling preacher. He was admitted on trial at the Conference held at Ashgrove, Cambridge, N. Y., July 1, 1803. He was received into full connection and ordained Deacon in 1805, and ordained Elder in 1807. His parents were among the first fruits of Methodist preaching, and their house became not only the home of the preachers, but the place for public worship; so that young Phineas was well acquainted with the peculiarities, trials, and reproaches of Methodism. His conversion was clear, his piety sincere and earnest, and marked with those traits of activity that commended him to the confidence and affection of

his brethren. He was naturally of a warm and lively temperament, with an open heart and generous frankness, and great kindness, which rendered him an agreeable companion.

Brother Cook's preaching talent was respectable both for variety and strength. He was a faithful laborer, useful and acceptable in the various fields of his work, whether in the country or city, on circuits or stations. He had his full share of the toils and trials of the early itinerants, and continued some forty years an effective preacher; and when health failed he was placed upon the superannuated list, and retained the confidence and affection of his brethren until he was called to his final reward. He died at Mechanicsville, N. Y., May 26, 1861, in fellowship with the Church, in peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ, and in hope of a glorious immortality and eternal life.

JOHN J. MATTHIAS.

John J. Matthias departed this life September 25, 1861, in Tarrytown, the place of his birth and early childhood. His father was for many years a valued minister among us. John J. Matthias was admitted on trial in the New York Conference in 1817. He was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference in 1831. In 1836 he

was stationed at Nazareth Church, in the city of Philadelphia. During this year his health failed, and at the next Conference he took a superannuated relation. While sustaining this relation, the Pennsylvania and New York Colonization Societies appointed him Governor of Bassa Cove, on the west coast of Africa, where he continued about a year, filling the station of governor with ability and usefulness, and to the satisfaction of the societies. In 1842 he became effective, and was transferred to the New York Conference, in which relation he continued until 1852, which year he passed as supernumerary. In 1853 he was effective. In 1854 he was obliged to superannuate; but at the ensuing Conference his relation was changed to effective, and in 1855 he was appointed chaplain to the Seaman's Friend Retreat on Staten Island. He was well adapted to the duties of this position, and was held in the highest esteem by the officers and managers of that institution. His enfeebled health compelled him to resign his chaplaincy in 1858 and to ask for a superannuated relation.

In all his work he was punctual and patient, firm and affectionate, sparing no labor or sacrifice to promote the cause of God and the comfort of his brethren. As a Presiding Elder he was much beloved. "He was a high-minded, intelligent, and honorable man," of refined

taste, delicate feelings, with dignified and affable manners. He was faithful as a pastor, and particularly devoted to the interests of the Sabbath-school. He was often truly eloquent in preaching, and exceedingly happy in his illustrations.

His last illness was brief but painful. One night, amid his sufferings, he requested his wife to repeat to him the lines,

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”

He remarked, “How beautiful!” On the day of his death he said to Mrs. Matthias, among other words of consolation, “If disembodied spirits are permitted to return to this world I will love to be with you.” About midnight he entered into rest. The Sabbath but one before his death he preached his last sermon from the text, “And there shall be no more death.”

JOSEPH LAW.

Joseph Law was born in Washington County, N. Y., on the 10th of October, 1798. He was converted to God at Newburgh in the year 1815, and admitted on trial in the New York Conference in 1830, having previously served the Church eight years as a Local Preacher.

He had not the advantages of early education, but, by diligent study and unwearied perseverance, he qualified himself for extensive usefulness in the Church. The larger portion of his ministerial life was spent in various appointments in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, having been in charge of Second-street, Duane-street, Sullivan-street, and Cherry-street, in the former, and of the Centenary Church, York-street, South Third-street, Franklin Avenue, Dean-street, and Warren-street, in the latter. Among the other appointments which he filled were New Haven First and New Haven Second Church, Hartford, and Winstead, Conn., and Hempstead, L. I. During the latter years of his ministry he was occupied almost constantly in the work of church building, five of the largest church edifices in the city of Brooklyn having been erected under his supervision. As a laborer in the vineyard of our Lord he was diligent and faithful; as a preacher, eminently practical and successful; sound as a theologian; and as a pastor, watchful and beloved.

At the session of 1861 it was evident that his work was almost done, and he received a superannuated relation. Less than two months thereafter, namely, on the 11th of June, he died of typhoid fever in the city of Brooklyn. On his dying bed he frequently requested the

sorrowing friends around him to sing; and a little before his spirit departed, as they were singing these lines from one of his favorite hymns,

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie,”

his eye kindled with rapture, and he gave the whispered assurance, “All is well.”

JACOB SHAW.

Jacob Shaw died at Redding, Conn., in April, 1861. He joined the itinerant ministry in the New York Conference in 1831, and from that time until within a few years of his death occupied various stations and circuits in the New York and New York East Conferences with success and great acceptability to the people. He was a man of superior mind and attainments, and of large and varied information, but so singularly retiring and unostentatious in his manner and habits as perhaps to be unappreciated by the merely casual observer. He was a genial companion, a true and constant friend, guileless as a child; and those who knew him best loved him most. As a Christian minister, he approved himself to God, “a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the

word of truth." His preaching was clear, cogent, and instructive, often rising into the region of high and impressive philosophic thought. In 1858 he retired from the itinerancy to the village of New Rochelle, the scene of his last two years' labor, and thence came in the spring of 1859 to the rural village of Redding, where, twenty years before, he had dispensed the word of life to a loving people. His fellow-citizens soon showed their confidence in him, in appreciation of his talents, by electing him to represent them in the State Legislature.

The winter of 1860-61 found him laboring hard "to provide things honest in the sight of all men" on his little farm; in a common school through the week; preaching at a distance from home on the Sabbath; but his labors were beyond the power of endurance of his failing energies. A violent stroke of sickness laid him low on what proved his deathbed, and, from the first, paralyzed his faculties. In the earliest part of his affliction he expressed a calm and hopeful trust and confidence in God and his providence; but in the latter part his mind wandered until it sank down into unconsciousness, and little by little "the weary wheels of life stood still." But although "he died and gave no sign," yet his constant Christian life assured his safe and Christian death; he had walked uprightly before God and man, and that

God who had given him grace would give him glory also.

The funeral services were attended by persons of all classes and denominations, while the addresses of his Presiding Elder and the brethren from the surrounding charges made the solemn occasion one to be long and deeply remembered.

CHARLES REDFIELD.

Charles Redfield was born in Clinton, Conn., December 2, 1820. At the age of fifteen he was powerfully moved by the Holy Spirit under the labors of Orlando Starr, and in his lone room, while pleading with God, he received the clear evidence of adoption into his family. The year following he sought and obtained the witness of perfect love. On the 2d of December, 1850, while a student at Wilbraham Academy, he received license to exhort, and the March following he was licensed to preach.

After the death of his widowed mother, at the session of 1858 he was received on trial in the New York East Conference, and was stationed at Cutchogue, L. I., and the year after at Mattituck and Jamesport. At the Conference of 1860 he was admitted into full connection, ordained Deacon, and was appointed to Norwich and Oyster Bay, where his labors terminated.

On the 24th of October, 1861, in his own family circle, he spoke of the delights of the heavenly country, and expressed joyful hopes of soon reaching the blessed shore. The same day he went out to visit some of the members of his flock, apparently in perfect health; but as he was returning in the dusk of the evening the messenger met him, and there the struggles of life closed. Thus in the vigor of manhood, and in the midst of usefulness, he was suddenly translated to the realms of bliss. In the language of another we may say, "Few have been blest with such a death."

Brother Redfield was a devoted friend, an earnest Christian, and a faithful pastor. His motto was, "Holiness to the Lord," and his life exemplified the doctrine.

NATHAN BANGS.

Nathan Bangs was born in the town of Stratford, Conn., May 2, 1778. When about thirteen years old he accompanied his elder brother a hundred and fifty miles on foot, "the vanguard" of his family, emigrating to Stamford, Delaware County, New York, which was then on the western frontier of the settlements of the State. There he became a school-teacher and surveyor, and in the grand solitudes of the native wilder-

ness formed studious and meditative habits which richly contributed to the development of his intellect and character. The pioneer itinerants of Methodism early penetrated that remote region, and under their occasional ministrations his mind was profoundly awakened to the importance of religion. He sought relief to his troubled spirit in travel, and in 1799 emigrated to Upper Canada, where, after years of mental struggle, he was again met by the Methodist itinerants, and in the twenty-second year of his age passed from death unto life, under the ministrations of Rev. Joseph Sawyer, whose name is still precious in Canada and in this Conference, and whose remains rest within our territorial boundaries. He suffered severe persecution for his new faith; his school was broken up, and he was threatened with personal violence and with expulsion from the settlement. Providentially these trials confirmed his good resolutions and led him at last into the itinerant ministry. In the month of August, 1801, about one year after he had joined the Church, and three months after he had received license to exhort, "I sold," he writes, "my surveyor's instruments to a friend whom I had taught the art, purchased a horse, and rode forth to sound the alarm in the wilderness; taking no further thought what I should eat or drink, or where-withal I should be clothed."

During about seven years he braved the hardships of the itinerancy in those boreal regions; traveling long circuits, sleeping on the floors of log-cabins or in the woods, fording streams, sometimes at the peril of his life, carrying with him food for himself and his horse, and eating his humble meals beneath the trees which sheltered him by night, preaching almost daily, facing wintry storms through unsettled tracts of land forty or fifty miles in extent, and suffering attacks of the epidemic diseases of the country, which sometimes brought him to the verge of the grave. He seldom received fifty dollars a year during these extreme labors and sufferings. He was sometimes assailed by mobs; his life was imperiled by the conspiracy of persecutors to waylay him in the woods by night; but he never faltered. He formed several new circuits and many societies; he preached from the westernmost settlement on the Thames River, opposite Detroit, to Quebec, and on leaving the country, records that he had proclaimed his message in every city, town, village, and nearly every settlement of Upper Canada.

The events of this period of his history, of which he has left ample records, present some of the most interesting illustrations of the primitive Methodist itinerancy, and of the early frontier life of the country, that our Church biography has afforded; but they cannot be

cited here. It has been deemed proper that his eminent services to the Church should have a fuller record in another form, and we content ourselves with a rapid glance at the remainder of his remarkable career.

In 1802 he was admitted to the New York Conference, which then included most of the settled portions of the State of New York, all the State of Connecticut west of the Connecticut River, western Massachusetts and Vermont, and stretched over the Canadas from Quebec, to the settlements opposite Detroit. In 1804 he was ordained by Bishop Asbury to both Deacons' and Elders' orders, and sent, through incredible hardships, a missionary to the Thames River. In 1808 he returned to the States, and was appointed to Delaware Circuit, N. Y. In 1809 he was sent to Albany Circuit; in 1810 to New York city; 1812 he was reappointed to Montreal, Canada, but the war with Great Britain rendered it impossible for him to reach that city. In 1813 he was appointed Presiding Elder of Rhinebeck District, which then extended from Rhinebeck through Dutchess County and Massachusetts to Pittsfield, and through Connecticut to Long Island Sound. This territory is now covered by six districts; it then had but three chapels, and not one parsonage; he lived to see it studded with commodious churches and comfortable homes for its preachers. In 1817 he was reap-

pointed to the New York District. The General Conference of 1820 elected him Book Agent. In 1824 it appointed him Agent and Editor; in 1828 Editor of the "Christian Advocate and Journal;" in 1832 Editor of the "Methodist Quarterly Review." His services in these various appointments at the Book Concern were of inestimable value. He may indeed be pronounced the founder of that great institution in its present effective organization. At the time of his appointment to its agency it was sinking under debt; it was comprised in a small bookstore on John-street; it had no premises of its own, no printing-press, no bindery, no newspaper; under his administration it was provided with them all. His co-officers in the establishment, especially Dr. Emory, contributed greatly to these improvements, but without impairing the historical precedence and pre-eminence of his services.

In 1836 he was elected by the General Conference Missionary Secretary. It would be impossible, within the restricted limits of our obituary, to even glance at his many services in this great interest of the denomination. His name is forever identified with it, on the brightest page of the Church's history.

In 1841 he was elected President of the Wesleyan University; in 1842 he was appointed to Second-street Church, New York; in 1844 to

Greene-street Church ; in 1846 to Sands-street Church, Brooklyn ; from 1848 to 1851 he had charge of the New York District ; in 1852 he took his place in the venerable ranks of the superannuated veterans. He had served the Church faithfully fifty-one years, receiving from its official authorities fifty consecutive appointments. He spent twenty-nine years in the pastoral work, eight in the book agency, eight in Church editorship, four in the missionary secretaryship, and two in the presidency of the Wesleyan University.

Such is a rapid glance at the career of this great and good man—a representative man of not only the Methodism, but of the general Protestantism, of the New World. By his talents, or by accidental or providential circumstances, he had a primary or initial agency in the great interests and advancements of American Methodism, which must ever make his name prominent in its history. He was the founder of the Church, as has been observed, in several parts of Canada, including the city of Quebec ; he assisted in the organization of the Delegated General Conference ; he was the founder of our periodical literature, by procuring, through the General Conference, the revival of the “Methodist Magazine ;” he was the founder of the Conference course of study, by originating the act of the General Conference

of 1816, which ordained it ; also, in a sense, of the modified course of four years, to a motion for which in the session of 1832 his name is attached, though it was not adopted till 1844. He was one of the founders of our present system of educational institutions, by the establishment of the Wesleyan Seminary on Crosby-street, New York, which, with that of New-market, N. H., now at Wilbraham, Mass., began our modern system of literary institutions years after the abandonment of the educational plans of Coke and Asbury.

He was the first man to open the columns of our General Conference periodicals for the advocacy of institutions for the theological education of our ministry. He was our first resident missionary secretary, the first clerical editor of our General Conference newspaper, the first editor of our "Quarterly Review," and for many years the chief editor of our "Monthly Magazine" and book publications. He may be pronounced the founder of the American literature of Methodism, and he wrote more volumes in illustration or defense of the Church than any other man. He became its recognized historian. He was one of the founders of our Missionary Society ; he wrote its Constitution, its first circular to the Conferences, its first appeal to the Churches, presided at its first public meeting, and during more than twenty years wrote all its

annual reports. While its resident secretary he devoted to it all his energies, conducting its correspondence, planning its mission fields, seeking missionaries for it, preaching for it in the churches, and representing it in the Conferences.

It will be monumental of his memory in all lands to which its beneficent agency may extend, and if no other public service could be attributed to him, this alone would render him a principal historic character of American Methodism, if not, indeed, of American Protestantism. It has been justly said that few men, if any, have longer or more successfully labored to promote those great interests of his denomination which have given it consolidation and permanence; that no one has, in our days, embodied in himself more of its history; no one has linked so much of its past with its present; that he ranks next to Asbury in historical importance in the Church. The facts of such a man's life are the best exponents of his character.

His whole nature was vigorous: he was robust in intellect, in soul, and in body. In his prime he was a weighty preacher, a powerful debater, an energetic and decisive, if not an elegant, writer. He was a steadfast friend, a staunchly loyal Methodist, a charitable and truly catholic Christian.

He had his faults, and, like every thing else

in his strong nature, they were strongly marked. But if he was abrupt sometimes in his replies, or emphatic in his rebukes, no man was ever more habitually ready to retract an undeserved severity, or acknowledge a mistake. This excellence was as common with him as it is rare with most men.

For about ten years after his superannuation he went in and out among our metropolitan Churches, venerated and beloved as a chief patriarch of Methodism. As he approached the grave, his character seemed to mellow into the richest maturity of Christian experience. His favorite theme of conversation and preaching was "entire sanctification." He at last fell asleep in Christ, with many utterances of peace and assurance, aged eighty-four years and one day.

JAMES H. PERRY.

James H. Perry died June 18, 1862. He had for several days suffered from a slight attack of intermittent fever, but on the day of his death appeared to be better. Two of his friends had left him, about half past two o'clock in the afternoon of the eighteenth, reclining upon a sofa, and in unusually good spirits. He had spoken much of the pleasure he anticipated from a visit to his family and home. "Soon after," says

one of his fellow-soldiers, "I left the room Captain Strickland entered and engaged in conversation with him, the Colonel still remaining on the sofa, writing in his diary meanwhile. The Captain looked away from him a moment, and on turning his eyes toward him again at once saw that he was unconscious. Help was immediately called. He was removed to the bed and placed in an easy position, but all was of no avail.

"His diary, which had fallen from his hand when he was on the sofa, contains his last written words: 'I have been quite sick, but am slowly improving, and much better to-day.' The surgeons pronounced it a clear case of apoplexy, and their opinion is doubtless correct. Writing to you, I need not dwell on the noble character and manly traits of our friend. These are written on our memories, and can never be effaced. On the Forty-eighth the blow fell with double force. We had all learned not only to regard our Colonel as a gallant and able leader, but to love him as a father and a friend. On the day of his death there was not a dry eye in the whole command, and the stillness was like that of the grave."

From a memoir written shortly after his death by his old friend, Rev. Dr. Kennaday, we learn that Dr. Perry was born in Ulster County, N. Y., in the year 1811. "His education commenced at

an early age, and he made rapid progress in his studies until he was prepared to enter as a cadet at the Military Academy at West Point. Becoming strongly interested in the cause of Texan independence, he resigned his position in the academy in the third year of his connection with it. He left behind him a good reputation for scholarship and manly deportment. Accepting the appointment of colonel in the service of Texas, he proceeded to raise a regiment." Having raised a regiment in New York, he embarked, and reached Texas in time to participate in the battle of San Jacinto, which resulted in the defeat of Santa Anna and the establishment of Texan independence.

Upon his return from Texas he settled with his family in Newburgh, N. Y. "Through the invitation of his sister, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was induced to attend a love-feast, where the strange but consoling truths of experimental religion excited his attention. At an early moment he disclosed his feelings to the Rev. Seymour Landon, then pastor of the Church. The result was his profession of religion, and his uniting with the Church on probation. It was but a few months after this that the writer became his Pastor, and was at once deeply interested in his history and experience. He was a very child in Christian attainments, and had every thing to learn in

Christian doctrine. Mr. Landon had fostered him with the greatest care and faithfulness. Though he had never been skeptical, yet his knowledge of the Christian system had not been such as to establish him in any special creed. Never," says Dr. Kennaday, "did I know a person excelling Colonel Perry in a strong desire to be governed by the utmost sincerity. His high sense of honor had kept him so free from gross offenses that, in the absence of an external change of character, many were but little aware of the decided and sincere tone of his piety, the emotions of which increased as he advanced in the knowledge of God."

He joined the New York Conference in the year 1838, and was appointed to Burlington and Bristol Circuit, Connecticut. During his ministry, which lasted without interruption from 1838 to the year of his death, he filled many of the first appointments in the New York and New York East Conferences. In 1844 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Dickinson College. He was also a delegate to the General Conference of 1856.

Shortly after the breaking out of the late war, Dr. Perry, believing it to be his duty to give his country the benefit of his military experience, accepted the command of the Forty-eighth Regiment of New York Volunteers. He was ordered to Annapolis, from whence he

embarked for the South. During his period of service he displayed high qualities as a commander. He participated in the battle of Port Royal Ferry as Brigadier-general, and commanded the reserve, comprising the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth regiments. On being called up to aid General Stevens, Colonel Perry and his men fought for full six hours, the Colonel maintaining admirable coolness and presence of mind throughout the entire fight, and coming out unhurt. He was highly praised for his conduct in this action. His regiment also fortified Dawfuskie Island, by which the approach to Fort Pulaski from Savannah was commanded. Some time after the fall of the fort Colonel Perry was placed in command of it, which position he held when he died. Saturday, June 28, was his birthday. It was his intention to make a brief visit home, and to spend that day with his family. But man proposes and God disposes. The steamer on which he expected to return brought to his friends the intelligence of his death.

Dr. Perry was too well known among his brethren to need characterization as a preacher in this memoir. In the pulpit he was calm and impressive. His topics were practical, and in discussing them he impartially followed the teachings of Scripture. He kept constantly in view the great ends of preaching, the conversion

of sinners, and the building up of believers in the faith. He won the affections of all. In debate he was dexterous and cogent. No matter what might be the topic of controversy, he was an able advocate and formidable opponent. His ability as a logician, and his tact as a debater, made him naturally a leader upon the floor of Conference. His brethren who adopted his views of Church administration relied unhesitatingly upon his sagacity, and followed his suggestions with confidence. His well-known kindness of disposition subjected him to constant calls to appear as advocate in behalf of parties who were, or were likely to be, brought under Conference censure. The services rendered by him at such times were purely disinterested.

In his attachments Dr. Perry was firm and constant. He grappled his friends to him with "hooks of steel." His character was so positive that he was incapable of indifference; he liked or disliked decidedly, and with all the force of a strong nature. His ministry was fruitful of good. He was blessed with a revival in the Mulberry-street Church, New York, during which some now important men were converted. In Sag Harbor his name is still affectionately cherished; many witnesses to the power of his ministry are still living who were brought into the kingdom of Christ through his

labors. In Waterbury, and Fleet-street, and Hanson Place, Brooklyn, his memory is endeared to the children of God. The New York East Conference, at its session of 1862, unanimously adopted resolutions approving the step he had taken in entering the national service.

The suddenness of Dr. Perry's decease precluded any dying expressions of his faith and hope. His departure is a warning to us all to "be also ready." We mourn for him as one who gave up all for his God and his country. When the record of these trying times is made up, Dr. Perry's name will have a high and honored place on the roll of immortals through whose devotion our Union has been saved.

THOMAS GERALDS.

Thomas Gerald's was born in Watertown, Conn., in 1815, converted when sixteen years of age, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Waterbury. He was licensed to preach by Rev. Charles W. Carpenter, joined the New York Conference in the spring of 1842, and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Janes and Elder by Bishop Morris. He traveled the following circuits, namely: Litchfield, Rocky Hill, West Suffield, Washington Hill, Norfolk, New Concord, and West Taghkanic.

His health failed, and he located in 1851, but was readmitted into the New York East Conference in 1859. His health being still poor, he took a superannuated relation, which he held until called home, November 4, 1862. He was twice married. He died at his residence in Meriden, Conn., and was buried in the family burying ground in Wallingford.

As a preacher, he was plain, practical, earnest, and successful. He was a diligent Pastor, a kind husband and father, prized and loved most by those who knew him best. He died of consumption, was patient in all his sufferings, and met his end in holy triumph.

JAMES FLOY, D.D.

James Floy, D.D., was born in the city of New York, Aug. 20, 1806, of pious and highly respectable parents. He received his academical and collegiate education at Columbia College, New York. His conversion to God, according to a record left by himself, occurred Feb. 13, 1831, during a revival in the Allen-street Church. He united with the Bowery Village (now Seventh-street) Methodist Episcopal Church, and for some time acted as teacher and superintendent of a Sunday-school for colored persons under the care of that Church. He was also appointed a

Class Leader at an early stage of his connection with the Church. Respecting his entrance upon the work of the ministry, we learn from the record referred to that "from childhood he had an impression on his mind that he should be a minister;" and after his conversion that impression was renewed, and strengthened his heart. He was licensed to preach in February, 1833, two years after his conversion, and for the next two years he filled the office of a Local Preacher. He was received into the traveling ministry as a probationer at the session of the New York Conference in the spring of 1835, and appointed to Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y. His subsequent appointments were: 1836-37, Hempstead Circuit; 1837-39, Harlem Mission. At the Conference for the latter year he was ordained Elder, and appointed to Kortright Circuit, Delaware County, N. Y., but on account of the severe and protracted illness of his wife, rendering her removal impracticable, he was released from the appointment. From 1840 to 1843 he was at Washington-street Church, Brooklyn; 1842-44, Danbury, Conn.; 1844-46, Madison-street, New York; 1847-48, Middletown, Conn.; 1848-50, New Haven, Conn.; 1850-52, Madison-street, New York, second time; 1852-54, Twenty-seventh-street, New York; 1854-56, Presiding Elder of New York District; 1856-60, Editor of National Magazine and Secretary

of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; 1861-63, Seventh-street, New York; 1863, Beekman Hill, New York.

Brother Floy was a distinguished man among his brethren. Three times his Conference honored itself by electing him a delegate to the General Conference. His appointments during the twenty-four years of his pastoral life strongly indicate the high appreciation that was held of his merits and capabilities; and it is believed that he never failed to leave any charge better than when he came to it. He also took a lively interest in the general affairs of the Church; was diligent in his attendance on the sessions of his Conference, where his influence was always potent. For twenty-eight successive years he filled the places assigned to him by the Church faithfully and successfully. As a preacher, he was clear, direct, and earnest; eminently evangelical in doctrine; in exhortation, pungent and effective; elevated in matter, and rigidly correct in style and manner.

His death was sudden, and quite unexpected by either himself or his friends. On the evening of Oct. 14, 1863, in his study, with only a son with him, he was seized with apoplexy, and expired almost instantly. His death, so sudden and unexpected, brought sadness to many, who only then realized how much he was beloved. But the circumstances of his demise were not

comfortless. Quietly, in his own house, and in the arms of a loved and dutiful son, without lingering sickness, emaciation, or senility, for his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated, he rendered up his spirit in the faith and hope in which he had lived. A career, not entirely without its foibles and defects, yet as nearly so as often falls to the lot of erring mortals, was accomplished; a character, perhaps not faultless, but elevated far above the common level of humanity, had been formed and exercised; and now in the early post-meridian of such a life it ceased on earth to recommence in heaven.

BUEL GOODSSELL.

Buel Goodsell was born in the town of Dover, Dutchess County, N. Y., July 25, 1793. Of his childhood and youth we have no special information other than that at about the age of sixteen he made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the place of his birth. In the year 1814 he was received on trial in the New York Conference, (which then included all the territory now embraced in the New York, New York East, and Troy Conferences,) and was appointed to the Granville Circuit, in the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut; in 1815, Stowe Circuit, Vt.; 1816,

Chazy Circuit, N. Y.; 1817, Middleburgh, Vt.; 1818-19, St. Albans Circuit, Vt.; 1820-21, Chazy Circuit again; 1822, Charlotte Circuit, Vt.; 1823-26, Presiding Elder on the Champlain District, including all the territory on the east side of Lake Champlain back to the Green Mountains, and from two to three tiers of towns on the west side of the lake in the State of New York; 1827, Fitchtown, N. Y.; 1828-29, Schenectady, N. Y.; 1830-31, New York; 1832-33, Troy; 1834-37, Presiding Elder on the Troy District; 1838-39, John-street, N. Y.; 1840-41, North Newburgh, N. Y.; 1842-43, White Plains, N. Y.; 1844-45, York-street, Brooklyn; 1846-47, Willett-street, N. Y.; 1848-49, Norwalk, Conn.; 1850-51, Hempstead, L. I.; 1852-53, New Rochelle, N. Y.; 1854, East Brooklyn, L. I.; 1855-58, Presiding Elder of the Long Island District; 1859-60, Greenpoint, Brooklyn; 1861-62, Rockaway, L. I.; 1863, East Chester and City Island, N. Y. He went to his appointment the next Sabbath after receiving it, and preached with great power, greatly exciting the hopes and strengthening the faith of the brethren. He returned the next day (Monday) for his family and effects. The latter part of the same week he set out with his wife and daughter in his own carriage for their new home, was arrested by disease on the way, called on his friend, Dr. Van Ness, in Brooklyn, where he received

all the attention that affection and medical skill could suggest, and after lingering about a fortnight, amid alternate hopes and fears for the results, he died in great peace and holy triumph on the fourth of May.

Brother Goodsell was a laborious, faithful, and successful servant of the Lord Jesus. He had acquired some knowledge of the natural sciences, as also of the Latin and Greek languages, and quite too much to admit of his making an ostentatious, pedantic display of his acquirements. To those who loved and longed for highly intellectual food, and were somewhat fastidious as to its preparation, and the manner of its communication, he might have been more of an apostle had he been more rigidly observant of the rule to express his ideas in as few words as possible, consistent with perspicuity; but to such as cared only or principally to feel deeply, to be made to weep or to shout, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He had many living epistles to his ministry, some of whom had preceded him to the better country, even the heavenly; others are on their way thither. Soon they will all meet, and having, as we trust it will then be found, turned many to righteousness, he will shine as a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of heaven.

JOHN KENNADAY, D.D.

To the list of sudden deaths occurring of recent years among the members of the New York East Conference must be added the name of Rev. John Kennaday. While in the act of delivering an exhortation in the chapel of Washington-street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, on the evening of Nov. 13, 1863, he was struck with apoplexy, and after lying in a state of unconsciousness for about twenty-four hours he breathed his last. Up to the time of his death he was actively engaged in the work of the ministry, so that he literally "ceased at once to work and live." He was born in the city of New York, Nov. 13, 1800. In early life he was a printer, devoting even then, however, his leisure, as far as practicable, to literary pursuits. He was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Heman Bangs, in the John-street Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Bangs thus describes very graphically the awakening and conversion of young Kennaday: "It was in John-street, the occasion being a love-feast. Our city (New York) was then one circuit, and we all came together for love-feast into one church, and, consequently, the church was crowded. Among others, a young man arose in the back part of the house, near the gallery, and began to speak. The moment he opened his

mouth it seemed like pouring oil on Aaron's head; the odor was such that it seemed to diffuse itself all over the congregation, and the fragrance was such that every one seemed to catch it. The inquiry was made, 'Whose silvery voice is that?' I believe that eloquence which he then manifested, and which seemed to be natural, and easy, and unaffected, continued with him to the last, more or less."

In this way did the public life of Dr. Kennaday begin, and it was prosecuted without abatement of energy or zeal for full forty years. In less than a year from his conversion he was licensed to exhort, and shortly thereafter he was employed by a Presiding Elder in New Jersey. Of this ministerial experience he says in his diary: "In every twenty-eight days I preached forty-two sermons, walked one hundred and thirteen miles, and rode one hundred and fifty-two, making in two hundred and fifty-two days three hundred and sixty-nine sermons; traveled on foot one thousand and seventeen miles, and rode one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight, besides leading classes, attending Sunday-schools, visiting alms-houses, etc." In May, 1823, he was received on probation by the New York Conference. In 1823-24 he traveled Kingston Circuit; 1825, Bloomingburgh Circuit; 1826, transferred to Philadelphia Conference, and was stationed that and the following

year at Paterson, N. J.; 1828-29, Newark, N. J.; 1830-31, Wilmington, Del.; 1832, Morristown, N. J.; 1833, retransferred to New York Conference, and stationed in Brooklyn; 1835-36, preacher in charge of New York East Circuit, embracing all the churches east of Broadway; 1837-38, Newburgh, N. Y.; 1839, retransferred to Philadelphia Conference, and that and the following year stationed at Union Church, Philadelphia; 1841-42, Trinity Church, Philadelphia; 1843-44, second time to Wilmington, Del.; at the close of his pastoral term the Church was divided peacefully, and a new Church organized, called St. Paul's, and for the two following years Dr. Kennaday was its pastor; 1847-48, again pastor of Union Church, Philadelphia; 1849, Nazareth Church, in that city; 1850, transferred to New York East Conference, and that and the following year was pastor of Pacific-street Church, Brooklyn; 1852-53, returned to Washington-street Church; 1854-55, First Church, New Haven, Conn.; 1856-57, second time to Pacific-street Church, Brooklyn; 1858-59, third time to Washington-street Church, Brooklyn; 1860-61, reappointed to First Church, New Haven, Conn.; 1862, Hartford, Conn.; and in 1863 he was appointed Presiding Elder of Long Island District, which office he was administering at the time of his decease.

The noticeable fact of this record is the num-

ber of times Dr. Kennaday was returned as pastor to churches that he had previously served. Of the forty years of his ministerial life twenty-two years, or more than half, was spent in five churches. No fact better attests his long-continued popularity and his power of winning the affections of the people. "As a Christian pastor," says Bishop Janes, "Dr. Kennaday was eminent in his gifts, in his attainments, and in his devotion to his sacred calling, and in the seals God gave to his ministry. In the pulpit, he was clear; in the statement of his subject, abundant, and most felicitous in his illustrations, and pathetic and impressive in his applications. His oratory was of a high order. His presence, his voice, his fluency of speech, his graceful action, his fine imagination, and his fervent feelings, rendered his elocution effective and powerful, and gave to his preaching great attractiveness and popularity. Out of the pulpit, the ease and elegance of his manners, the vivacity and sprightliness of his conversational powers, the tenderness of his sympathy, and the kindness of his conduct toward the afflicted and needy, and his affectionate notice of and efforts for the childhood and youth of his congregation, made him the greatly endeared and beloved pastor."

In many respects Dr. Kennaday was the model of a Christian minister. He had the

pastoral spirit and loved the pastoral work. To preach Christ and watch over Christ's flock seemed his highest joy. There was not a single ministerial duty which he did not perform well. Preaching, exhortation, and pastoral visitation seemed alike easy to him. His readiness and tact never deserted him. An unfailing good sense instinctively suggested to him what was appropriate to each occasion. He was, for these reasons, one of our most available men, for every public service that could be required of a preacher. His ministry in the Philadelphia Conference, from 1839 to 1850, is remembered there to this day as one of extraordinary success; for it was every-where fruitful of good from its beginning to its close.

Sudden death is to the feelings of the living who contemplate it a most painful visitation; but dying in the act of offering Christ to men as an all-sufficient Saviour relieves sudden death of much of the painful impressions which it otherwise makes upon us. We often say of ourselves,

“Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Just such a death was vouchsafed to Dr. Ken-
naday. He did literally

“Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Like Fletcher of Madeley, he was taken from his pulpit to his death-bed, and thence to his grave. Let us follow him, as he followed Christ. The lesson of Dr. Kennaday's career is an illustration of the beauty and joy of a life devoted to the pastorate. Among the Churches his name is as ointment poured forth. But better than all, his name is registered on high with those who have turned many to righteousness, and "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

JOHN ELLIS.

John Ellis was born in Wales in 1815, and died in the city of Brooklyn on October 22, 1863. He was converted in his twelfth year, and from that time devoted himself with much zeal to the cause of Christ. He began to preach in the twentieth year of his age. He afterward removed to England, where he labored for several years for the salvation of his fellow countrymen. From England he came to America, and in 1851-52 was stationed in Cincinnati; in 1853 at Ironton; in 1854-55 at Gallia Welsh Mission. From 1856 to 1860 he was at the Welsh Mission in the city of New York. In 1861 he became superannuated, which relation he continued to the time of his death.

When multiplied infirmities forbade the at-

tempt to preach the word, he sought out the flock, and led them into green pastures of Gospel truth and experience. It is said by those who heard him in Wales that he was remarkable for eloquence, and attracted crowds to his ministry. Brother Ellis was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, a dignified deportment, and a genial and generous nature. He was a diligent student of the holy Scriptures, his mind was richly stored with theological literature, and his style in the pulpit was clear, elevated, and forcible. His highest honor was the fidelity with which he discharged his sacred duties, and the testimony of his now scattered people is, that he was to them a faithful minister of Christ.

Thus, at the age of forty-seven, he expired far from the scenes of his childhood, after doing the work of evangelist and pastor, and making full proof of his ministry. His dying testimony was, "I am trusting in the atonement, and all is clear."

RAPHAEL GILBERT.

Raphael Gilbert, of the New York East Conference, died at Whitestone, Queens County, June 6, aged sixty-seven. He was born at Berlin, Conn., in 1798. Though circumspect in his moral deportment as he attained to the period of accountability, and always respectful toward

religion, yet he lived without a personal interest in its enjoyment until approaching the period of early manhood. His translation "into the kingdom of God's dear Son" was not a little remarkable. Entirely unacquainted with Methodism, and without the slightest intercourse with any of that people, and, indeed, without any of the ordinary facilities of religious instruction, he became deeply impressed with a conviction of the divine holiness and a sense of his own impurity. His feelings were deep, and yet he was wholly unable to assign any cause for these impressions. Great tenderness of heart and constant contrition attended him. "Not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God," he sought no instruction from the spiritually minded, with whom, however, his intercourse was very limited. Praying and weeping, he sought constant retirement, and continued for many weeks in this strange course of exercise. On one occasion, after an earnest effort in prayer, he arose from his knees feeling a remarkable transition from sorrow to joy. Even this change was as "a light shining in darkness," "and the darkness comprehended it not." On stating his feelings to a dear friend, he was told, "You are converted. God has come to you and given you a new heart." In a little time he sought an interview with the Rev. Reuben Harris, the preacher upon the circuit,

from whom he obtained great encouragement, and under whom he attached himself to the Church. Brother Harris was a man of great simplicity of manners, utterly void of guile. It was fortunate that the young disciple became so early acquainted with one of such purity of character. Young Gilbert soon commenced a course of usefulness, and a deportment which, continuing through all his years, commended him always to the Church. In 1827 he was admitted a probationer into the New York Conference, and appointed to New Windsor Circuit, on which he continued the following year; in 1829, Wethersfield Circuit; in 1830-31, Essex Circuit; in 1832-33, Woodbury Circuit; in 1834, Stratford Circuit; in 1835-36, York-street, Brooklyn; in 1837-38, Seventh-street, New York; from 1839 to 1842 he remained superannuated, through the failure of his health; in 1843 he was appointed supernumerary to Madison-street, New York; from 1844 to 1857 he again occupied a superannuated position; in 1858 he was appointed to Wethersfield; in 1859-60, Astoria; in 1861, supernumerary, and taking charge of Astoria; in 1862-63, Whitestone, where his labors were finished. During the seasons in which he held the place of a superannuated man his labors often exceeded his strength, and it was with no little difficulty that he was restrained. His usual appearance

indicated comparative health and strength, but a severe affection of the throat and head, and a general debility, often led to sudden prostration, and upon the slightest pulpit effort. During much of the time in which impaired health prevented his labors in the ministry he engaged in business, which he conducted actively, but never to the detriment of his religious zeal, and to an extent so limited as not to entangle him. Through those scenes "where many a mightier has been slain," he passed in safety, never faltering in integrity, nor incurring the slightest imputation. At the Conference held in Williamsburgh in the spring of 1863 such was his healthful appearance, and such his cheerfulness, that several of his friends congratulated him upon his improved health. One of his friends said to him, surprised at his seeming vigor, "Why, Brother Gilbert, do you never mean to die?" "No," replied he with a smile, "I do not expect to die; I expect to fall asleep in Jesus." This expression was remarkably verified as the time came when God took him. He was attacked by a violent cold, terminating in congestion of the lungs, about the last of May, and on the evening of June 5, 1864, without a pang, or the slightest sign of suffering, he so gently slept in Jesus that none knew the hour of his death from that of rest. Through his illness the same calm reliance upon God, always

so conspicuous in his life, was manifest. His joy frequently found utterance in his exclamations. "Halleluiah!" "Victory!" "Victory in the blood of the Lamb!" were frequent utterances while he had strength to speak. Brother Gilbert was an unaffected Christian, humble and ardent in spirit. His eyes seemed a fountain of tears, so that his preaching was unusually tender. Pathos, earnestness, and plainness characterized his appeals, while the absence of all guile rendered them impressive. As a friend, he was ardent and reliable. No one familiar with his Christian walk, his industry, and religious care in all things would ever hesitate to say of him, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

CHARLES R. ADAMS.

Charles R. Adams was born May 20, 1816. Having been converted, he felt that his calling was more specific than merely to general usefulness, and that it was to preach the Gospel of the Son of God.

Brother Adams was appointed to the Essex Charge, Conn., by the Presiding Elder in 1841, received into the New York Conference in 1842, and returned to the same charge. His ministry there was greatly blessed, and his memory to

this day is warmly cherished. In every place where Brother Adams lived and labored he was more than esteemed—beloved, with an exceedingly tender friendship. His ministry was often crowned with revival and regenerating power.

Brother Adams was embarrassed in his ministry by a persistent bronchial irritation, which finally terminated his public labors, and retired him to the superannuated ranks; yet, as a superannuated man, he continued to labor locally, as his strength permitted, to the last. When the field was divided he fell into the New York East Conference, and at its session of 1852 was granted a supernumerary relation in consequence of feeble health. Disappointed in his hope of restored strength, he asked for and received a superannuated relation, in which he remained until his death. The last ten years of his life were spent in Chicago. A few months he supplied the Church in Lockport, Ill. He had a clear scriptural experience, and his testimony in social meetings was always profitable. In prayer he was unusually gifted, especially in prayer for seekers of religion. At such times the windows of heaven seemed to open, and he bore the penitent directly to the mercy-seat. Ordinarily the sunshine of sweet contentment, of quietness and assurance, overspread his features, and showed his interior life was a happy

one. In his active ministry he was useful, having the wisdom that winneth souls.

He died of an affection of the brain Tuesday, February 28, 1865. Such was his disease that it precluded rational conversation. His letters to his absent family until the very last were full of faith and comfort, radiant with hope, strong in confidence. Occasionally there were gleams of momentary sunshine in his last hours, showing that light was on his pathway. We know his manner of life and conversation, and knowing, have strong confidence that he rests in peace.

WILLIAM H. GILDER.

William H. Gilder, one of the members of the New York East Conference, and chaplain of the Fortieth (Mozart) Regiment of New York Volunteers, died in Culpepper, Va., Wednesday, April 13, 1864, of small-pox, after an illness of fifteen days. His health had been greatly impaired by an attack of typhoid fever, from which he suffered in 1863. During his last visit to New York he remarked to a friend that he was not in a fit condition to return to the army, but that, nevertheless, he would go. His sense of duty to his regiment was so strong that he would not, unless absolutely disabled, absent himself from his post.

At the time of his death Brother Gilder was about fifty-two years of age. He was the son of Mr. John Gilder, for many years a well-known and leading Methodist layman of Philadelphia. He entered the Philadelphia Conference in 1833, and was stationed first at Crosswicks, N. J. The following year he was stationed at Elizabethtown. In 1835 he was stationed at Germantown, Pa. His labors having impaired his health, he was for several years returned in the Conference Minutes as supernumerary, and resided in the city of Philadelphia, where he was engaged in mercantile business. About 1840 he established at Philadelphia the "Pearl and Repository," an independent Methodist paper, to which several of the Methodist ministers of the city were contributors. Rev. Dr. Ryerson, of Canada, once pronounced this paper one of the best that came from the States. For some years our deceased brother filled with great ability the position of Principal of the Female Institute at Bordentown, N. J. He afterward became President of Flushing Female College, at St. Thomas's Hall, Flushing, L. I. Under his management this school attained an extensive reputation as a first-class seminary. While at Bordentown he established the "Literary Register," which attained a large circulation, and was only discontinued when the cares of the school at Flushing, absorbing all

his time, prevented his attending to editorial duties. In all, he was for about seventeen years identified with the cause of education as a practical teacher, holding during this time an effective relation to his Conference, and sharing in a high degree the esteem of his fellow-preachers.

Our brother had been identified with the Fortieth New York Regiment from the time of its original organization. He shared in all its campaigns, except when actually compelled by ill health to spend a few weeks at home. He performed the duties of his responsible position with exemplary zeal, and received therefor most gratifying evidences of esteem from the officers and soldiers with whom he was called to associate.

On his sick-bed, and before his disease had developed alarming symptoms, he partly wrote and partly dictated a letter to his brethren of the New York East Conference. We were then in session, and it was his hope that his fraternal greeting would reach the seat of the Conference to be read to us; but before its arrival the Conference had adjourned, and he himself had taken his departure to the better world.

From the Rev. R. A. Chase, of the East Maine Conference, and Chaplain of the Fourth Regiment Maine Volunteers, we have some interesting particulars of Brother Gilder's last illness.

He contracted the disease of which he doubtless died in the regimental hospital. On the 8th of April, in reply to a note from Chaplain Chase, he dictated a few sentences expressive of the state of his mind: "With the uncertainty of life and death before me, I desire to express my unshaken confidence in the merits of the atonement of Christ as the only ground of my hope of salvation. I am not afraid to die; neither, except on account of my family, have I any strong desire to live. I feel perfectly resigned to the Divine will. I have been endeavoring to trust in Christ and serve him ever since thirteen years of age. Nor do I ever regret having entered the United States service. I have no depression of feeling, nor any buoyancy. I feel resigned and hopeful. My sky is clear." Not long before he expired he said to his son, "I am in the hands of one whom I can trust; I feel that I am perfectly safe;" and when he could no longer speak he intimated by signs that all was well. In his regiment his death occasioned the deepest regret, and at a meeting of the officers it was resolved that his remains should be escorted to the depot at Brandy Station with every solemnity by the whole regiment. This was accordingly done on the afternoon of the 15th of April, 1864.

Thus has passed away a Christian, a patriot, and a true hero. Armed only with the might

of meekness and love, ambitious only to fulfill the duties of a Christian minister, he has laid down his life as a willing sacrifice for his country and his God. His pure example remains as a precious legacy to us who survive him.

ROBERT ROBERTS.

Robert Roberts, the subject of this memoir, was born in a small village in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1832, and died in the city of Brooklyn, January, 1865. At the early age of fifteen years he experienced religion, and at once became a zealous and faithful follower of the Saviour. He very soon began to feel serious impressions of a call to preach the Gospel. Following these leadings, at the age of eighteen he became a Local Preacher, and four months after this was received as a traveling preacher among the Primitive Methodists. For four years he traveled until he was received into full connection, and the same year, 1855, he came to this country. He brought with him excellent letters of recommendation from the Primitive Methodists. Providence directed his steps to a small village on Long Island, where he was received as a member of society, and by his certificate recognized as a Local Preacher. Here the people were edified and profited. Those

who had a right to judge saw that God was with him, and that he had a gift, and deemed it proper that he should go forth upon this holy calling. A vacancy at this time occurring at Sag Harbor, thither he was sent by the Presiding Elder, where, during the balance of the year, he labored most acceptably. Here he was recommended to the New York East Conference, where, in the spring of 1856, he was received as a probationer, and appointed to Greenport, L. I.; in 1857-58 at Good Ground; in 1859-60 at Newtown and Middle Village Circuit; in 1861-62 at New Utrecht, where, at the desire of the Charge, he obtained a superannuated relation, that he might serve them the third year. In each of those places named God blessed his labors, and gave him souls for his hire. His last appointment in 1864 was at Cook-street, where he labored until his death. His last sermon was preached on Sunday evening, just two weeks before he died. An unusual solemnity of feeling seemed to rest upon him, a premonition that his work was done. His text was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." At the close of the sermon he gave utterance to the following language: "I call heaven and earth to witness that I have set life and death before you." "I this night de-

clare my skirts clear of the blood of you all.” “I feel to-night as though I were delivering to you my last message;” then with heart melted, and eyes suffused, he bade them meet him in heaven. Prophetic words! From that church he went home, sick and faint, to die. For two weeks he lingered upon the shore in mortal sickness. “I have a great desire,” he often would say, “to get well on account of my dear wife and children.” “I feel fully resigned to the will of heaven. I have no fears for the future. My way is all clear.” But O, how did his heart yearn for his dear companion and four little ones! Yet even this was but temporary. The victory was to be complete. Grace enabled him to yield up his dearest earthly loves, and to turn them over to the hands of Him who hath said, “I will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.” For the first night during his illness his wife had left him to take a little rest. About five o’clock in the morning he was taken worse, and asked to see her quickly. She hastened to his bedside. “My dear,” said he, “I am worse; I think I am dying.” “Well, Robert, how do you feel; is it all well with you?” He answered, “Yes, it is all well; my way is clear.” “O,” said the wife to the dying man, how can I give you up! What will become of the poor children?” “My dear, I believe God will take care of you and them, and

that you will be able to keep them with you and bring them up." A few questions and answers more, and they could be but few, for life was fast ebbing out. "Where, dear Robert, do you wish to be buried?" "Lay me in the graveyard at Bay Ridge, by the side of my dear little boy." "And now, my dear, I am going; let me kiss you once more." She leaned down, and the last kiss was given. Ah, that last token of undying love; how sacred! He was now entering the cold waters, and they were wonderfully smooth about that time. He praised God until his speech began to falter, when, summoning his remaining strength, he exclaimed, "Victory! victory! victory through the blood of Jesus!" And then sinking into the arms of death, sweetly slept in Jesus without a struggle or a groan, aged thirty-three years and two months.

GERSHOM PIERCE.

Gershom Pierce was admitted on trial in the New York Conference in the spring of 1803, and stationed at Plattsburgh. His appointments thereafter were as follows: In 1804 at Fletcher; 1805, Niagara; 1806, Oswegatchie; 1807, Dunham; 1808, Saratoga; 1809-10, Granville; 1811, Thurman; 1812, Grand Isle; 1813-14, Cambridge; 1815-16, Montgomery;

1817-18, Sharon; 1819, Albany; 1820, Coeymans; 1821-22, Chatham; 1823-24, Granville; 1825-26, Pittsfield; 1827, Burlington; 1828-29, Redding; 1830-31, Hempstead and Huntington. At the Conference of 1832 he became superannuated, and continued in that relation to the period of his death.

Brother Pierce is remembered by the older members of the Conference as manifesting much more than ordinary ability. His intellect, in force and habit, is best described by the expression "long-headed." He was a devout man, at times a most powerful preacher. His sermons, weighty with thought, fervid with feeling, and in power of the Holy Spirit, made a deep and abiding impression. He died in much peace at Milan, Ohio, on the 23d of March, 1865.

JOHN F. BOOTH.

John F. Booth was born in the city of Brooklyn, L. I., June 1, 1829, and died of congestion of the lungs at Greenpoint, L. I., on Sabbath morning, November 26, 1865, after a few days of severe illness.

Brother Booth entered the New York East Conference in 1855, and passed all his itinerant ministry on Long Island. He was appointed successively to the following places: In 1855-56

New Utrecht ; 1857-58, Port Jefferson ; 1859-60, Sag Harbor ; 1861-62, Fleet-street, Brooklyn ; 1863-65, Greenpoint.

His ministry was short, but decisive, and was crowned with large success. A circumstance occurred on the threshold of his public life that demonstrated the sterling character of the young itinerant. At his first appointment the town of New Utrecht was visited with an alarming epidemic. The whole neighborhood was stricken with yellow fever, and while all hearts were failing them for fear, this brave and earnest minister clung steadily to his duty, and never deserted his post, until at last, worn out with work and watching, he was ordered by his physician to leave the infected district long enough to somewhat recover his wasted energies. Before he was hardly well again, however, he was back with his flock, ready to suffer or to die. And this same spirit of bold daring to do his duty characterized him to the end of his ministry.

After serving our Churches at Port Jefferson and Sag Harbor with great acceptance and usefulness, Brother Booth, very unexpectedly to himself, was appointed to the charge of the Fleet-street Church of Brooklyn, one of the largest societies of our denomination. This appointment was all the more embarrassing because it covered the part of Brooklyn where Brother Booth had spent all his boyhood and young man-

hood, so that it was with the feeling that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred," that he finally and reluctantly assumed this charge; but no one of its honored pastors ever better fulfilled his mission, or has a more fragrant name among that good people. It was during his pastorate in Brooklyn that his noble patriotism found ample development in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers that thronged the hospitals of the vicinity; and so thoroughly did he enter into this work that he attracted the attention of the whole community. He subsequently spent a number of weeks in the service of the Christian Commission, and proved himself so adapted by executive ability, as well as the most delicate and beautiful sympathy with the sick and afflicted, that the Commission was very anxious to secure his entire time for their service as a general field agent in the arrangement and dispensation of their noble charities.

Brother Booth's crowning excellence was his heart-devotion to the young. In the work of the Sunday-school he was a model minister. He acted upon the philosophy of securing the children for God, as the surest way of securing the world for him.

The closing year of his life was devoted to the enterprise of building a new church at Greenpoint, and it was through his utter devotion to

this work that he became so exhausted that when a severe pneumonia seized him he had not sufficient vitality to resist the attack, and peacefully yielded to die. As a Christian, Brother Booth's profession was not loud or ostentatious, but remarkably firm and consistent. A few weeks before his death he received a most gracious baptism of the Holy Ghost, and it was in the fullness of that baptism that death found him. The members of the Conference and brethren of the Churches he served will long cherish his memory as that of a faithful, self-sacrificing, and useful minister of the Lord Jesus. His funeral was very largely attended, and the most abundant evidence given of how deeply the community in which he lived felt his loss.

GAD SMITH GILBERT.

Gad Smith Gilbert was born in New Haven, Conn., September 22, 1814. Here he died Aug. 1, 1866, and here he was buried. Brother Gilbert was blessed with a godly ancestry. His parents were pious, and their names stand identified with the whole history of Methodism in this city. Their home was one that religion made happy, and here the Methodist preacher was always welcomed and loved to tarry. In such an atmosphere Brother Gilbert was reared. In his

early youth he was the subject of converting grace. He soon felt his life's work was to be a minister of the blessed Gospel ; and his parents, gratified in their highest wishes, educated him for such a calling. But he withdrew himself from his covenant with God, and on the completion of his studies turned to secular pursuits. After a few years he was reclaimed, renewed his consecration, and immediately gave himself up to the work of an itinerant. In 1842 he joined the New York Conference, and was stationed at New Milford, Conn., subsequently at Woodbury and Wolcottville. In 1846, on account of the sickness of his wife, he located, and removed to Louisiana. While at the South he had charge of the Methodist Church at Opelousas, La. His wife dying he returned, and in 1848 he rejoined the New York East Conference, and was stationed at Greenpoint, L. I.; afterward at Southport, Conn.; First Place, Brooklyn, and Rye, N. Y. In 1855 he was agent for the Wesleyan University. In 1856 he was stationed at Westville, and then at Port Chester; Second Avenue, N. Y.; Sag Harbor, L. I.; De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn. Last year he was reappointed to Southport, Conn.; but by an arrangement he had made to provide a home for his parents, his residence was in New Haven.

Brother Gilbert was a man of a noble heart. His self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of

others, his care of the orphans of a deceased minister, his affection and solicitude for his parents, were beautiful and wonderful in their intensity and bonntifulness. Aa a friend, he was true, generous, and faithful. He possessed so genial and kind a humor that it laughed in his eye, lighted up his face, and good nature was contagious in his presence. He was a model of hospitality. In his ministry he excelled as a pastor. He drew into the Church, by the influence of his personal intercourse, many of the best families in his charge, who in no otherwise could have been attracted to our communion. He made himself acquainted with all his flock, and was unremitting in his attentions to the sick, poor, and afflicted. Few have established so many strong and personal friendships among his people. He was gifted in prayer. He knew how to hold intereourse with Heaven, and draw blessings immediate upon his own heart. During the last year of his life and ministry he grew rapidly in spirituality and enjoyment. He was evidently ripening for heaven. His sickness was not long. The last week of his life he shared a peace and overflowing joy not to be described, but showed how fully happy religion can make a suffering man. A day or two before he entered into rest he asked his father to pray with him. During prayer the divine presence and glory filled the room. He could not restrain

his emotions. He shouted and praised God aloud, and said, "This house is as that of Obed-edom, where the ark of the Lord rested. It is the gate of heaven. Heaven has come down to earth; the angels are here. This disease is drawing my body down to earth, but Jesus is drawing my soul up to heaven. I shall soon be there." And just before his departure he said, with wonder in his tone and face, "Is this dying? It is felicity. O how precious Jesus is! Glory! halleluiah!" O is it not a noble thing to die as does the Christian with his armor on!

THEOPHILUS BRADBURY CHANDLER.

Theophilus Bradbury Chandler died at East Woodstock, Conn., June 20, 1866, aged forty years. Brother Chandler was born at East Woodstock, March 28, 1826. He was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of fourteen, under the ministry of Ralph W. Allen. He graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1850, and the same year was received on trial in the New York East Conference. Providence allowed him but ten years of effective ministry, in which he served the following Churches two years respectively: Thomaston, Haddam, Westville, Naugatuck, and East Bridgeport. His life was one of many afflictions.

While in college he was obliged to suspend study one year on account of severe illness. In February, 1853, while stationed at Haddam, Conn., he was called to mourn the loss of an amiable and useful wife by consumption, the same disease which has now laid him by her side. During the Conference years of 1856-58 he was obliged to retire from the regular work, but preached occasionally, and for some months supplied the Mission Chapel in Middletown, Conn. In the spring of 1859 he resumed the effective relation, and continued to labor successfully for nearly four years, when he was prostrated by hemorrhage of the lungs, and his effective work was ended. For three and a half years he was constantly declining, and was many times brought to the borders of death by attacks of hemorrhage. He fought the disease with a perseverance and hopefulness truly remarkable, and thus prolonged the life he could not save. His nervous system had become exceedingly weakened by his protracted sufferings, and in his last days he endured more pain than often falls to the lot of those who die of consumption. His physical agony was often extreme; yet he was able to say in the most trying hour, "If it is the Lord's will that I be made perfect through sufferings, amen to it." He had the most perfect victory over the fear of death, and gave frequent testimony in his last

days that he was ready to depart. Almost his last words were, when the waves of Jordan had well nigh gone over him, "I am going home to die no more." His remains were taken to the city of Middletown, and interred on the summit of Indian Hill Cemetery, where they await the trump of the archangel.

Brother Chandler possessed some rare excellences. His mind was quick, his perceptions fine. His taste and sense of the beautiful such that made him delight in nature, and the rarest and finest expressions of poetic literature, and a retentive memory, enriched his mind with a variety of select and beautiful passages. Constitutionally sportive, kind-hearted, and social, he was eminently companionable; and a certain playfulness, that never offended, shed around him a bland and pleasant influence. As a preacher he was earnest, glowing, pathetic, but practical and pungent, and had he enjoyed strength and health would have made one of our most popular ministers. He was distinguished as a pastor by wise adroitness and innocent art to ensnare many into the path of life; and his own sufferings, together with his natural sympathy, peculiarly qualified him to be a son of consolation to the afflicted. His memory, in all the fields of his ministry, is to-day as precious ointment poured forth. His toils and sufferings are ended in eternal rest and joy.

ROBERT TRAVIS.

Robert Travis was born in Somers, Westchester County, December 15, 1795, and died in the city of New York, February 10, 1868, in his seventy-fourth year. He was converted to God in the old John-street Church in 1817, and joined the Conference in 1822, and was stationed on Suffolk Circuit, L. I. He subsequently filled appointments in Leyden, Mass.; Pittsfield; Burlington, Vt.; Watervliet, N. Y.; Berne, N. Y.; Sullivan, N. Y.; Haddam, Conn.; Derby, and Weston, Conn.; Hempstead, L. I.; Granby, and Cornwall, Conn.; Bedford, Dutchess Circuit, and Pawlings, N. Y. For three years he acted as agent of the Wesleyan University, and for the most part during the last twenty-five years he was in a superannuated relation.

During the last year of his life Brother Travis lost both his sons—his only children. One was a minister in the Episcopal Church, and the other a lawyer in Westchester County. He was deeply affected by these bereavements. His ministry was not marked by any such special facts and circumstances as to call for record in this place; but his record is with God, and his reward is sure.

For many years he was a constant attendant upon the services of our churches in New York city, and his very last service, ten days before

his death, was in the administration of the holy Sacrament in the Jane-street Church. He died in great peace, and is now, without doubt, among the saved in heaven.

HORATIO N. WEED.

Horatio N. Weed was born in Stamford, Conn., December 30, 1812; died in Essex, Conn., May 11, 1867. He was converted to God some time in the year 1833, when in the twentieth year of his age. He joined the New York Conference in 1845, and during the twenty years of his ministry served the following Churches, namely: 1845-46, Trumbull and East Village; 1847, Westport; 1848-49, Guildford; 1850, supernumerary; 1851-52, Windsor; 1853-54, Litchfield; 1855-56, Stepney; 1857-58, Burlington; 1859-60, Cheshire; 1861-62, Clinton; 1863, Durham; 1864-65, Essex. At the Conference of 1866 Brother Weed became superannuated, which relation he held until the time of his death. The subject of this memoir was known to the writer in the brightest days of his ministry, when his people were pleased to speak of him as the acceptable preacher, the faithful pastor, the affectionate husband, and judicious parent. His piety was rendered impressive by its consistency, and attractive by its amiableness.

For a year or more previous to his death it became apparent to his friends that he was thoroughly broken down both in body and mind. Under such circumstances it is not strange that his feelings were not always buoyant and hopeful, for it is not at all times so easy to rejoice when we look at things about us through the dismaying medium of a decayed nature and shattered nerves. They do not like to hear to reason nor to grace. On the first Sunday of March, 1867, Brother Weed listened to his last sermon, partook of his last sacrament, and felt that he was going home to die.

When near his end his Pastor proposed the following questions, and received the following answers :

“Brother Weed, present indications must lead you to examine the foundation of your hope. How does the Rock of Ages seem to you now?” “Firm, firm,” was the reply. The morning preceeding his death we informed him that he was nearing the end of his voyage. “And now, Brother Weed, the storm having spent its fury, does the heavenly port look attractive?” His answer was, “Yes, yes, blessed be the Lord!” The last struggle soon came, and he was no more among the living.

His funeral was numerously attended by the different classes of citizens, and on a beautiful May day, when the trees were all blossoms and

the air all song on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, we laid his body in the tomb to await the trump of the last day.

THEODORE A. LOVEJOY.

Theodore A. Lovejoy was born in Stratford, Conn., February 18, 1821, and died in Watertown, Conn., June 7, 1867. He felt his need of Christ as he saw his room-mate, a Roman Catholic, kneeling in prayer; and at the age of twenty-one was converted to God in Brooklyn, N. Y. He soon identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1847 joined the New York East Conference, continuing a faithful and valued member of the same until his death.

His grandfather was a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and most of his relatives were in that Church. His family designed him for the Protestant Episcopal ministry, and his early education had this in view. It was, therefore, no easy matter for him to be a Methodist, much less to be a Methodist minister. But he was ready for any sacrifice. He loved the work to which the Master called him, and never lost sight of the great object of the Christian ministry—the glory of God in the saving of men. His highest ambition was to be a faithful min-

ister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had but two all-controlling principles in his life — love of Jesus and love of souls, and hence he could not help being a useful minister of the Gospel. His work of love is remembered gratefully by many who were favored with his ministry. He was cheerful, happy, and contented in every field of labor.

Brother Lovejoy was a good man — affable, sweet-spirited, loving, a man of deep and earnest piety. His religion was not an impulse from without, but an inspiration from within; an all-pervading life and power, beautifully uniform and consistent. He was always the same. All who knew him loved him, and those who knew him best loved him the most. No one ever spoke aught against him. He was modest and unassuming, and only those who possessed an intimate acquaintance with him could know how true and excellent a Christian man and minister he was.

It was observed, by those who knew him, for some time previous to his departure, that he seemed peculiarly ripe in all the Christian graces.

His last sickness was brief and painful, but he was happy in Jesus. With a mind unclouded to the very last, he was not afraid. The close of his earthly work was one of holy triumph. He said, "Tell my brethren of the Conference I

love them ; tell them to meet me in heaven." To his wife he said, " Dear, it is a glorious triumph—Christ is near—he is precious, very precious." His last words, uttered just as he was passing away, were, " I want to praise him—I feel like praising him all the time."

WALTER W. BREWER.

Walter W. Brewer's name appears for the first time in the Conference Minutes of 1834. For twenty years he received his appointments regularly, and attended faithfully to his ministerial and pastoral work. In 1854 he was placed upon the superannuated list. He retired with his family to a comfortable home in Hunting Ridge, a beautiful and rural district in the town of Stamford, Conn. As he had strength he preached to the people, and taught in the Sabbath-school. He strove earnestly to finish the work which God gave him to do.

Brother Brewer was an earnest worker for God and man. In the last winter his health, never very firm, gave way, and after a brief illness he fell asleep in Jesus.

Brother Brewer was a good man—faithful in all the relations of life, a zealous minister, and a very industrious pastor. His record is on high, and in the day of reward many will call

him blessed. An appropriate funeral sermon was delivered by Brother W. C. Steele, and the remains of our departed brother were interred in the graveyard at Long Ridge.

Brother Brewer was a good man, faithful in all the relations of life, a zealous minister, and a very industrious pastor. His record is on high, and in the day of reward many will call him blessed.

JAMES D. BOUTON.

James D. Bouton was born in Roxbury, Delaware County, N. Y., November 19, 1812, and died in Goshen, Conn., November 29, 1867, aged fifty-five years. His father, James Bouton, was born in New Canaan, Conn., February 18, 1764; his mother, Sarah Sandford, was born in Redding, Conn., February 18, 1778. They were united in marriage March 9, 1793. About two years after their marriage (now more than seventy-five years ago) this young couple, with but a scanty outfit, started from their home and kindred on a long and difficult journey to seek their fortune, and commence together the battle of life amid the wilds and mountains of New York. Never was there such a bridal tour. Pursuing their tedious journey for many days, guided by blazed trees, sometimes cutting and bridging their way as they went, frequently up-

setting their wagon with all its contents, then repairing and reloading, they pushed their way along. The young mother of but seventeen, with her infant in her arms, was sometimes obliged to walk, and at other times would mount the back of one of the horses, (with harness on,) and ride over rough places and dangerous streams.

At length they reached their destination, and located in Roxbury, Delaware County, N. Y. They were among the first settlers of the town, and were fully acquainted with the hardships, toils, and privations incident to frontier life. They were converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained consistent members of the same for nearly half a century, when they entered into rest. Early in the history of Methodism in Delaware County their home became the head-quarters of presiding elders and circuit preachers for all the regions round about. Here Ostrander, Sandford, Jewett, Rice, Martindale, Richardson, and many others, always found a cordial reception and a hospitable home.

David Sandford, their eldest son, became a minister and missionary in the valley of the Delaware forty years ago, where, by incessant labor, he soon broke down, and barely reached his home and friends to die. His name still lives in the memory of many who were won to

Christ by his instrumentality, and is as ointment poured forth.

James Daniel, the subject of this sketch, blessed with pious parents and a Christian training, became the happy subject of converting grace at the age of seventeen. Feeling himself moved by the Holy Ghost to preach, he at once applied himself to study and preparation for the ministry. The Church, satisfied with his gifts and graces, as well as the genuineness of his call, accordingly licensed him to preach. He was admitted on trial in the New York Conference in 1835, and appointed to the following charges: 1835, Deposit Circuit; 1836, Jefferson Circuit. (During this year he was united in marriage, by Rev. P. L. Hoyt, to Miss Sally M. Johnson, of Sidney, N. Y., Nov. 3.) In 1837-38, Delaware Mission; 1839-40, Kortright Circuit; 1841-42, Delaware Mission; 1843, Catskill and Durham Circuit; 1844, Durham Circuit; 1845, supernumerary; 1846-47, Orient. In March, 1846, he lost his companion, after a long and painful illness. She died in Brattleborough, Vt. In August 4, 1847, he was united in marriage, by Rev. V. Buck, to Miss Harriet Kniblo, of Roxbury, N. Y. In 1848-49 he traveled New Utrecht and Gravesend Circuit; 1850-51, Huntington South; 1852-53, Patchogue; 1854-55, Huntington. In January, 1854, his second wife died suddenly,

leaving three small children, the youngest but ten days old. In December, 1855, he was united in marriage, by Rev. S. Landon, to Miss Sarah J. Wing, of West Goshen, Conn. In 1856-57 he was stationed at Rockaway; 1858-59, Jamaica; 1860-61, North Fifth-street, Brooklyn, E. D.; 1862-63, West Goshen, Conn.; 1864, Cornwall Center; 1865-66, Ridgefield; 1867, superannuated. During his last sickness, which continued for about one year, he suffered much, but patiently. He was first prostrated by bilious fever, from which he so far recovered as to be able to preach a few times, when inflammatory rheumatism set in, and completely racked and prostrated his once strong and manly frame. Other diseases setting in, the case became so complicated as to baffle all medical skill. But his soul was calm and peaceful, and his conversation on the subject of his preparation for death and prospects for eternity were such as to afford the strongest assurance that all was well, and that to die would be everlasting gain. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Brother Bouton preached not himself, "but Christ Jesus the Lord." One of his last utterances were, "Had I the privilege of again preaching Christ I would be more earnest than ever. *O the salvation of souls! the salvation of souls!*"

His peace of mind during his protracted sick-

ness was uniform and constant ; " it flowed as a river." Once, however, he seemed utterly cast down. His mental agony was great. It was the hour and power of darkness, the last assault of the enemy to carry the shattered fortress. But the " eternal God " was his " refuge." At the close of this severe conflict he exclaimed, " O come and praise the Lord with me, for I have got the victory ! O halleluiah ! " To his friends he said, " I have realized during my sickness a depth of enjoyment I never knew before." Of his children he said, " Bring them up to be good, and fitted for heaven ; " and then repeated, with dying accents, "*It is all important ; it is all important.*"

He left a widow and six children, with a large train of relatives, to mourn his loss. They are still living at the date of this writing. He never sought popular places nor special appointments, but always went to his fields of labor cheerfully, and cultivated them diligently. Many of these fields were large and exceedingly laborious. His crown will not be starless. When the angels shall reap the harvest he will doubtless come, bringing many sheaves with him. The words of Rev. Seymour Landon, an intimate friend of the deceased, will be a fitting conclusion to this memoir.

" There is good reason for saying that Brother Bouton was a dutiful son, a faithful brother, a

devoted husband, a tender and judicious father, an exemplary and blameless Christian, a good preacher, and an excellent pastor. He was always acceptable and successful wherever appointed.

“Brother Bouton was remarkably gifted in prayer and exhortation, and was a good preacher. He was ‘abundant in labors,’ and no doubt is entertained by those who knew him best that he shortened his days by overwork. Nor did he labor in vain, nor spend his strength for naught. He was more than ordinarily successful in winning souls to Christ. This was true of him during his entire ministry, both in the New York and the New York East Conferences. He was remarkably happy, and promotive of happiness, in the domestic and social circle. He was thrice married, and had children by each marriage, and yet I was told by one who had the best opportunity to know, that there was never an unpleasant word spoken nor feeling entertained in the entire family. He governed his house well, and so he did those portions of the Church that were at any time under his pastoral care. Peace and harmony, unity and love, reigned wherever he lived. So far as I know he was universally respected and beloved while living, and is as universally mourned and lamented as dead.”

RE-UNION SERVICES.

AT the annual sessions of the New York and New York East Conferences in 1867 it was decided to hold a re-union during the following sessions for the purpose of affording the members an opportunity of renewing acquaintance, and of interchanging fraternal greetings and congratulations. A Joint Committee of Arrangements was appointed, consisting of Revs. Drs. M. D'C. Crawford, W. H. Ferris, and R. S. Foster, of the New York Conference, and Rev. Dr. D. Curry, and Revs. W. C. Hoyt and G. W. Woodruff, of the New York East Conference. Under the supervision of this Committee, and in accordance with its programme, the re-union was held in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, on Friday, April 3, 1868.

At ten o'clock the New York Conference assembled in the session room of Dr. Crosby's Church, opposite St. Paul's, and the New York East Conference in the lecture room of St. Paul's, and at a quarter past ten o'clock both Conferences proceeded in procession from their respective assembly rooms, and met in front of

St. Paul's; the New York, headed by Bishop Clark and Rev. M. Richardson, a venerable man of God who had completed his sixtieth year in the ministry of the Methodist Church, and within the bounds of the New York Conference; and the New York East, headed by Bishop Janes, who supported Rev. Laban Clark, trembling under the honors of nearly threescore and ten years in the Methodist ministry. The Conferences passed into the church by two doors, each body occupying one side of the body of the house.

Nearly an hour before the time appointed for the services the galleries of the church were filled with ladies and gentlemen, and immediately after the Conferences entered every available place in the church was occupied, and St. Paul's was crowded.

On the platform of the pulpit were seated Bishops Janes and Clark, Rev. Henry Boehm, of the Newark Conference, the companion of Asbury, who entered the traveling ministry in 1798, and who has still much of the fire and vigor of youth, although in his ninety-third year; Rev. M. Richardson, of the New York, and Rev. L. Clark, D.D., of the New York East Conference, and the vice-presidents of the meeting, Revs. E. E. Griswold, F. W. Smith, J. Z. Nichols, and S. Van Deusen. The altar was occupied by Revs. Drs. Curry, Foster, and the

other members of the Committee, by the Secretaries of the two Conferences, President Lindsay, of Genesee College, and Dr. Carlton, of the Book Room. Many visiting brethren from other Conferences were present, and were seated with their friends of the New York bodies. The presiding Bishops and the patriarchal fathers behind the pulpit, the venerable brethren in the altar, the two large bodies of ministers, and the immense audience, presented an imposing appearance, and in itself made the re-union a complete success.

Bishop Ames was detained by official business, and could not take the part assigned him as presiding officer, and Bishop Janes was substituted in his place.

The exercises were opened with a voluntary, admirably executed, by the choir,

How beautiful upon the mountains,

followed by the hymn commencing,

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face,

which was read by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, and sung by the entire audience, led by the choir. Rev. S. Landon, of New York East Conference, then offered an appropriate and affecting prayer, when Rev. Charles Fletcher read the following selections from the Scriptures: Psalm cxxxiii; John xiv, 1-6; 2 Tim. iv, 1-8. Bishop Janes

then announced that the Secretaries would read the "Memoriam," when Rev. J. W. Chadwick announced the names of the members of the New York Conference who have died since the division of the Conference in 1848:

JOHN B. MATTHIAS,
DAVID WEBSTER,
NOAH LEVINGS,
JOHN BANGS,
CYRUS FOSS,
NOAH BIGELOW,
THOMAS BURCH,
JAMES YOUNG,
SAMUEL U. FISHER,
GOODRICH HORTON,
JOHN CRAWFORD,
LYMAN ANDRUS,
CHRISTOPHER H. HOEVENER,
JOHN C. TACKABERRY,
DANIEL SMITH,
THERON OSBORN,
FREDERICK W. BRENNER,
HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS,
CHARLES W. CARPENTER.
BEZALEEL HOWE,
JEREMIAH HAM,
SAMUEL D. FERGUSON,
T. F. RANDOLPH MERCEIN,
WILLIAM THACHER,
PETER P. SANDFORD,
WILLIAM JEWETT,
OLIVER E. BROWN,
ROYAL COURTRIGHT,
ADDI LEE,
AARON HUNT,

GEORGE COLES,
WILLIAM B. MITCHELL,
JONATHAN N. ROBINSON,
BRADLEY L. BURR,
DAVIS STOCKING,
JAMES RUSK,
WILLIAM JAY FOSS.
THOMAS DAVIES,
GEORGE KERR,
DAVID HOLMES,
STEPHEN MARTINDALE,
BRADLEY SILLICK,
BENJAMIN GRIFFEN,
PHINEAS RICE,
THOMAS BAINBRIDGE,
PELATIAH WARD,
JOSIAH L. DICKERSON,
NATHAN RICE,
CHARLES BURROUGHS,
RICHARD SEAMAN,
JOHN A. SILLICK,
JOHN B. HAGANY,
LEVERETT G. ROMAINE,
REUBEN H. BLOOMER,
THOMAS E. FERO,
JOSEPH T. HAND,
WALTER D. TELFORD,
J. W. BREakey,
LORIN CLARK,
J. WELLS.

Rev. G. W. Woodruff, in behalf of the New York East Conference, then read the following roll of the members of that Conference who had died since its organization :

MOSES BLYDENBURGH,
 JESSE HUNT,
 ORLANDO STARR,
 WILLIAM DIXON,
 ELIJAH CRAWFORD,
 ELIJAH WOOLSEY,
 EZRA JAGGER,
 STEPHEN OLIN,
 WILLIAM K. STOPFORD,
 BARTHOLOMEW CREAGH,
 WILLIAM M'K. BANGS,
 OLIVER SYKES,
 ROBERT SENEX,
 JOHN G. SMITH,
 CHARLES BARTLETT,
 DAVID MILLER,
 PARMELE CHAMBERLIN,
 JOHN M. PEASE,
 SAMUEL W. LAW,
 JOSEPH FARGER,
 MITCHELL B. BULL,
 EBENEZER WASHBURN,
 HORACE BARTLETT,
 SAMUEL W. SMITH,
 JOHN NIXON,
 JOSEPH D. MARSHALL,

NOBLE W. THOMAS,
 NICHOLAS WHITE,
 JACOB SHAW,
 PHINEAS COOK,
 JOSEPH LAW,
 JOHN J. MATTHIAS
 CHARLES REDFIELD,
 NATHAN BANGS,
 JAMES H. PERRY,
 THOMAS GERALDS,
 BUEL GOODSSELL,
 RAPHAEL GILBERT,
 JAMES FLOY,
 JOHN ELLIS,
 JOHN KENNADAY,
 WILLIAM H. GILDER,
 ROBERT ROBERTS,
 CHARLES R. ADAMS,
 GERSHOM PIERCE,
 JOHN F. BOOTH,
 T. B. CHANDLER,
 GAD S. GILBERT,
 H. N. WEED,
 T. A. LOVEJOY,
 J. D. BOUTON,
 ROBERT TRAVIS,

W. W. BREWER.

Rev. Dr. G. S. Hare, of the New York Conference, then read the hymn,

One family we dwell in Him,
 One Church above. beneath, etc.,

in which the entire audience united with the choir, and filled the house as with the voice of many waters.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP JANES.

Bishop Janes then said: The Committee of Arrangements have been pleased to allow the Bishops and Messrs. Richardson and Bangs each fifteen minutes in which to address you, and the other speakers each ten minutes; so the audience will not expect long or labored addresses. They have been pleased to request me to occupy the first few minutes in conversation.

At the close of the New York Conference in 1848 that body was divided, and two organized Conferences were formed. From that time to the present we have not been together as Conferences. We are met at this time in the form denominated a re-union. A re-union implies a previous one. What was the union that existed between us before the division? We were most ardently united in the brotherhood of Christ. We were also laborers together in the ministry of reconciliation, not merely laborers in the same work, but laborers together in that work with each other, and helping each other. We had, therefore, not only the fellowship of discipleship, but also the fellowship of labor. In

these respects we have not been divided. Our hearts have been as intimately knit together, our fellowship as sweet and strong since we have been working side by side, as when we were working together. Our re-union, therefore, is simply a social re-union. We have come together, as we were wont to do annually, to look upon each other's face, to shake each other's hands, to bow together in prayer before the Infinite, and unite in thanksgiving and praise. And I trust and pray that this social meeting to-day, being religiously improved, will be a source of great pleasure, and of much encouragement and comfort to all our hearts.

We cannot, if we would, avoid referring in our thoughts to the circumstances at the time of our separation. We cannot keep from our minds the history that has been made since that event, and almost instinctively our thoughts go forward to the future. We cannot, in the few minutes we are permitted to occupy, amplify these subjects. It is due, however, I think, to the occasion that we should make one statistical comparison. At the time of the separation there were 47,678 members; at this time we have over 73,000 members. At that time there were 294 ministers, now there are more than 500. Such has been the progress these twenty years, and if we would take time to give you our missionary and our Sunday-school statistics it would

be found that in those departments our progress has been equally satisfactory.

My feelings incline me to recur a little more distinctively to the lists of those brethren who were with us at that time, but whose bodily presence is lacking at this time. What a company of men! what a ministerial power! The patriarchal, wise, good, long-honored Nathan Bangs; the profound theologian, the able minister, Peter P. Sandford; the loving and beloved Bartholomew Creagh; the courteous, practical, useful Martindale; the intellectual, scholarly, self-reliant Floy; the eccentric, but intelligent and really godly Phineas Rice; the eloquent, the popular, the successful Kennaday; the majestic, mighty, learned, but humble Olin. But time would fail me to refer to Seney, and Jewett, and Matthias, and Hagany, and a multitude, or many, at least, of other men of eminence and worth, whose record is on high, but whose memory should be cherished on earth. And then another class, Mercein, and Foss, and Law, who were in the morning of their ministry, who were yet blossoming, and passed away before their maturity, and upon whose memory rests the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon. How many of our brethren who then stood with us in these ranks, whose names we have not even called, will be stars of the first magnitude in that beautiful cluster which these Conferences

are placing in those spiritual heavens where they that have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. I express it as my conviction that we have in the ministry at this time, in the fathers, in the brethren, and in the young men, as much wisdom, as much qualification for the work, as much devotion to it as there was at that period, and I believe that there is no backsliding in the Churches either; so that the present day is as good as the past, and I look forward to our future with the highest hopes, with the liveliest anticipation; and I will conclude by saying that I trust these two New York Conferences appreciate their position, and will feel the peculiar responsibility that rests upon them from their geographical location in this great city and the surrounding cities—this center of many influences, and this place of general power.

Let me have your attention—I cannot enlarge; the watch will not stop for me to talk. I have in my heart to live and die with you. I received my natural birthright and my spiritual birthright within your Conference bounds. I commenced my public Methodist career, also, within your limits, and I shall be happy, if God orders so, to die with you, and have my grave with you; and yet I feel, from my position, that I am just as likely to die in China or India, or, like Coke, on the ocean. But wherever I give

up my spirit I intend to have a union with you in heaven, at the throne of God.

At the conclusion of Bishop Janes's address Bishop Clark was introduced.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP CLARK.

It is fitting, in my present official relations to the New York Conference, that I should extend to you, brethren of the New York East Conference, the friendly, fraternal, and Christian greetings of the body over which I am presiding. Twenty years ago the old New York Conference having become too unwieldy for management was divided, and the New York East Conference was established as a Conference in itself. I am here, brethren, to assure you, on behalf of the New York Conference, though you have been separated in ecclesiastical relations, you have not been separated from them in sympathy and in brotherly love. There are many ties, individual as well as Conference, that bind us to you in affection. Those ties, instead of growing weaker, have become stronger and stronger with passing years, and I am sure that I speak but the unanimous sentiment of my brethren of the New York Conference when I assure you, brethren, that our tender, warm, and earnest sympathies are for you, and how ardently we rejoice

in your prosperity, and pray that your prosperity in the future may be like that of the past, only still greater. To me, brethren, this is a scene of very deep and solemn interest. With this session of the New York Conference I shall complete a quarter of a century of my ministry.

Twenty-five years ago, trembling and halting, I came before the Conference and presented my name for admission. I look back over the past. I look at the record of my class—a class of eighteen that commenced with me, one excepted, who was received only for transfer—and I rejoice that, through merey, thirteen are in the effective work of the ministry. Two have located, one has died, one or two of them have been laid aside; but we present thirteen, seven of them still laboring in the bounds of the New York Conference, in the effective ministry. I look back over this quarter of a century with mingled emotions. I rejoice in what God has done for us and through us. I rejoice in the manifestations of his grace, and in the triumphs of his Gospel through the ministry of his word. Several items I had sketched down, intending to present, but nearly all of them have been presented by my colleague who preceded me. The noble men connected with this body! As the names struck upon my ear as they were announced by the respective Secretaries,

O what memories came up in my heart, as I have no doubt they did in the hearts of each one of you; memories that can never die; memories that are linked in holy affection with those champions of the cause of Christ that fought the battle well, and triumphed at last.

I see on that list, as announced for the New York Conference, sixty had ceased from their labors, gone to their reward; and for the New York East Conference fifty-three, making a sum total of one hundred and thirteen who, during the last twenty years, ceased to labor and have gone to their rest. O how suggestive to our living brethren! How full of instruction is the lesson which this record presents! How it impresses upon our hearts and minds the duty of living and laboring for God the few years that remain unto us.

In the details of the comparative statistics there were two or three things, additional to those already presented, of great interest to my own mind. In 1848 I find there were in the New York Conference 25,769 members. In the New York East Conference 21,373, making a total of 47,152. Passing on through the period of the twenty years of our separation, I find the respective returns for the past year give the following results in each: In the New York Conference 37,446 members, in the New York East Conference 35,312 members: the two Con-

ferences having run pretty equally in their race. May they continue in all coming time to be generous rivals in the field of enterprise for God! Holding firm this grand center, and making the triumphs of the cross glorious amid its wealth and wickedness, may they also send out influences for God and humanity that shall permeate the whole life of the Church, and extend to the farthest limit of the globe.

During the centennial year, when we were recounting the triumphs of God wrought through the agency of Methodism, I had almost feared that there would be begotten in the minds and hearts of the people a spirit of self-laudation. I think we were in imminent danger of it, for the fact is, brethren, we ourselves had not comprehended the magnitude and grandeur of the successes with which God had crowned our labors. We as a people, as a Church, had not comprehended the greatness of the work God had committed to us, and the responsibilities resting upon us; and when we woke up and looked at this work, and entered its details, and summed them up, there was great danger that a spirit of laudation and of pride would be excited in the minds of the people, and I am not sure we have wholly escaped from it. Rather should an overwhelming sense of responsibility rest upon us, holding, as we do, in our hands the destinies of so many millions of immortals.

If there is one danger in the Church imperiling its future—I speak here earnestly, thoughtfully, and advisedly—I say if there is one source of danger imperiling the future efficiency of the Church, it is in the decline of spirituality, the loss of the old spirit that inspired the hearts of our members, and blazed forth in the ministration of our fathers ; and I say here to-day, with the deep and solemn conviction resting upon my heart, that when the Methodist Church loses this spirit she loses the chief element of her power. And is there no danger of this ? I am not standing here to sound an alarm, but to awaken thought, to turn soberly and squarely in upon ourselves, and look with clear, scrutinizing eyes upon the condition and prospects of the Church. Have not some of us come almost to feel that this going to the little place of prayer, and praying loud and earnest, and having, if you please, as the world would term it, a stormy meeting—the sound of praise, the shout and the voice of thanksgiving—have we not almost come to consider it as bordering upon disorder ? have we not come to look upon it very much as our sister denominations looked upon us thirty, forty, fifty years ago ? and do you not recognize, brethren, in that spirit the simple but strong element of the success of Methodism in this country ?

It was a source of spiritual power that took hold of the hearts of the great mass of the

people; went down to the unintelligent and uncultivated, (and they in all countries, and under all circumstances, constitute the larger portion of the population;) went down to that class and took hold of them, warming their hearts and baptizing them with the Holy Ghost. Whenever the Methodist Church loses this spirit and tone, I don't care what else she may have—she may have her splendid edifices of worship, her colleges and seminaries of learning—I don't care what other appliances she may have, when the Methodist Church loses this divine, indwelling Spirit she is shorn of strength. A Church that would live, thrive, and grow must have a firm hold upon God, and a deep sympathy with the toiling, sorrowing masses of humanity. The Church that loses this may have every refinement and every elegance, and abound in wealth; but its maximum of growth and power is already attained. No longer will wild, wayward, wicked boys be converted at her altars, to grow up into merchant princes, large-hearted men, princely in their munificence, as well as in their commercial enterprises. Any Church that loses this power has already reached the maximum of its growth; nay, has already passed into its decline. For it is in the order of the laws of Providence that the wealthy shall decrease, shall go down, while the poor and the struggling are to go up.

That is the history of all families, and of all men ; and if the Church of God would preserve her integrity, would preserve her power of expansion and growth, would maintain her hold upon the great heart of humanity, and be able to wield it and mold it anew for God and the cause of Christ, it must preserve its connection with the sympathies of this great mass. We have reason to thank God that this revival work, this regenerating power, has not yet departed from the Church. In the providence of God, brethren, my circuit of travel has been wide, and I have been called to visit various portions of our work in almost every part of our own country, and I rejoice to be able to bear testimony this morning to the revival power that exists in the Church in all parts of the land. These converts are literally gathered from the world. Over six thousand five hundred conversions are reported for the New York Conference during the past year. May the revival work never die out in the Church ! May that Church—the Church to which we have consecrated our hearts, our lives, and our all—move on, and on, and on ; just and generous to all Christian bodies laboring in the cause of God and humanity, and yet aiming to achieve her own glorious mission given to her by the grace of God.

The hymn commencing,

“ Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,”

was then read by the Rev. William H. Boole, and sung by the congregation. At its conclusion the presiding officer introduced the Rev. Marvin Richardson, senior minister of the New York Conference.

ADDRESS OF REV. M. RICHARDSON.

I rise this morning, not for the purpose of making a speech, but simply to offer a few apologies for not making one. In the first place, I am not able to make a speech. Since last July I have not been out of the precincts of the city of Poughkeepsie till last Tuesday morning, when I started to visit this place. I have not been able to preach a sermon during the year, to give an exhortation, or to make an address. A part of the time I have not been able to visit the church on the Sabbath day, and have been confined a part of the time to my bed, and to my room; but I had a great solicitude to visit my Conference this spring. It is my sixtieth Conference. I have never been absent. I also had the disposition to be present on this re-union occasion, and it affords me great satisfaction to think that God has so far sustained me, not only that I have the pleasure of looking over this noble body of ministers, but for other considerations. I have attended dif-

ferent ministerial conventions: the General Conference for a number of years in succession, the conventions of other Christian denominations, but my eyes have never beheld a sight like this—a collection of between four and five hundred Methodist ministers in one body. I am highly gratified when I see the providence of God opening the way, extending the work, raising up workmen competent to promote this blessed cause. I have been gratified with another fact: I have had the privilege of meeting my old friend Dr. Clark, eight years older in the ministry than myself.* He joined the New York Conference in 1801, and I know something of his hard labor in the early part of the ministry. You recollect Buckland and Whitingham Circuits, and I am glad that God has preserved him to this day. My debility is such that I cannot give utterance to the feelings and the impressions of my mind. I never expect to see

* At this point Father Clark, rising, advanced toward Father Richardson, the latter advancing. These two veterans took each other by the hand, then throwing their arms around each other, stood and wept in silence for a moment in the presence of the vast assembly. Entirely unpremeditated, a more fitting symbol of the deep feeling which marked this re-union service could not have been given. A wave of influence that was indescribable, accompanied with divine power, seemed to roll over the whole audience, making the scene deeply affecting, and a fitting type of the glorious re-union in that land where "there shall be no more death." Dr. Clark has since entered into rest. He died November 28, 1868, aged 90.

you again, brethren. I am just upon the borders, and very likely, in the course of another year, you will hear that I am gone. Dr. Clark will be gone, and then all your old men in the New York and New York East Conferences will have left you ; but, thank God ! there are young men coming up. Praise God for that ! Now you will accept my apology, if you please, and excuse me from any further remarks.

The presiding officer, Bishop Janes, invited the attention of the congregation to a few remarks by the venerable Laban Clark.

ADDRESS OF REV. LABAN CLARK, D.D.

It is seventy years since I embraced Methodism. I embraced it as the cause of God, and I still believe it will be to the interest of Christ and his kingdom upon the earth, and if we are faithful to the charge we shall carry on this blessed work to a glorious consummation. It is sixty-eight years since I commenced my public labors, and I have labored and toiled with a great deal of satisfaction ; and I have not considered the sufferings and the labors to be too much if I could extend the kingdom of Christ, build up his cause, and promote pure religion in the world. I love the religion of Jesus Christ, that heartfelt, soul-cheering religion that

gives evidence of acceptance of God, and gives us boldness to come to the throne of grace and claim the promise of the Saviour. O be faithful, then, to this high calling! Do not forget the holy doctrine of Methodism, the witness of the Spirit, the evidence of our being born again, the glory of this salvation. I recollect it was said of my class by the president of a college many years ago: The Methodists will, after a while, become more contemplative, more modern and orderly. I told him that so long as we held the doctrines that we now do we can never sink down into that state of indifference. "What doctrine?" he inquired. I replied, "The witness of the Spirit." He did not know what that meant. The Spirit of Christ bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God.

Bishop Janes, on introducing the next speaker, said, "The next name that we call is one that has been associated with our Conference for many years, and will be for many years to come. This name is honored in many that have borne it, and are still bearing it." Heman Bangs was then introduced.

ADDRESS OF REV. HEMAN BANGS.

I ought to be excused from speaking. I am all alone. I have nobody with me. I have not a single man with me on the right hand or the

left—not one. Here are three men older in the ministry than myself, and before me are a great many younger. But I am here alone, the only effective minister left of the old New York Conference when I joined it. I believe that there is one other living to-day, Dr. Samuel Luckey. I don't think I ought to make a speech. I ought to stand here and let you look at me. I can't get under way in fifteen minutes, cannot get fairly warmed up, and I can't talk very well until I get warmed up. Well, I might as well tell my experience as any thing else.

I first found the Lord in 1800, sixty-eight years ago. I joined the Church in 1808. It was something to be a Methodist then. My parents did not like them very well, and they were not willing, as I was a lad, that I should join, and I did not join until some time afterward. How many Methodists do you think there were then in the United States of America? One hundred and fifty-one thousand in the whole connection. There are more Methodist ministers to-day on this floor than there were in the connection at that time.

In 1815 I joined the old New York Conference, extending then from New York to Québec. All the Canadas have been cut off; since, the Troy Conference, and part of Oneida, and then we are divided into two. I have received and filled fifty-three appointments since then. I

stood one year supernumerary on the Minutes, and then I had charge of a large Church, and preached all the year, with the exception of a month or two. I have attended every Conference since I joined. I have never missed a Conference, and never missed being there when it opened, nor neglected it a day, in my life. I have been stationed twenty-five years in cities. I have been Presiding Elder (such as I am and have been) for seventeen years. I have traveled nine years on circuits, and have been in the agency of the University to get up a college for the boys here. You would not have had it, I reckon, if I had not done it, and we should not have had you here. I spent two years in getting it up. That makes the fifty-three years. I finished up my fifty-third year last Sabbath with three sermons, one love-feast, one sacrament, without any help, two Quarterly Conferences, and a ride of fourteen miles, and eight of them in a buggy without any back to the seat. I was able to be up at four o'clock Monday morning, and took the stage and rode eleven miles, took the cars and traveled one hundred and twenty-two miles up to Tuesday. I then started for this Conference, and I am here to-day just as fresh for battle as I ever was in my life. Now I said I had better not speak, but to stand here and let you look at me. I am a monument of God's grace and mercy. I do not

understand it. I do not understand myself. God has put the machinery here in motion, and he keeps it in motion, and for what purpose I do not know ; but I suppose it is right to keep it going as long as it is oiled up well.

I sometimes think that I ought to step out of the way, and let some of these younger and learned men take my place. I have been afraid *sometimes that I have blocked up the way. If I go out of the active traveling ministry I am going into the Sabbath-school and teach an infant class, if I live. Long ago I gave all I am and all I have to God, and never took it back. I believe there is a heaven. God has blessed me wonderfully. I was looking over a little record, and I find, in connection with my colleagues, we have taken, on the circuits and stations where we have been, ten thousand persons into the Church. (Turning to Brother Richardson,) We had thirteen hundred converted and joined the Church in this city in one year. In two years about twenty-one hundred.

Now I am free to-day by the grace of God. I am free from envy, from jealousy, and, by the grace of God, free from the love of the world. I do not begrudge any man his money, nor his popularity, nor his influence, nor his standing in society, nor any thing else. Now go ahead as fast as you can. You may out-top me, you

may run over me, if you have a mind to ; I shall not put one single block in your course. Go on, go on ! I don't care how much learning you get, or how much applause you get, or how much you do. I shall rejoice in it all. I was brought up in the woods, and could not go to school, but felt the need of education and learning, and I said my children shall not labor under the disadvantages I have had, if I can possibly avoid it. I got a thousand dollars one day by a patch on my coat. I was pleading for the University. I said I am determined my children shall have an education if I have to wear a patched coat, and in that way they gave me a thousand dollars, and I thank God that my children have been educated, and other men's children too, and I rejoice in it. But I hope we shall attend to Father Clark's admonition. We want the form, but we must not lose the power. I am happy, and I hope to live in glory. My wife has gone up since we parted Conferences, and six of my children are there, and four more on their journey.

There are now, I believe, but five persons living that were in the old New York Conference when I joined. Only five—four besides myself. The four are, Laban Clark, Marvin Richardson, Samuel Luckey, and Theodosius Clark.*

* Fathers Bangs and Luckey have both entered into their eternal rest since the Re-union.

If I live two or three years longer I shall begin to be an old man. I don't trouble myself about it. I don't trouble myself about to-morrow. I live happy to-day, and let to-morrow take care of itself. The reverend gentleman closed with God's blessing on all.

Rev. A. D. Vail then read the hymn commencing "Jesus, the name high over all."

Bishop Janes said he was requested to read part of a letter from an afflicted and aged member of the New York Conference, Brother Ira Ferris,* addressed to his Conference :

"I have been a member of the New York Conference forty-five years. Eight years before the Troy Conference was cut off; and before the New York East Conference was formed, I spent eleven years within its bounds. This is the first time I have been absent from the Conference session during my connection with you. As I am now laid aside by sickness, and confined to my room, with no prospect of again meeting with my brethren in session, I send them my Christian salutation and brotherly love."

After describing his severe affliction, he concludes with these words :

"I crave your earnest prayers, expecting to hail you all, together with the loved brethren who have gone before, at the throne of God, washed in the blood of Christ."

* He has also entered into rest.

ADDRESS OF REV. DAVID BUCK.

Rev. David Buck, of the New York Conference, was introduced, and spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, FATHERS, AND BRETHREN :
Re-union is a sweet, precious word, pregnant with thought and burdened with reminiscent ideas. Understood in a religious sense, it implies previous disseverance, separation, and a state of isolation and loneliness. The truths of sacred history, corroborated by individual experience, force upon us the conviction that sin, the great bane of the race, sundered the ties that bound us to God and his family, disfranchised, disinherited, made us aliens, strangers, and foreigners, enemies to God and to our own happiness ; it rendered us poor, homeless, and friendless ; sent us away from God's presenee ; left us amid darkness and fear, without any help from Heaven, in danger of eternal death to pursue our way to the eternal world through a land of snares, pits, and woes ; but a brighter day dawned. It was the day of our return, of our reception, of our adoption into the family of God, and of our re-union—a day of brightness and of glory, when the sun of righteousness first shone upon us with healing in its wings ; a day when the kingdom of God came with power ; when God and Christ, salvation and heaven, and all that is sweet, and precious,

and blessed, became ours. Into this family, thus reunited and reorganized, the great Master came, as he had a right to do, and choosing one here and one there, and another yonder, according to his will and pleasure, as to persons and numbers, and inspiring them with a quenchless love for souls, and a spirit of apostolic ardor and moral heroism, said, "Go, prepare yourselves for the fight to which I have called you; put on the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of the preparation of the Gospel of peace; take the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, the helmet of salvation, and last, though not least, the mighty weapon of prayer. Thus clothed in panoply divine, like men in uniform, go forth to war; unfurl your blood-stained banner, the banner of your immortal commander. Before it and above it elevate the cross of your divine Master, the cross by which you are to conquer; seize the royal standard, and bear it forth into the heart of the camp of your enemies, proclaiming death to treason and traitors, death to rebels, and to all the hosts of sin and hell, but liberty, peace, happiness, and heaven to all penitent and submissive captives.

Thus from our midst there went forth originally a band of men, though but a handful. The first New York Conference of which we have any statistical records embraces six circuits,

which were manned by twelve traveling preachers and one Presiding Elder, whose names were, Jesse Lee, Presiding Elder; Matthias Swain, James Covell, Nathaniel B. Mills, Aaron Hunt, John Allen, George Roberts, Lemuel Smith, Menzies Rainor, Robert Green, John Bloodgood, Daniel Smith, and William Lo-see. These twelve apostles of the New York Conference, impelled by a love and zeal that knew no limit but that of their own earthly existence, went to their fields of conflict. While they expected the victories of the cross, they knew that but little awaited them save hard work, poor fare, and constant and severe trials. They returned annually to their Conference gatherings, suspending active labors to look each other in the face, exchange friendly salutations, compare notes, report the state of the work among them, receive their appointments for the coming year, and then, uttering their hurried farewell and mounting their horses, started off on a new campaign, sweeping over the plain, going through valleys, plunging into and fording rivers, climbing the mountains, penetrating the forest, and opening new paths for the onward march of incoming laborers, whose numbers, continually increasing, became at last a mighty host, made up of men of renown, of mark, and of power—men eminently fitted for the work and for the time, such as

Garrettson, Phoebus, the Bangses, (two in heaven, and the other left with us for awhile longer,) Washburn, Emory, Woolsey, Draper, Merwin, Sandford, L. Clark, Stead, Ware, Ostrander, Rice, Jewett, Richardson, Martindale, the Luckeys, Goodsell, and how many more we have not the time to tell. On they go in their westerly march until their increased numbers and enlarged boundaries calling for a separation, by the act of the General Conference of 1832 a division is effected, resulting in the organization of the Troy Annual Conference. Working with equal ardor, their numbers increasing still more rapidly than before, the veteran host receiving constant accessions to their ranks of new recruits, go forward in their work until the body, becoming again too large and unwieldy, is by the act of the General Conference of 1848 once more cut in twain, the old body retaining its former name, and the new one, distinguished by the addition of a single word, for the first time the New York East Conference appears in history. Divided by conference boundaries and in conference relations, they still unite in feeling, in faith, in sacrifice and effort. The body, now existing in two bands, enters upon a new and a still more glorious career. Baptized by the spirit of their fathers, and intent only on saving souls, they hasten to their work, to the cities and villages, large and small, visiting the

seaports within their boundaries, spreading out over Long Island, sailing up the Sound, gliding up the Connecticut and Housatonic, exploring the inland counties and towns of the States of Connecticut, Vermont, and Massachusetts; going up and down both sides of the Hudson, through Westchester, Dutchess, Columbia, Schoharie, Delaware, Greene, Sullivan, Ulster, Orange, and Rockland Counties, on they sweep over hill and dale, plain and valley, shouting to each other from the hill-tops, cheering and animating each other in their work by the messages and assurances received of increased success, and of multiplied victories, until after the separation of twenty years, along all their lines and through all their ranks is heard ringing out the cry, "Re-union, re-union!" and lo! we find two of the commanders-in-chief of the great American army, with the generals, colonels, captains, lieutenants, and privates of the New York and New York East drawn up in rank and file within the quiet, sacred roof of St. Paul's on this day of grace April 3, in the year of our Lord 1868.

ADDRESS OF REV. L. S. WEED.

Rev. L. S. Weed, of the New York East Conference, said:

I am here as a learner to-day, my brethren,

and one of the lessons I have been trying more thoroughly to learn is this: that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever. My heart was touched with the beauty of that thought when the honored Secretaries of our Conferences announced the solemn roll-call of our dead. Heroic men! They walk the streets of that city to-day whose pavements are of gold transparent as glass. I read in French history of one who, though a nobleman by birth, enlisted in the ranks of the common soldiery. Preferment was offered him, but refused. His impulse was love of country, not of glory. On many a well-contested field he earned the title they gave him, "The bravest soldier of France;" and when at last he fell, it was decreed that always in the original muster his name should be called, and in response one of the oldest soldiers should step to the front and answer, "Died on the field of battle." We do well to remember them to-day. We do well to remember that as they took part in the toil they share in the triumph; that though they rest from their labors their works do follow them. Yes,

Servants of God, well done;
Your glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And ye are crowned at last.

Thank God!

I am learning, too, that the suggestions of

this moment are rich with the proofs that Christianity is a supernatural force. Within these later years many books have been published in the interest of what men call "positive philosophy," that is to say, a philosophy that puts the intellectual above the moral in all the forces of civilization, and then in the esteem of some puts mere mechanical causes, such as climate, soil, and food, above intellection itself, substantially deifying the geography of the earth and making it the great disposer of human destiny. I have often wished, when reading such pages, that philosophers thus writing might be touched with a little of the old Methodist experience of the grace of God, and thus come to learn the mighty truth represented here to-day, that in reckoning up the agencies that give shape to human character, and civilization, and destiny, the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven must have pre-eminently its place. Why, sixty years ago all that territory now covered by these two Conferences had but forty active ministers and less than nine thousand members. Forty years ago there were only eighty-five active preachers and less than thirty thousand members. Twenty years ago we had grown some. There were two hundred and fifty-seven ministers, counting out the superannuated ministers, reporting a membership of about forty-eight thousand members, and an aggregate benevolent contribution for

the year 1848 of about twelve thousand dollars. Twenty years have passed, and on taking the statistics of last year (and those nineteen years have pushed out into the same territory) we find returns of more than four hundred active ministers, reporting seventy-three thousand members, with an aggregate collection of more than one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Add to this the churches built, the debts paid, the princely centenary contributions of the last two years, the thousands upon thousands of happily converted souls, some of whom are in other Churches, some of whom are in distant places, and some with the sainted over the river, and you have to this extent tangible factors in a Christian civilization to which the history of the world gives no parallel. But by what power have these high conditions of progress and of civilization been struck into being? Are they the product of the schools of topography, climate, soil, or food? No, no! Their original cause is supernatural: the power producing these conversions, producing the glory of the higher life, is the Holy Ghost. And gathered here to-day, where suggestions of what God has wrought sweep in upon us from the distant years as the waves of the sea upon the shore, our hearts, like the eternal anthem of the deep, so swell to heaven their song of praise,

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

And this retrospect removes all our anxieties for the future. We of the East, who come to strike fraternal hands with you of the West to-day, do but symbolize by this act the great heart of the world. China, Japan, and all the East on one side, and Western Europe on the other, are stretching their greetings across our continent; and as with us so with them, this city is to be their final place of meeting. This is to be the *entrepot* for all the world. Commerce, as never before, will throng our bays and rivers, and must have wharves; magnificent warehouses are to line all our shores; merchant princes are to crowd these streets; the din of an exhaustless industry is to swell through all the air; the wealth, the luxury, and the vice, too, of this metropolis are to overflow the narrowness of its limits; rural towns and villages will be compelled to take in upon themselves much of the life of this city, whether it be good or bad; and sometimes with fearfulness I have asked myself, What shall be the issue? how can we lift this great future out of the mire of worldliness, and kindle it with the glowing fervors of a millennial spirit? I look on your faces, ye men of God; I pass in vision before

me the victories you have won, and the forces you represent, and I think of those who shall come after you, touched by the same spirit of heroic resolve at any and every sacrifice to spread scriptural holiness over all these lands, and my question is answered. I look out again on the march of events; I listen to the tread of coming millions that are to overflow all our borders, but no dread now strikes my soul; the voice of God sounds forth from heaven like the trump of battle, "They that be with you are more than they that be with them." Already, all through our circuits, and stations, and Conferences I hear the shout of the coming victory, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." O, my Saviour, let that day of triumph come!

Rev. A. S. Hunt read the hymn commencing,

"Zion stands with hills surrounded."

SPEECH OF REV. DR. CURRY.

Rev. Dr. Curry was the next speaker, and on rising said:

The whole occasion, the scenes around us, the exercises that have already taken place, have brought me into a condition that would be described by a certain class of psychologists as a kind of superior state, lifting one out of his im-

mediate sensible surroundings to contemplate, not phantasy, but some of those realities which lie just outside of our sensible observations. It has been teaching me to read some of those lessons which we find, not printed in the books, but lying between the lines or read just down below the lines—the deep, far-reaching realities of the things that we have to do with. I have never suspected myself of being much of a hero worshiper, and yet I confess that the presence I feel myself surrounded with to-day—not so much this material presence that I look upon and have heard, but a deeper one—has brought upon me somewhat of a feeling of deep devotion. I could wish that it had been so presented as to have wrought in me a real inspiration somewhat in harmony with the greatness of the occasion round about me. I am fully convinced that there is inspiration in the presence of greatness, and a man that is susceptible of it will be made greater by associations of an exalted character. The very fact of our coming together, two bands formerly one, had in itself some influence to impress our minds with a sense of something a little out of the immediate range of things; but when the roll call came, not as we heard it each in our places yesterday, but that part omitted—a class that had passed into a higher order—when they were made to pass tripping before us and we again shook them by the hand in our

heart, it were not strange that, under those circumstances, we feel inspiration, and are brought into communion higher and more exalted than our every-day affairs of life bring us into.

I confess, too, that I am inclined to the notion that the place where we are—the fact that we are assembled to-day in the city of New York in this re-union service—is not without its significance. There is a spot within our city, sacred above most other sacred places, where American Methodism was born and cradled, and where, thank God! it is cradled yet. God forbid that in obedience to the demands of mammon that spot should be desecrated from its own sacred uses! May it ever be kept as a memorial of the days gone by and for the days yet to come. Now I have been compelled, as I have heard my brethren running over this subject, to let my own mind run out, and to converse with those men of the past and with their deeds. From that point as a basis Methodism struck forth; first in the immediate vicinity, for it took hold upon New Rochelle and upon Long Island. It was presently at White Plains; it was taking root in the midst of the community round about in the scattered populations; it reached out by and by, under Freeborn Garrettson, all the way up the Hudson River, along Lake Champlain, and possessed the ground at its first campaign. Jesse Lee carried it from

New York up into New England, and constituted a kind of local Methodism there; which, however, bore strong flesh marks of its parentage that it received in this locality, and bears them yet most nobly, a scion from the parent stock that we are a little proud to recognize to-day. Another band more heroic still, whose names have not been heard among us to-day, Hezekiah Calvin Wooster, Elijah Woolsey, James Colman, and others, soon to be followed by Bangs, and Sawyer, and Case, and Dunham, pressed through the Black River country, beset by savages, and planted the standard of Methodism in the dominion of Canada, and Canadian Methodism to-day is New York Methodism, a noble scion of the parent stock. We hold, under God, this central position, brethren, and have committed to us a very high responsibility, not only in regard to this position, but, as I first spoke, in regard to our parentage, the men that we have succeeded, in whose places we stand, whose duties, begun and carried forward by them very nobly in their day, have devolved upon us at this time.

Their names have been mentioned before us to-day, and we have communed with them in our hearts and in our memories. They were men fitted by God for their times—men that the times themselves, under God, had prepared for the work which he had ready for them to do,

the one responding most faithfully to the other. In his name they went forward doing their work. We have known them, and the older part of this congregation received the Gospel from them. I would have liked if it could have been possible for us—but we cannot cover all the ground possible in such a case—to have gone over in our minds the mighty men that we read of in the books, and that our parents told us about in our younger days. I have thought of Billy Hibbard, Seth Crowell, Nicholas Snethen, Aaron Hunt, and a catalogue longer than I dare attempt to mention. I remember the men from whom I heard the Gospel in my own youthful days, mighty and able men, and faithful in their work. Now, while we dwell thus in our thoughts upon these our fathers who have gone before us, and whom we delight to think of, and with whom we expect a re-union by and by in some one of the groves of Paradise, where we will have a re-union larger and longer than earth could afford; while we think of these men we are brought to contemplate ourselves, and ask what manner of men we are and what we are about. I have no disposition to glorify either the past or the present, or to expect larger things than rationally may be expected from the future. While I feel humbled under a sense that we have done less than we should have done, I am very comfortable in

the conviction that the scepter has not departed from Judah, the light has not become dim, the power has not departed, the mighty Samson has not been shorn of his locks, but there is still power in the Methodist ministry to accomplish yet further the work which God has given us to do in this locality. Let us look out upon the lines in the rear and in the front; let us be taught and encouraged by their pure example, and range ourselves accordingly, and go after them, conquering and to conquer.

But from such a position as we occupy to-day we can hardly fail to look forward. We are at one extreme of time's roll, but there is before us a vista opening, far-reaching as the coming ages, and infinitely full of future and great results. Now I would say a word to these coming generations. We hail you! we are waiting for you! or, rather, we are in our positions preparing the way for you! We promised, as our fathers devolved upon us very great responsibility when they appointed us to this work, to give to those who come after us the heritage of labor, a heritage to work in that shall tax their utmost power, which shall demand of them that they shall rise high, reach far, and strike wide, in order to accomplish the work which we shall give them to do. We are not going to finish it; we shall rough-hew a great many of our plans that you have afterward to finish. We shall

mark out a great many fields into which you are to go and accomplish the work.

In the remarks that the brother just before me made, he cut right into the line of thought that I had been meditating upon. There is a mighty conflict before us, such as the world has not known before—a conflict not of brute force, nor of gross, brutish infidelity, but with an antagonism, deep, far-reaching, yet material—of the earth, earthy—with which the power of spiritual life is called to grapple, and which shall be grappled with and overcome simply by that mighty energy which in the beginning was God's manifestation in the world in the form of Methodism. What is it? Christianity in earnest. Not only must there be eloquence and a pure Christianity, simple and undefiled, but it must be nerved with all the mighty power of faith, and all the energy that distinguishes the American mind, accomplishing the work of turning back the tide of sin, less by the simple power of argumentation and erudition than by the melting, burning influence of holy love, transforming individual hearts, and uniting those hearts to each other in indissoluble bonds, until the world, redeemed and exalted in the persons of individual believers, shall become Christ's salvation revealed by the power of the Holy Spirit

ADDRESS OF DR. FOSTER.

Rev. Dr. Foster on coming forward said :

I came more than a thousand miles to be present at this re-union—came with unabated and wearisome travel through days and through nights to reach this place. I did not come, however, to make any remarks. I had no thought that I would be expected to say any thing to-day. When I left the city on a painful mission, I had hardly the hope that I should be permitted to be here at all. I said to the brethren who had invited me to take part, “You will provide some other brother to fill my place.” I came expecting that the place would be filled, joined the procession at the corner of the street as it was passing over to this house, and yet I am not sorry that I am here at this desk to say a few words. This occasion has been one of very mixed and very precious emotions to my soul, more, perhaps, than to any one in this assembly. I have been mingling with that spiritual concourse that I almost believe to be within the walls of this temple to-day. Four days ago I sat with the circle of all my natural brothers and sisters around the coffin of my mother. That was a re-union at the grave’s mouth. All of you know that within a little time I have been walking at the margin of the grave, on the high land, looking out into the glory that is inef-

fable, following my own glorified child into the presence of God, and I have seemed to-day to be one of that spiritual concourse of those great and glorious men that have passed away, young and old, having finished their work. Glory to God!

I do not know that I can control my thoughts or emotions so as to say any thing of the few things that have been passing in my mind touching the present. It occurred to me that a word might be fitly spoken concerning the present attitude of the New York and New York East Conferences to each other and to that great mother of us all, our common Methodism. And the thought passed into my mind as I looked over this concourse, and back over the line of thirty years of ministerial life, of the nature of that union which cements and binds the hearts of Methodist preachers together. I have the conviction that there has never arisen an organism upon earth, there never has appeared an institution, uniting men together so closely and so unspeakably as Methodism has united together its ministry. I doubt much if, with a large part of Methodist preachers as I have known them for these thirty years and more, there is any tie upon earth closer, sweeter, and more sacred than that which binds them together. I am conscious for myself that though I think I have had an ordinary share of attach-

ment to my natural relationships, the tie which has bound me to my Church and to my spiritual brethren has been intense, sacred, and sweet, and I believe stronger than the natural ties of life. I think I can say that with a certainty that it is true.

I believe that among the many causes that have made Methodism so great and so efficient—I will venture to use the adjective, *so glorious*—as I believe Methodism is, and has been, no one cause has been more effective to that result than the unity and sacredness of the tie that binds us together as brethren. I believe that spirit of sympathy and love and mutual interest in a common work, cultivating a common ground, laboring in a common cause, having common lines of attachment and connection throughout the extent of Conferences, has made us to be more emphatically a community of brethren than any that has existed upon the face of the earth. Long may it be before there shall be any weakening of these bonds! far be the day from us when Methodist preachers will feel that they stand separate and alone! May it be forever that we shall be a band of brothers, having common interests and common sympathies and feeling for each other's woes! I wanted to say this to the New York East Conference. I say it as the utterance of my own heart, and, I believe, as the utterance of my

Conference. I am clear in the conviction that at no time in the history of our existence as a body (and I believe it is true of yourselves) has there been with us a more intense and blessed faith in the integrity and eternity of Methodism than there is to-day. I believe, moreover, that there has never been a time when there was a more unbroken, a more unswerving, a more deathless loyalty to every thing that belongs to our institution. We feel in sympathy with every idea of progress, every thought of improvement, every advancement to increased enlargement and power in every direction that may be born out of the struggling mind of this generation, or that may come up in the generations to come ; but underlying all our sympathy with progress, and improvement, and change, is the unswerving and eternal loyalty to Methodism as it has been handed down from the fathers. I believe that we have as much confidence in the future of our Church, in its piety, enlarged zeal, efficiency, usefulness, and destiny to overcome all impediments, and sweep out over the whole land, as was ever felt by any of her sons in any period of her history. I give you to-day greetings and salutations from our Conference, and assure you that in time to come, as in the time past, you may expect to see us at our posts working patiently, earnestly, lovingly, without bigotry, variance, or hatred, in love and charity for all

Christian people, but toiling by day and by night to build up the walls of this beautiful Zion until the Master shall put the top stone upon it with shoutings of grace unto it.

Bishop Janes said : " I think we may infer, from what the last speaker has said, that he, like myself, has recently stood where heaven and earth met, where young disciples of Christ, in their dying hour, were in such communion with God, and were in such oneness and fellowship to the spirits of the just made perfect, that the family was really united, both those in heaven and those on earth. It seems to me that we have here to-day an actual connection not only with the present and the past, but the present and the future. There are those here present to-day who hardly belong to the present of earth ; they stand in advance, and it seems to me that they are an actual, appreciable link between us and those to whom reference has been so affectionately and touchingly made by several to-day. Our Father Clark hardly belongs to us. He is only a loan to us of God for a little period beyond his natural time, and, I have no doubt, for a special usefulness. He has spoken to us to-day apostolic words. I believe his utterances have been very much like those which Jesus would have given if he had stood here in his place. We have with us a yet older man, one who will be ninety-three years of age

in a few days, a man who commenced his ministry in 1798. I believe I should disappoint this congregation if I did not give them the opportunity to see his venerable form, and to receive his blessing. Shall I ask him to speak for five minutes?"

Loud responses of "Yes, yes."

REMARKS OF FATHER BOEHM.

The venerable Henry Boehm came forward, and said his heart was full of love, and it produced a very comfortable feeling. He was reminded of the fact, when Jesse Lee's name was mentioned, that he took care of him for weeks in his last sickness, and he remembered that the room from which he departed in peace and triumph was unearthly. Many a time he (the speaker) took Bishop Asbury off his horse and carried him into the church, where he often preached while in the midst of intense bodily pain. He rejoiced that there was a living spirit in Methodism still, and while the holy influence existed, he had no fear of vulgar and hidden infidelity.

About fifty years ago he (Mr. Boehm) met with a minister who said, when he found we preached the doctrine of holiness, that it is the privilege of Christian believers to be sanctified

throughout soul, body, and spirit: "I wonder if such devils that preach such doctrine can have forgiveness."

Rev. A. C. Foss led in prayer, after which the congregation united in singing the doxology.

Rev. Laban Clark, D.D., pronounced the benediction.

THE END.



Opinions of the Press.

"This volume contains interesting sketches of one hundred and thirteen ministers connected with the New York and New York East Conferences who died during the two decades that intervened between 1848 and 1868. It will be found deeply interesting to many thousands to whom these noble men ministered, and with whom they mingled in the social walks of life."—*Christ. Advocate*.

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
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